

BACK TO COLLEGE ISSUE

NATIONAL

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OCTOBER 1989

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

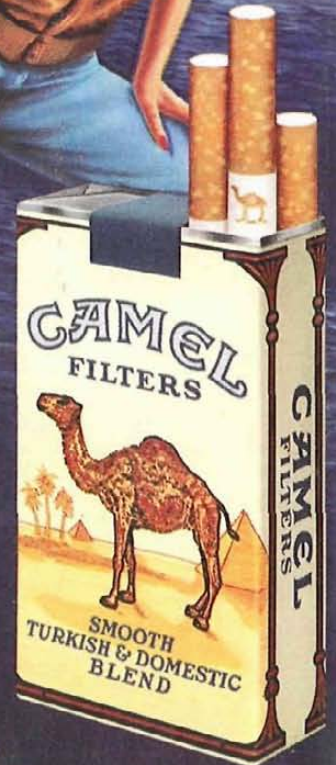
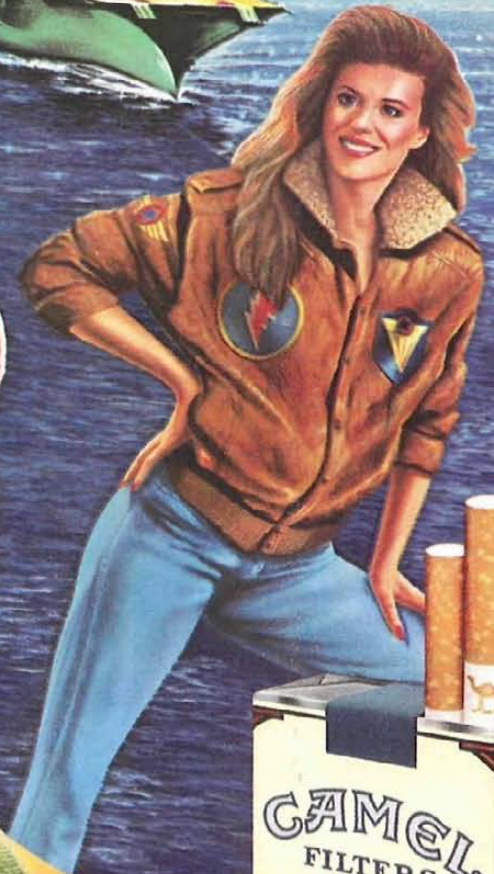
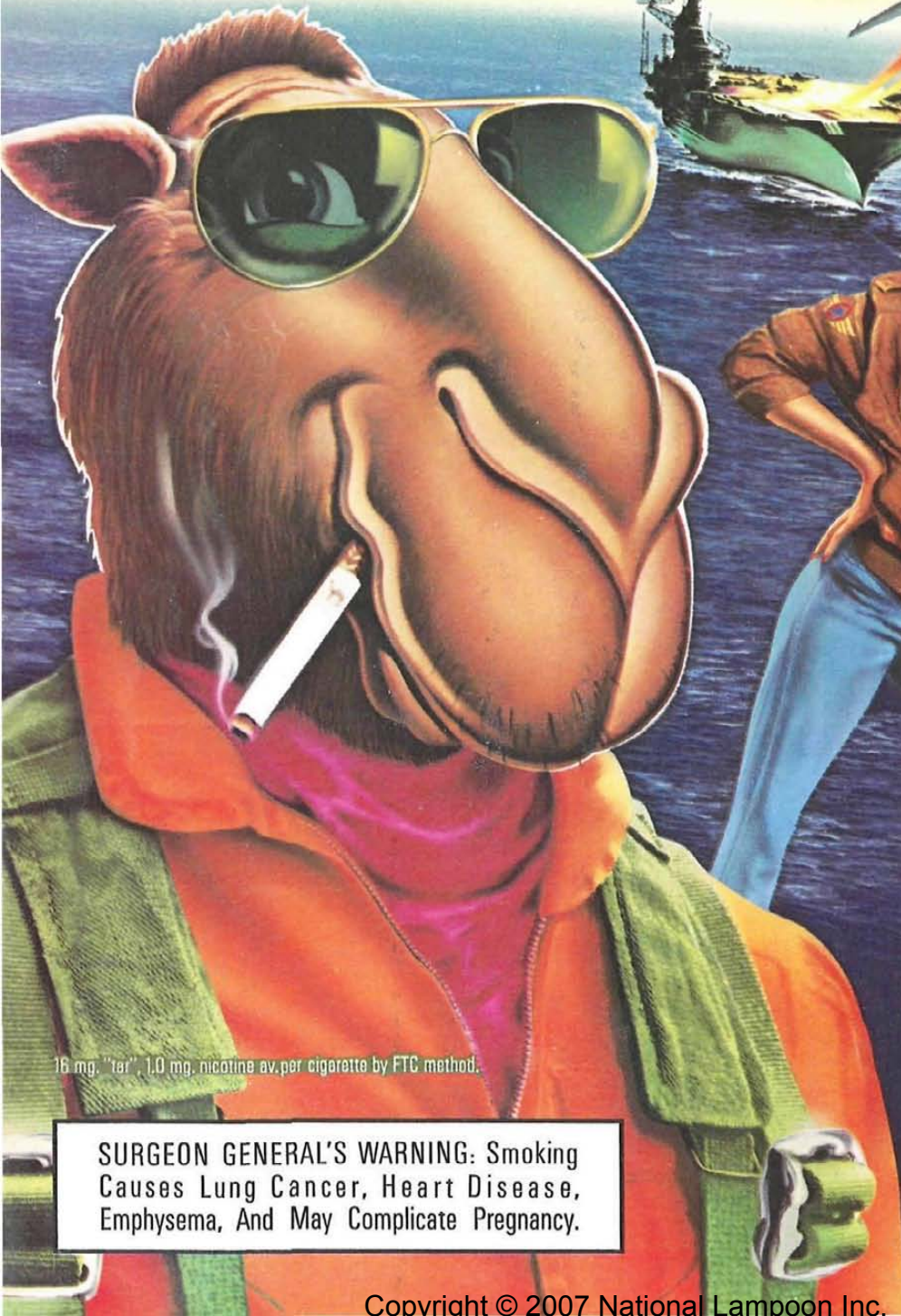
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GIRLS OF THE COMMUNITY COLLEGES
HOW TO BEAT THE SATS
CELEBRITY TERM PAPERS
GAHAN WILSON GOES TO NIGHT SCHOOL

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Smooth character



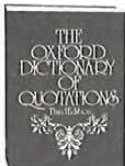
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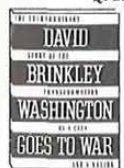
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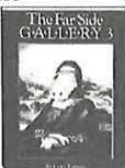
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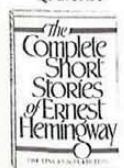
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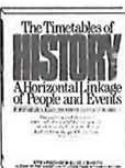
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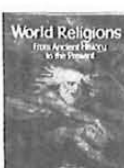
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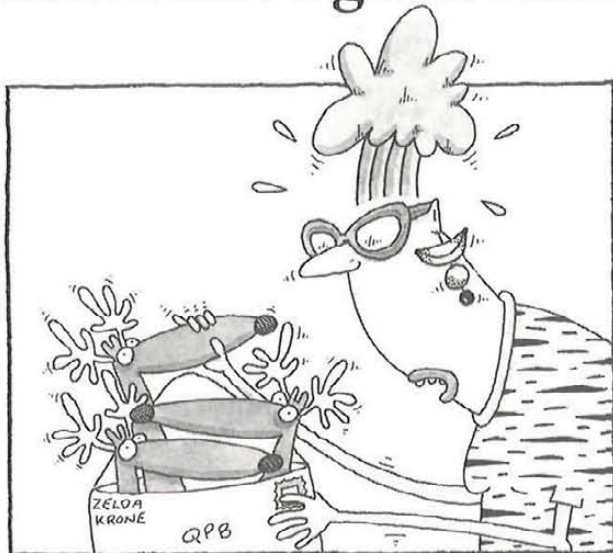
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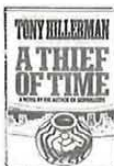


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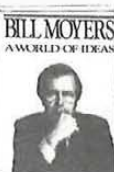
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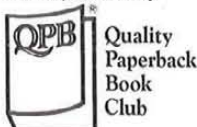
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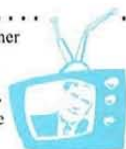
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EDITORIAL



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TO MY GOOD FRIENDS, THE STUDENTS OF AMERICA, FROM LI PENG, PRIME MINISTER OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

I HAVEN'T A LARGE BOSOM, nor do I drink very much beer—what right, then, you may ask, do I have to address you, faithful readers of the *National Lampoon*, and seek your help in overcoming the grave dangers that threaten the students of my nation? I ask your help not for myself—quite probably by the time you read this I will be purged, doing time in the People's Pokey, and Sum Dum Goy will be leading China in my stead. No, I ask your help in behalf of the millions of brothers and sisters you have in the glorious People's Republic, your fellow university students. They are admittedly ignorant and

uncultivated. They have been fed on the roast pork of rebellion and are stinking up the entire country with the smelly gasses of decadence and counterrevolution. But you can teach them otherwise.

You can teach them Frisbee.

"Impossible," you may say in response. "Chinese students cannot learn Frisbee; they are backward, and not funky-fresh like ourselves. They would rather eat dogs than play Frisbee with them. No, we will never teach them Frisbee."

If you find the gift of Frisbee too dear to part with, my American student friends, I understand. There are other ways in which you can help the Chinese students.

You can show them MTV.

With your superior sophistication and intelligence you can enable them to appreciate the funky-fresh ways of *Remote Control*, *The Monkees*, *Club MTV*, and *MTV Music News* with Kurt Loder. You can reveal to them the liberating joy of just sitting in front of a TV set and watching the same exciting videos play over and over again.

I anticipate your objection and readily admit that in the past we Chinese have not

shown much imagination in our music or our clothes. But this is hardly our fault. For years Chairman Mao held us tight by the lichee nuts and made us dress like toilet attendants on the Orient Express. But today things are different. We want our students to dress in the funky-fresh style and party hearty, but in a mindless—excuse me—socially responsible way. You can show them how.

There is much else you can do. You can teach them your custom called "spring break." I am told it consists of drinking beer, getting suntans, and holding contests to determine which of the females among you has the best *Ting Tangs*. Compare this with the activities engaged in by your student comrades in China this past spring. They boycotted classes, rallied workers to fight social injustice, held mass gatherings to protest the privileges of the rich, and demanded that I, Li Peng, the prime minister of the nation, resign. Thousands of them actually went on a hunger strike to make their point; many became sick and had to be rushed to the hospital and still they wouldn't take food. Some of the fool-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

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I told him that kiss-ass nanny didn't have good references.
The Ex-Mrs. Robin Williams
Divorce Court

Sirs:
You know, now that I'm getting six million bucks to write my memoirs, I remember everything. Suckers!
Ronald Reagan
*Laughing all the way to the bank
Bel Air, Calif.*

Sirs:
I'm bulimic. I just don't throw up.
Raymond Burr
*Chuck's All You Can Eat
Hash Brown Village
Somewhere in Idaho*

Sirs:
We are not a bimbo.
Robert Palmer's Backup Singers

Sirs:
Wouldn't you agree that Prince's recent efforts lack the coltish *sensuality* of his early albums?
Justice Sandra Day O'Connor
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:
You know, it isn't really sitting or bending down that gets to me. It's getting back up again! Thanks for your time.
Dom DeLuise
Sitting on your sectional couch

Sirs:
Listen...hand me those Pall Malls, would you?...Listen. I can't work this way. Where's the director? Where's my trailer? And this script—I mean, where are the gags? I assume you hired me to be funny, right?
Lucille Ball
*Experiencing a difficult transition
The Limbo Lounge*

Sirs:
I fought Don King
And my hair won.
Lyle Lovett
Grand New Opry

Sirs:
I'M A FAGGOT! Okay? I'm a big fag who lived with his "personal manager." ho-ho-ho, and I was stupid enough to think nobody would question this little "roommate arrangement."
Oh God, do I feel better now. Join me in a pitcher of Mai Tais?
Greg Louganis
*The High Board Lounge
West Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:
Are my fifteen minutes up yet?
Sukhreet Gabel
Obscurity

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

Sirs:

Today I went to the zoo. Then I hid in the laundry hamper.

Today I went to the zoo. Then I hid in the laundry hamper.

Today I went to the zoo. Then I hid in the laundry hamper.

Today I went to the zoo. Then I hid in the laundry hamper.

Andy Warhol's Letter

EDITORIAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

hardy ones even impaled themselves on the People's Army's bayonets or dove under our tanks in a dishonorable attempt to attract attention to their hooligan cause. The disruption they caused was so serious I came very close to losing my job!

Imagine doing all these silly things when they could have been at the beach looking at *Ting Tangs*. I told you they were backward. Would you, big, strong, healthy, funky-fresh American students, ever do such a thing? I think not. You know the score—I think that is the expression—and see the world the way it really is. That is what you must teach the students of China.

In solidarity,

Li Peng

Cover: This month's cover was sculpted out of Lithuanian onyx and copper smelt, with a tungsten-based enamel as sealant, and based, theologically, on the fourteenth-century teachings of the monk Carahafilus. Actually, that's a lie. The cover was painted by the esteemed New York illustrator Jeanette Adams, who wishes to thank David and Judy Gage for their exquisite *je ne sais quoi* in posing for the painting, tirelessly and without so much as an Advil, through the hideous stretch of boilingly uncomfortable 102-degree dog days, and Dezerland, home of Hot Rod Diner & Bar in New York City, for letting us take reference photos. Further:

The litany of thanks we owe untold numbers for their help in assembling this issue is, as always, staggering; many of the thankees have, however, declined printed thanks, as they did things to help us that would make their bosses (or spouses) very, very, very angry. So to all of you—you know who you are—a GREAT BIG THANK YOU! Now for those we can thank in print:

For his knowledge of college slang: Syracuse U.'s Michael Jay Lodico. For their soigné salon facilities: Momotaro, in which we shot one of the "Playboy's Girls of the Community Colleges." Honest, they don't really bouffant beagles there.

And last but not least, we want to give a big warm welcome to Sam Gross, our freshly appointed cartoon editor. Sam, whose cartoons you the faithful have been enjoying since *National Lampoon's* inception nineteen years ago, and whose cartoons you the less than completely faithful have also enjoyed in many other publications, has edited many cartoon anthologies. We'll have to take him out for some margaritas.

"He met the twins
on an orange night in
Oaxaca, bought them
Monte Alban Mezcal,
and ate the worm from
both their glasses.
Then the air got chilly and
they got crazy.
He says the evening
left a mark on him.
He won't say
where."

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

Sirs:

Put some more butter on that steak, Dad. Go ahead—ladle it on! And don't forget the sour cream for the potato—and *plenty* of Jell-O pudding. Die, you moralizing old windbag. Die.

The Children of Bill Cosby
*Waiting, waiting for
their inheritance*

Sirs:

I suppose it's about time I told you that I'm a little clay puppet. Look at my head, my face. . . Now that I've told you, it's amazingly clear, isn't it?

Garrison Keillor
*At his summer house
in the trunk of an old oak tree*

Sirs:

I sure do appreciate all the attention I been getting of late, but to tell you the truth, the one that captured it best for me was *The Bad News Bears*.

"Shoeless" Joe Jackson
The Big Ball Orchard Up Yonder

Sirs:

Ohhh, babyyyy! Uhhmmmmmmmm. sssuuuuuhh! Yes, oh yesss!

Do it, baby, do it! Oh yeah, I like it! Uuunnnhhhh. . . Gllurrgh. . .

K. D. Lang
Michelle Shocked
Tracy Chapman
Kristy McNichol
Watching the new Bangles video

Sirs:

Oh, I miss the free navy-bean soup in the House commissary. But it's kinda fun just following the Grateful Dead around this big, beautiful America of ours.

Jim Wright
*What a long, strange
trip it's been*

Sirs:

Hey, comedy fans! Next season, we break down the "fifth wall"! We mug the audience, slash their tires, and fuck their wives!

It's Garry Shandling's Wilding!
Cutting Edge, Calif.

Sirs:

Some are born great.
Some achieve greatness.
And some have greatness thrust into them.

Jill St. John
Vegas

Sirs:

I am an intense film presence. Do you know why? Well, it's this thing I have about women. You see, I think they're all secretly lesbians. . . and it makes me really weird inside. Really, uh. . . angry. Know what I mean?

William Hurt
*Useless between projects
In his loft*

Sirs:

Have you ever smelled Ed Koch? Eeeey-ech, it's like a cross between a bad slice of brisket and that Aqua Velva garbage you get slapped on you in some crappy little barbershop! And this Giuliani guy, hah! Pure, unadulterated Jovan Musk, if you can believe it! No, no, no. The choice is clear, not to mention fresh and subtle with just a hint of lavender!

Ron Lauder
*Mayoral candidate
New York City*

Sirs:

I can't imagine singing "Satisfaction" at. . . oh. . . eighty.

Mick Jagger
Upping the ante

Sirs:

As a final collaboration, a way of saying to the world we're still "friends," and to prove I bear no resentment after the one-hundred-million-dollar settlement, I am proud to announce my newest film starring Amy Irving. Tentatively titled *Waffle Face*, the movie tells the story of an innocent girl from Liverpool waffle-pressed to deformity at a British soccer game.

Amy is too old to star as the young, alluring, pre-injury Waffle Face, but will turn in the performance of her career in the two-hour climax in which the girl, her face waffled by the guardrail wires, reviews her life and finds nothing there but an empty fish-and-chips box.

Thank you very much.

Steven Spielberg
Hollywood press conference

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S INDEX

Number of murders children see on TV in a year: 1,000

Number of children murderers see on TV in a year: 28,000

Percentage of Hispanics who are proud of Paul Rodriguez: 2

Number of abortion protesters it takes to screw in a light bulb: 0

Percent chance that the person sitting next to you on the bus is a cattle mutilator: 71

Number of people who remember Elliott Gould: 541

Percentage of office workers who have Xeroxed their buttocks: 48

Percentage who have digitized and stored their buttocks on hard disks: 31

Percentage who have faxed their buttocks cross-country: 9

Percentage of office workers who complain about the Japanese: 90

Average age of Walter Cronkite's glamour lays: 61

Distance in feet that Slim Goodbody could walk into a biker bar alive: 15

Number of bolts in "Body by" Jake's neck: 2

Probable length in months of "Body by" Jake's career: 36

Probable length in years of "Body by" Jake's career if he develops a stand-up routine: 307

Number of tiny parasitic creatures exchanged when Maury Povich and Connie Chung engage in oral sex: 2,058

Percentage of high school seniors who think Jayne Kennedy was assassinated by Lee Harvey Oswald: 94

Weight in ounces of Eddie Murphy's fecal matter on Arsenio Hall's nose: 3

Length in feet of rope required to restrain Ivana Trump spread-eagled under the "D"-train tracks in Queens prior to paying Cub Scouts to gang-rape her with a can of Drano: 11

Number of good deeds a Cub Scout does in a day: 1

Retail price in dollars of a can of Drano: 2

Time in minutes required to fax Ivana Trump's buttocks cross-country: 6

Bob Harris



the refreshest

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Sirs:
Oops! Forgot to cancel the subscription to *Penthouse!*

The Last Words
of Ted Bundy

Sirs:
Oh, the humanity!
Sandra Bernhard's Gynecologist
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Hell, I love this game. I'd play it for only \$5.7 million.

Orel Hershiser
Good Old U.S. of A.

Sirs:
Save the unborn? Er... I don't think we carry containers *that* large.

Phyllis Schlafly
*Tupperware party
Demagogue, Ill.*

Sirs:
Maybe we can claim it was Bono's head-band.

The Vatican
*Remarketing the
Shroud of Turin*

Sirs:
By the way, did you catch the misprint in Stephen Hawking's new book, p. 312? It's $(\hbar w^3/\pi^2 c^3 \exp(\hbar w/kT) - 1) + (\hbar w g^2/Z\pi^2 c^3) + (\hbar w^3/Z\pi^2 c^3)$, not $(\hbar w^3/\pi^2 c^3 \exp(\hbar w/kT) + 1) + (\hbar w g^2/Z\pi^2 c^3) + (\hbar w^3/Z\pi^2 c^3)$.

Still wanna get into my pants?

Tawny Kitaen
MTV

suRs:
iN the LIKly evtnt thaT mi mjer league carreeR is cUit shrt, plesr considr thus leterR an ppplication as tystst fore Nationa-Lampon,,

jim AbBoTt
cAlifornia Angles
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)

Item: Classical music radio stations across the nation are changing their programming formats to appeal to younger, more affluent audiences.

"Double-U-Kay-El-Esssss... Klassix 107!"

Thanks, "Battle of the Bands" fans! In the last hour, Georg Solti did it again, topping the New York Phil's Zubin Mehta with that sizzling minute from Mahler's First, the "Titan." Looks like Zube had better "tighten" his baton! But hang in there, Philharmonic Phanatix, we'll be REMatching Mehta-Man later tonight with—you guessed it—André "Rat Pack" Previn.

And now, after this word from our sponsor, the band you've been waiting for—Muti and the Mummer-Strummer-Hummer-Humdinger—our... own... PHILadelphia ORCHestra!

This quarter-hour of the Ultimate Band Battlers is brought to you by Orange Drink: the beverage of choice in concert hall lobbies throughout the Lehigh Val. This is Double-U-Kay-El-Esssss...Klassix 107, Brahmenville USA in Phil-a-del-phi-A!

Rick Rubato with ya till the bitter end. Remember: be there for Megabucks Monday. Name that tune—could be Chopin, could be Bach (but—gotcha!—which one!). You could be our Thousand-Dollar Winner, AND imagine: you and that special someone front row center at the Academy of Music for the Pavarotti Open. Just call 555-5555 between 10 and 10:01 EV'ry Monday morning and if you're our lucky seventeenth caller, you and Luciano will be makin' music together!

Now back to the Battle of the Band-eros, and *this* time it's *El Salón México* by that red, white, and blue guy, A. Copland. Call 555-5555 and vote now. Hit it, St. Louis Symph!

Thank you, callers. Sorry, Leonard Slatkin. Georg, you're a tough act to follow on...Klassix 107!

Now it's time for Exacto-Weather, brought to you by Necco Wafers, the official snack of the Guarneri

String Quartet. Take it, Sal.

"Thanks, Rick. Thirty-five degrees, partly cloudy, full moon. I don't know about you, Rick, but that makes ME think of NECCo Wafers!"

Thanks, Sal. Stay tuned to Double-U-Kay-El-Esssss for ALL the weather. Next Exacto Forecast follows "KlassiK Traffic" at five.

Okay, Joseph Silverstein fans, here's your chance... the Utah Symphony versus Great Georg—a Klassik minute from Beethoven's Sixth, the *Pastoral*. Boys and girls, have those bird calls ready!

Thanks, caller. Sorry, Joseph, but nice to know your aunt lives in Jenkintown. Okay, Phillytown, I'm not telling you how to vote... BUT... wake up for this next Battlin' Band, because it's our very own Philadelphia Orchestra with maestro RicCARdo Muti. Call 555-5555... Say, are we going to cave in to Chicago or what?

That was the last minute of Deb's *Faun* and the switchboard is a-LIVE with the sound of Muti. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen... big numbers here, fella—seventeen to ten topples King Georg! Thanks, Main Line, courtesy of Orange Drink, the Klassix choice.

And now a "Commentary Moment" from Klassix' Mystery Critic. What's the latest stage-rage in CC, MC?

"Three biggies, Rick. *Hamlet*, Walnut, four stars; *Lear*, Annenberg, four stars; *Fame*, Playhouse, four stars."

Thanks for the insight, MC. And now this is Rick Rubato saying, "Hi, Suzy Chan at Settlement Music School," you're our "Hi, Guy!" of the hour.

Stay tuned for "Thirty-Second International Headline Roundup" at four, sponsored by the Fur Trade Association, BMW, and the New York Stock Exchange.

For now, it's Rubato man sayin', "Keep your notes clean, partner, and remember to stay out of 'treble'!" Klassix 107 Double-U-Kay-El-Esssss—new, improved, power listening with the Ultimate Oldies for the city's now-est crowd. Be there!

Linda Holt

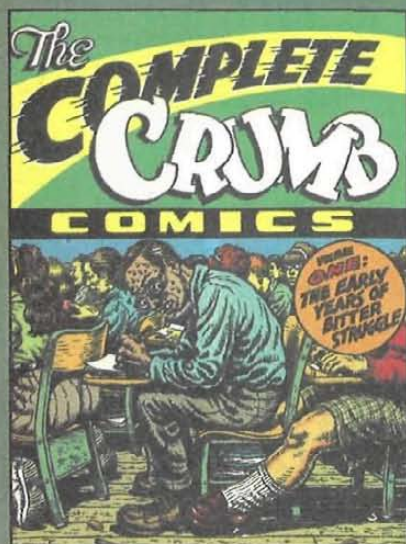
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"...An idealistic artist whose instincts led him to admire Walt Kelly as much as Caravaggio [becomes] a prematurely cynical—and, not coincidentally, definitive—commentator on '60s counterculture, '70s self-absorption, and '80s aimlessness... For the roots of that radicalism, THE COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS is an indispensable and beautifully executed effort."

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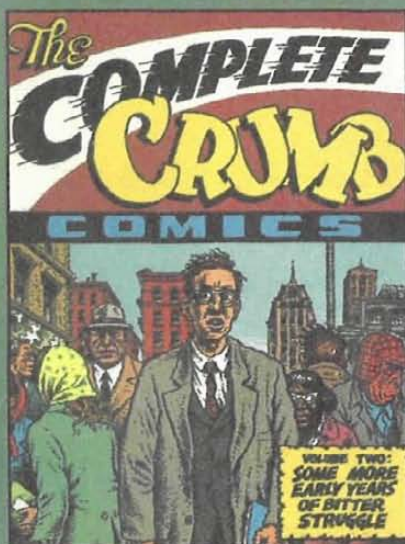
"No one's library can be without it."

—Alan Moore



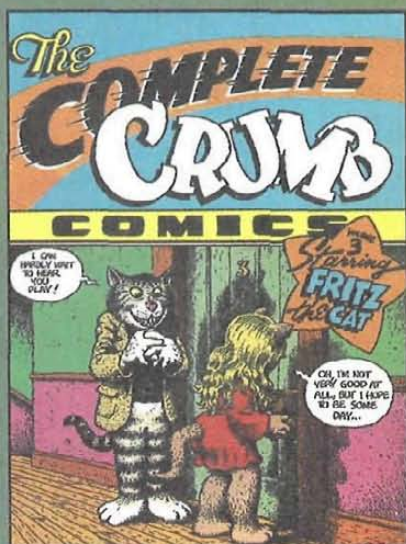
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VOLUME TWO

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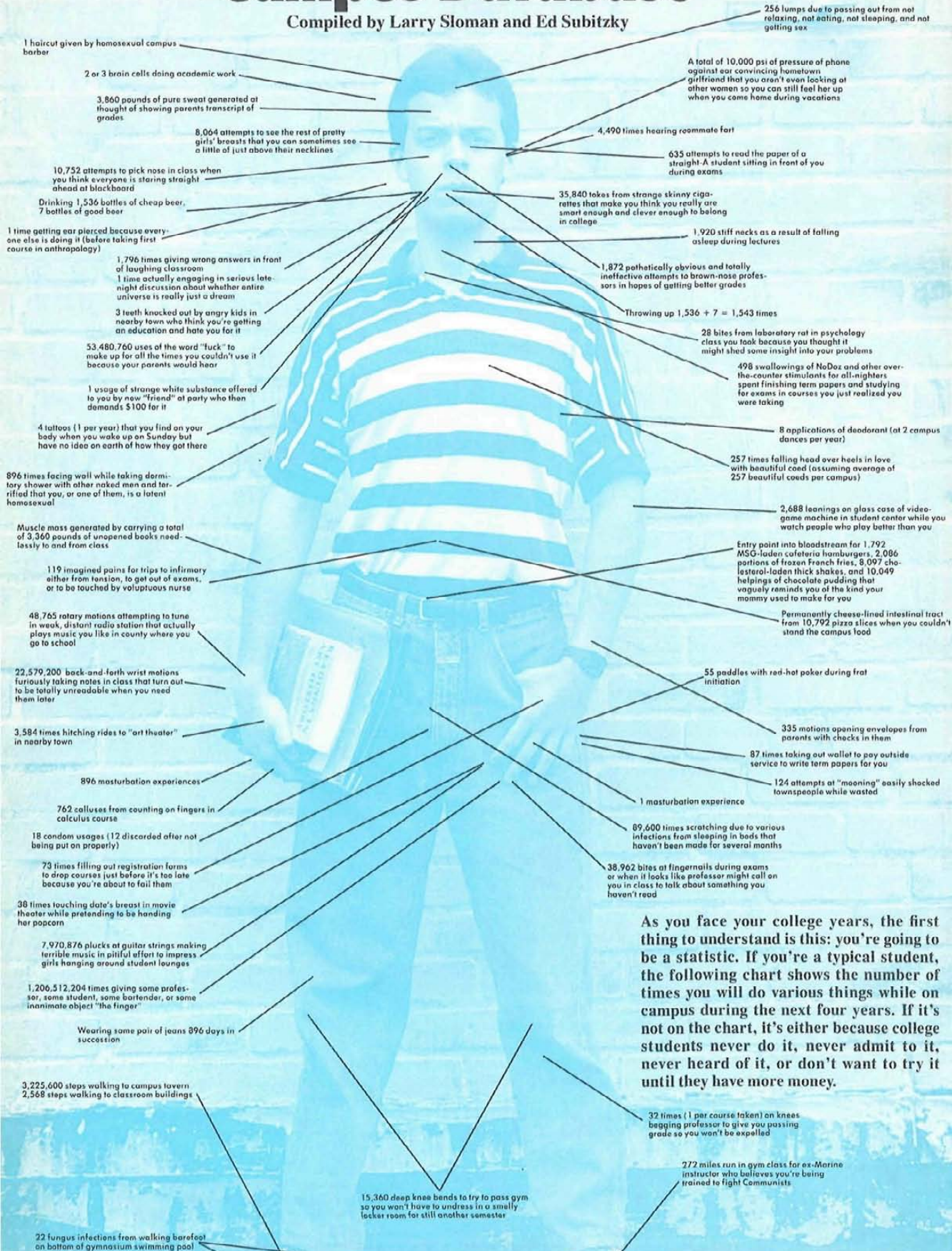
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All artwork © 1988 R. Crumb

Campus Database

Compiled by Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky



As you face your college years, the first thing to understand is this: you're going to be a statistic. If you're a typical student, the following chart shows the number of times you will do various things while on campus during the next four years. If it's not on the chart, it's either because college students never do it, never admit to it, never heard of it, or don't want to try it until they have more money.

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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Sirs:

I don't wear a bib when I eat lobster, either. It's my right to choose. If I spill butter and lobster gunk all over myself, well, that's my prerogative. I guess you could say I love to live on the edge like that. And you can bet that as soon as I'm capable of feeding myself again, I'll be flying bibless, baby!

Gary Busey
*Trying to force a forkful of
peas into his left temple*
L.A. Physical Rehab Clinic

Sirs:

Oooh, jeez! Check out those long legs. . . . And the wingspan! I'm dyin' over here! . . . I'd like to lick that long neck! . . . I bet she's stuck up. . . . Listen, you guys, they're all pink on the outside. . . . For me it's that sad, faraway look in the eyes. . . . You queer, look at that wingspan! . . . Oh, Christ! I'm coming! Look out, I'm coming!

A Flock of Crows
*Circle-jerking on a phone pole
overlooking your ornamental
lawn flamingo*

Sirs:

So they declare martial law. Meanwhile, the prime minister, a dour hard-liner, has sex with a protester wearing a Mao jacket and fishnet stockings. . . .

Milan Kundera
*The Unbearable
Lightness of Beijing*

Sirs:

Yes, I'm looking for a bride, a bride who loves me for what I am, not for what I have. Where is this pussy? She's out there somewhere, that bitch.

Eddie Murphy
*This is as tender
as it gets, folks*

Sirs:

Elvis is alive!
But Paul is dead again.

Rona Barrett
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

She moans. He moves the camera up, slowly, deeper inside her, f/22 at 1/60th of a second. . . .

Dark Thoughts
From the mind of Minolta

Sirs:

Uh, one more thing, sir. I'm naked under this raincoat.

The New Columbo
ABC

Sirs:

Yeah, the *deep dish*. Now remember, come up the back stairs, use the right door—the left one is electrified—and ask for "Mel."

Salman Rushdie
Ordering from Domino's

Sirs:

I hate it when I'm in heat.

The Catwoman
Circling the Joker's condo

Sirs:

Where'd we get all the slime? We got Roseanne Barr excited.

Bill Murray
Ghostbusters II

Sirs:

You want to know the truth? *The Waste Land* doesn't mean anything. I was just being a smart-ass.

T. S. Eliot
*In the Great Hereafter,
laughing at college students*

Sirs:

While we're at it I should clue you in that I meant for Hamlet to come across as a dick.

William Shakespeare
*In his heavenly suite,
watching the Playboy Channel*

Sirs:

Do I or do I not look like the animal dude on *Beauty and the Beast*?

John Malkovich
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Gez whiz—a star at seven, a drunk at nine, a cokehead at thirteen. . . . Hmmm, does this mean I'll lose interest in sex, put on an extra fifteen pounds, and enjoy quiet evenings on the couch with my favorite prime-time comedy when I hit sixteen?

Drew Barrymore
Speeding toward middle age
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Plaque is beautiful.

H. Rap Bacteria
Your gums

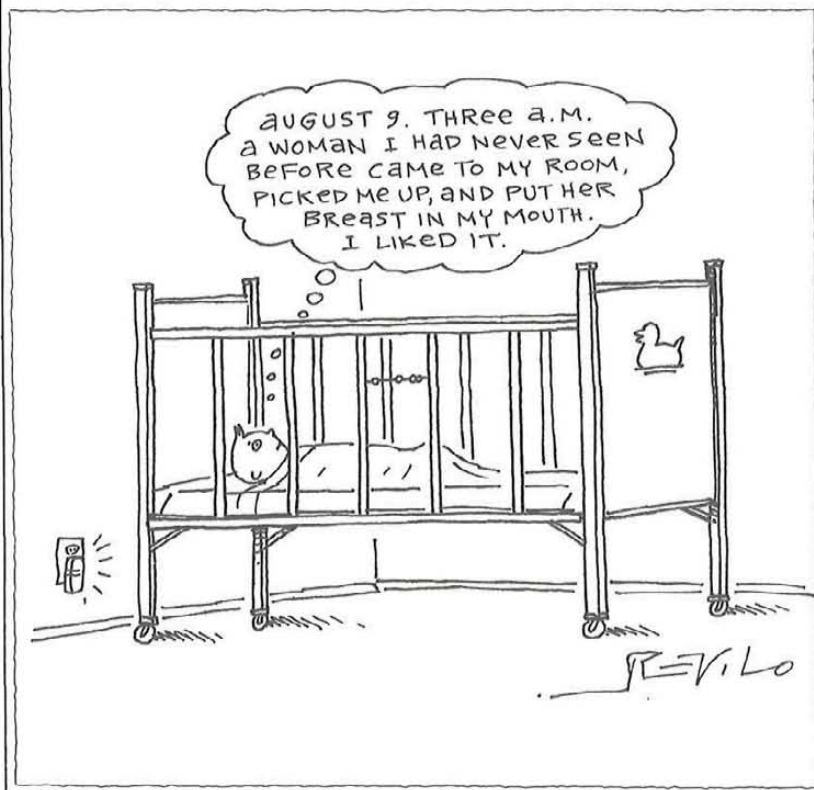
Sirs:

Existentialism. . . why bother?

Jean-Paul Sartre
*Reflecting back onto
the nothingness*

Sirs:

Listen here: *You don't get it*. Okay? Just listen to us because we know, we're involved with the very *genesis* of the thing, right? You don't get it. Oh sure, you think



you're the one in a million who has some special antenna that, due to your unique me-and-nobody-else *specialness*, allows you to be that rare, chosen individual who has been predestined to receive the secret message of the thing, but take our word for it and save yourself a little time. You don't get it.

The Strange People
in the Benson & Hedges Ads
Finding the time to be frank

Sirs:

Okay, here's the deal. When he gets here we'll have the maître d' seat him, let him have a glass of champagne to get his appetite *churning*, let him peruse the menu. Hey! We even let him order! . . . Then we tell him we're out of the foie gras, the poached salmon, the steak au poivre, EVERYTHING! . . . Except the macaroni salad with bits of green pepper.

The Devil
*Discussing plans for Robert Morley
with some associates*

Sirs:

The guy in the next cell keeps complaining that I play my records too loud. Maybe I'll just turn them off and see how he likes hearing those voices at all hours of the day and night.

John Hinckley
*St. Elizabeth's
Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:

Tell me this. Who has more to offer the world, Chuck Woolery or Wink Martindale?

Bob Barker
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

I finally found a movie made in the last thirty-five years that doesn't have Michael Caine, Ned Beatty, or Charles Durning in it: it's *The Care Bears Go Hawaiian*.

Tommy Weenie, Videophile
Hackensack, N.J.

Editor's note: Sorry, Tommy, Charles Durning was the voice of Don Ho in *The Care Bears Go Hawaiian*.

Sirs:

If only my doctoral thesis on nitro-burning funny cars hadn't been rejected. . . .

Stephen Hawking
*In the wheelchair
with the STP decal*

Sirs:

No, π^2 was on first. The vast expanse of time that we call "infinity" was on second. . . .

Hawking and Costello
Catch a Rising Theorizer



Have you asked for a Jack Daniel's lately? If not, we hope you will sometime soon.

JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY is made in the Tennessee hills, despite an occasional inconvenience.

Out here is where Mr. Jack Daniel located in 1866—making whiskey with water from a Tennessee cave—and smoothing it with charcoal of Tennessee maple. Occasionally, our country location causes little problems, like the slow-down you see up above. But as long as we have plenty of water and plenty of maple, we'll always appreciate our Tennessee home.



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ONE SHOT CITIZEN MOJO

BY KINKY FRIEDMAN

MOJO NIXON WAS RELEASED from the Butt-Holdsworth Home for the Bewildered because of overcrowding. He headed down the road to a Motel 6, where he pulled out a few nose hairs, drank about half a bottle of generic gin, and turned on *The Andy Griffith Show*. Mojo whistled along with the show's catchy theme song and lighted occasional farts to the beat with a portable adjustable butane torch. (He got at least one blue darter.)

As he went to turn up the volume, he vomited on top of the television set. The vomitus dripped across the screen just as the Otis the Drunk character made his first appearance. Mojo knelt in front of the set, crossed himself, scratched his scrotum, hauled out a filthy snot-rag from his hip pocket, and reverently wiped away the vomit from the screen. He folded the snot-rag neatly and put it back in his pocket. In a wild-eyed religious stupor he received orders from Otis that he apparently believed were intended solely for him. After the show, he followed God's original instructions to Moses: he took two tablets and went to bed. As he dreamed, there was a smile on Mojo's face. It was clearly the smile of the monstro-wig and it twitched horribly at irregular intervals.

It was Sunday morning and church bells awakened Mojo. He attended to some rather distasteful morning ablutions, put on a fairly disgusting set of Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, and left the Motel 6 for a nearby little church. It was called the Church of the Latter-day Businessmen and was crowded with local parishioners. In the middle of the preacher's sermon, Mojo leaped to the pulpit and began haranguing the small-town congregation on the danger of complying with seat-belt safety regulations because if UFOs came and wanted to take you with them, you wouldn't be able to get out in time.

This, apparently, was the first order direct from Otis, and Mojo delivered the message with great zeal, ranting and raving, foaming at the mouth, and drinking gin

occasionally from a toilet plunger. He thrust the plunger toward the large lady playing the organ and shouted, "Drink from the sacrificial chalice, mother-fucker!" Mojo took another drink from the plunger himself and sprayed the first three pews with projectile vomit.

The stunned congregation looked on as a covey of elderly, rather agitated deacons gingerly attempted to guide the monstro-wig from the little church. As he headed down the aisle, Mojo turned and shouted to the assembled multitude. "You gonna know when Elvis comes back! There's gonna be little feet stickin' outta Jon Bon Jovi's butt! Elvis told me when he gets back he's gonna ram Journey up his fuckin' ass!"

The deacons showed Mojo the door just as a little old lady in one of the back pews turned up her hearing aid and asked her neighbor, "Who is Jon Bon Jovi?"

Mojo wandered down the street and stumbled into the large ballroom of a hotel where an albino convention was in progress. The convention was being addressed by John A. Walsh, widely known as America's most influential albino. When Walsh had finished his speech, Mojo climbed to the podium and began setting up large plaster icons of Elvis Presley and Foghorn Leghorn. From a ghetto-blaster, he turned on a tape of the theme song of *The Andy Griffith Show*. The crowd of several hundred albinos—grandmothers, little children, etc.—was becoming restless, milling around rather hostilely, bumping into each other. Mojo picked up his guitar and attempted to entertain with a blackface minstrel version of "Debbie Gibson Is Pregnant with My Two-Headed Love Child." When it didn't go over too well, he quickly switched to whiteface, powdering it over the black grease. This displeased the crowd even more, and they began to rather clumsily attack the stage. Mojo began exhorting the crowd to eat orange food.

Though the performance was not a total success, Mojo did pick up one disciple, an almost-blind albino Negro street preacher who claimed to have the heart of a baboon.

The street preacher, it emerged, was an electronic genius, though obviously he did not possess one quantum of judgment or common sense.

At Mojo's instructions, the street preacher rigged up an electronic jamming device in the back of a recently hot-wired 1930s Jed Clampett Mojomobile and, again at Otis's orders, they interrupted practically every medium known to man, singing "Pirate Radio" from the back of the truck. They intruded this crude, raucous, intimidating, but rather catchy song upon a Paul Harvey broadcast, a Dan Rather newscast, a microwave oven, and a cable commercial for Zamfir. Master of the Panflute.

A guy with a voice box was walking down the street singing a Ramones song through his neck. The voice box suddenly, and quite uncontrollably, began making pirate sounds, which the man eventually began to enjoy once he noticed the increased displeasure this caused in others.

Several days later, as Mojo was strolling in the parking lot of Motel 6, the long arm of Butt-Holdsworth caught up with him. A large white van with "Butt-Holdsworth Home for the Bewildered" on the side pulled up and, as Mojo attempted to arm-fart on the van, a crack emergency medical team corralled him and brought him back to the home.

In the shrink's office, Mojo immediately launched into a toilet-training tirade, his unhappy childhood, his various quirks, and his ridiculous sexual dysfunctions. Occasionally Mojo stopped, during which time the shrink took copious notes, in the middle of which Mojo farted. The farts began to increase in terms of intensity, duration, and olfactory unpleasantness, which forced the shrink to step up his efforts to combat them, first by waving his hand, then by bringing out the air freshener, then by setting up a fan, until finally, when he walked Mojo out of the office, the shrink was seen to be wearing a large military gas mask.

Kinky Friedman's latest novel, Frequent Flyer, was just published by William Morrow.



Ross MacDonald

TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

THIS PUBLIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT (contributed by Bill Wesselhoff) ran in the *Daily Chronicle* of DeKalb, Illinois. The entire text follows:

"DeKalb County Alzheimer's Support Group. Second Friday 10 A.M. and fourth Thursday 7 P.M. Senior Center, 330 Grove Street. For family members and caregivers of persons suffering from degenerative diseases affecting memory, thought,"

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Donald M. Smith confessed to killing sixty-nine-year-old Charles W. Doak, owner of the Wilson Candy Company in Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Smith beat Doak over the head with a nine-pound giant candy cane. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (contributed by Steven Henz)

A YOUNG HOMOSEXUAL male showed up at a hospital emergency room complaining of rectal pain. Doctors discovered a "stony, hard mass" in the patient's rectum.

According to the *American Journal of Forensic Medicine and Pathology*, "The patient said that approximately four hours earlier he and his boyfriend had been 'fooling around.' After stirring a batch of concrete mix, the patient lay on his back with his feet against the wall at a forty-five-degree angle while his boyfriend poured the mixture through a funnel into his rectum. After the concrete mass hardened, it became so painful that he sought medical care.

"Under general anesthesia, the anus was dilated and two Foley catheters were inserted alongside the rectal mass to relieve suction. A concrete cast of the rectum was delivered without incident."

A Ping-Pong ball was found inside the concrete cast. (con-

tributed by Tim Reade)

IN THE EARLY-MORNING hours before a ceremony to mark the opening of a new stretch of Interstate 279, Christopher Bladen of Green Tree, Pennsylvania, roared down the still-unopened highway and rammed into a reviewing stand, dragging it some 300 yards. Pittsburgh police officer Stanley Mikolajek pulled Bladen over, but when the officer stepped out of his police car, Bladen drove away, a sign that had fallen off the stage onto his car still stuck to his windshield. Mikolajek pulled Bladen over a second time and asked "if there was any problem," according to the report.

"He said he was perfectly fine," Mikolajek noted, adding that Bladen "asked how the reviewing stand got on the roof of his car." *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* (contributed by Jon Puc)

CHIROPRACTOR LEE WALDEN of Evansville, Indiana, "has agreed to stop advising patients that their health problems are caused by demons or other supernatural creatures," according to Jim Gallagher, an Indiana deputy attorney general for consumer protection. Gallagher added that Walden also agreed to stop "advertising and performing a sinus treatment in which a balloon is inserted into the nose and inflated until it bursts." *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Kim Butler)

THE FOLLOWING ITEM APPEARED in the *Commercial Appeal* of Memphis, Tennessee:

"ANKARA—Turkey recently announced the winners of a nationwide search for the country's best-kept public toilets.

"The unofficial Toilets Foundation, set up last June, said twelve toilets had been found to meet its stringent standards of

cleanliness and comfort.

"Winners of the annual awards included gas stations, municipalities, and just one hotel.

"'No hospitals, mosques, or schools were found worthy of the award,' said foundation spokesman Baha Tunaligil." (contributed by William L. Burnett)

IN TORQUAY, ENGLAND, Jon Fone and Rachael Browne, both eighteen years old, were married. In the same ceremony, Jon's brother David, twenty-three, married Rachael's thirty-seven-year-old

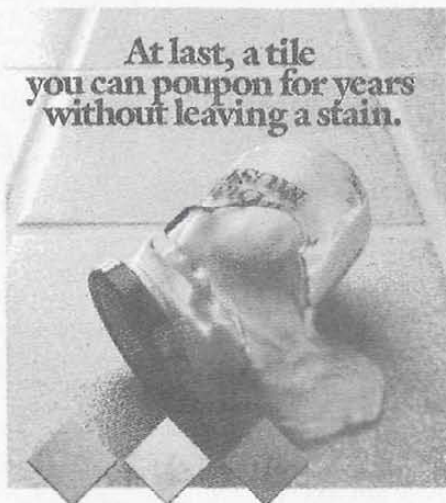
mother, Janette. Janette is now Jon's sister-in-law and mother-in-law, while Rachael is David's sister-in-law and stepdaughter.

David is also "the stepfather to Janette's five children by her first marriage, as well as grandfather and uncle to Jon and Rachael's one-year-old daughter, Nikita." *New Haven Register* (contributed by John J. Garzi)

WHEN THE LARGEST RETAIL gun store in south Florida closed unexpectedly, consumers lined up at other gun shops in a panic. *Miami Herald* columnist Carl Hiasen reported that "anxious customers

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This national advertisement, submitted by Duck Divet, appeared in House Beautiful.



TRUE FACTS

brought tents and sleeping bags, waiting all night for the stores to open." Some gun retailers had to ration the number of weapons sold to individual buyers.

Despite the high volume in gun sales, however, the market for guns in south Florida has apparently not yet been saturated. "Saturated? South Florida? No way," Hiasen quoted a Dade County police officer as saying. "In fact, just the other day I stopped a guy for speeding over on Flagler Street. When I looked in the trunk of his car—no gun! Checked the glove compartment—empty! Hey, you can look it up in the report if you don't believe me." (contributed by Greg Bito)

And recently the *Rocky Mountain News* reported an effort by the Reverend Marshall Gourley to rid Colorado of handguns. Gourley offered a hundred-dollar bounty for handguns turned in at his church. Our Lady of Guadalupe in Denver. After buying more than thirty weapons, many worth considerably less than a hundred dollars, the priest decided to pay no more than the approximate market value of any single weapon. "We'll also

be asking people to sign a statement that they recognize the intent and direction of the program," said Gourley.

The change in policy came after one Denver man took Gourley's check for his cheap Saturday-night special, then told a television news crew that he planned to use the hundred dollars for a down payment on an AR-15 assault rifle. (contributed by Raymond F. Elsner)

TWELVE PASSENGERS were left behind on the Greek island of Samos after their Olympic Airways Boeing 737 airliner was found to be too heavy for a safe takeoff. "First the passengers began arguing with the crew and then among themselves to decide who was more overweight," recalled a passenger.

The dozen heaviest people were persuaded to leave the airliner and wait for the next flight to Athens. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by David Scott)

TWO MEN ATTEMPTED TO rob a pair of women on Pennsylvania Avenue in Brooklyn, New York. As the crooks fled on foot, they were pursued by two fire marshals who were on stakeout nearby.

Meanwhile, at the Oasis Motel not far away, a car pulled up and a man got out to rent a room. He asked the heavy woman with him to park the car, but as she slid over into the driver's seat she became stuck behind the steering wheel. At that point the two robbers ran

up and ordered her out. According to New York's *Daily News*, "They tried frantically to pull the woman out, but she was wedged behind the wheel."

After ducking two shots, the fire marshals nabbed one of the crooks. "They couldn't get her out," said fire marshal James Colon. "because she was too big." (contributed by Jim Nilan Jr.)

FORMER MODEL JENNIFER Sheppard won possession of a Manhattan studio apartment from her husband, Darnay Hoffman, after convincing a judge that Hoffman "had stopped washing his upper body and stopped changing his clothes, wearing them for weeks at a time. . . . The odor permeated the entire apartment, including the carpets and furniture."

"I wasn't in the apartment long enough to smell it up," countered Hoffman, adding: "There were times when she'd come home after a modeling assignment, take off her shoes, and I'd tell her to please leave." (New York) *Daily News* (contributed by Jim Turro)

THE FOLLOWING HELP wanted ad appeared in California's *Santa Cruz Sentinel*:

"Prototype machinist w/exp. in plastics machining & fabrication for the product development industry. Must be able to work with idiots & have partial higher brain function. 476-2070." (contributed by Rich Orielly)

WOULD-BE ROBBERS chased an armored car on a highway near Atlantic City, New Jersey, but fled after it crashed. Before being taken to a nearby hospital for observation, the driver locked the armored car, now lying on its side. According to the *Ocean City Sun*, local police used acetylene torches to "open the vehicle and secure its contents," which turned out to be a takeout lunch intended for New York real estate tycoon and Atlantic City casino owner Donald Trump.

"Trump, who reportedly has his lunch brought to his casino office from a delicatessen in New York," said the *Sun*, "could not be reached for comment." (contributed by J. Jensen)

IN THE JOURNAL OF THE American Medical Association, two heart specialists reported that six weeks after undergoing surgery to implant a pacemaker, a forty-three-year-old Brooklyn, New York, woman refused a second operation to fix an electrode lead which had become displaced.

The following week the woman's husband told Drs. Lawrence Gould and Robert Betzu that he had fixed the problem himself. "The husband turned his five-foot, ninety-pound wife upside down, grasped her by the feet, and shook her violently up and down. Five minutes of this apparently repositioned the lead."

Tests confirmed that the problem had indeed been fixed. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Robert Theoret)

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS! We now send each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

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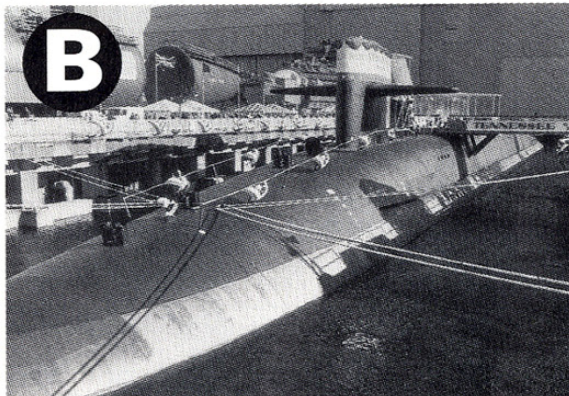
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submitted by Tony Lee

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NL 10/89

SIGNS OF THE TIMES



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Alan Poleszak



Thomas J. Stephens



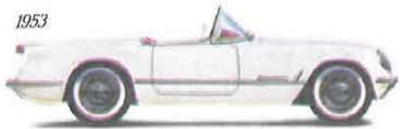
Jim Ford



Michael Frank

What's So Odd About Us Changing Our Package? Other Companies Do It Every Year.

1953



1956



1959



1961



1962



1965



1966



1967



1973



1974



1975



1977



1980



1981



1982



1984



1985



1987



We've never been one to seek change just for the sake of change, but in our two centuries of brewing, we've had our share of classic packages.

Wooden casks fashioned from French oak. Long amber bottles with cork stoppers. Even a more luxurious model with a porcelain stopper.

And now we're pleased to introduce you to our latest. One that we believe reflects even more of the 214 years of our Stroh family heritage and brewing tradition.

We hope you like it, since we don't plan on making another change for at least the next century.



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AND THE
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MOVIES NOW BRING YOU THE

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1989

Comedy

PLAYOFFS

edge[®] gel

wants YOU

TO WIN A PART IN A NATIONAL[®] LAMPOON MOTION PICTURE

For those of you who have no talent, brains, or looks but want to be in a movie anyway, look for the **EDGE/NATIONAL LAMPOON Consumer Sweepstakes** at your local **EDGE** retail outlet.

All over the country, contests will be held in your city. If you want to make it as a stand-up comedian and comic actor, then listen to your local radio station during July and August 1989 for details:

CITY	STATION
Albany	WPYX-FM
Atlanta	WKLS-FM
Baltimore	WHFS-FM
Boston	WZLX-FM
Buffalo	WPHD-FM
Charlotte	WROQ-FM
Chicago	WCKG-FM
Cincinnati	WEBN-FM
Cleveland	WMMS-FM
Dallas	KTXQ-FM- KDAF-TV
Denver	KAZY-FM
Detroit	WLLZ-FM
Houston	KLOL-FM
Kansas City	KCFX-FM
Los Angeles	KROQ-FM
Memphis	WPTY-TV- WEGR-FM
Miami	WGTR-FM
Minneapolis	KJJO-FM
Nashville	WGFX-FM
New Orleans	WRNO-FM
New York City	WBAB-FM
Oklahoma City	KATT-FM
Orlando	WDIZ-FM
Philadelphia	WMMR-FM
Phoenix	KDKB-FM
Pittsburgh	WBZZ-FM
Sacramento	KROY-FM
San Diego	To Be Announced
San Francisco	KRQR-FM
Syracuse	WYYY-FM

The winner in each market, thirty comedians totaled, will compete in the **EDGE/NATIONAL LAMPOON COMEDY FINALS**, to be held on September 27, 1989, at the



The Grand Prize winner will be flown on-location and given a credited speaking role in an upcoming National Lampoon movie. All you have to do is be the funniest man, woman, or dog in your city and you're on your way, fame and fortune can be yours!

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MEMORABLE HEADLINES

Teen Suicide Fest Slated For Friday

Chicago Clear-Ridge Reporter
contributed by Thomas E. Palka

The Say Yes to Life. Speakers from Metro Help, an agency helping troubled teens, will also address the issue. "we can begin a grassroots movement that will do tw things—lobby federal officials to make more government funds available."

Administration Worked to Stop Leaks, Start Urinalysis

By Anne Laurent

Federal Times
contributed by Al Crisostomo

The Nov. 1 1985 the president had is about individual agency p...ams. By... of the... Complaints led Congress to pass White House... Act in 198...

Study predicts number of elderly to explode in 50 years

By C. ROARK

...les Times

the next 50 years. If that happens, it is reasonable to assume that mortal... "due to drop at least 2... been slowing in recent years. They will continue to do so, shortly reach... a point where... rates, the researchers said. And, they added, "over the cur... res will be... but it is fairly clear we will be seeing a lot more people living into their 80s and 90s." said

(Allentown, Pennsylvania) Morning Call
contributed by Robert R. Mozgo

Healthy Eskimos seeking revenge

Nanaimo Daily Free Press
contributed by Albert A. Pasternak

Coffee and Cigarettes Linked To Heavy Coffee Consumption And to Smoking

Metropolitan News
contributed by Alan L. Rosen

Feminization causes loss of members

Indiana (Pennsylvania) Gazette
contributed by R. C. Hamilton

Attorneys to grill Burger King chairman

A Levin, about matters that are of \$100-per-hour fee, which expired last week... and Cambridge, "They will, through Friday... 1 to we are going to produce 25... Pillsbury may reject... information we need, as we had to... issued... 134... 198...

Miami News
contributed by Glenn Fromer

Gorbachev Meets With Bloc Heads LD150939 Moscow PRAVDA in Russian Second Edition p 1

Foreign Broadcast Information Service Daily Report
contributed by S. Dean Hinson

IMPORTANT STUFF BEING TALKED ABOUT IN THIS BOX!

ATTENTION, CONTRIBUTORS! WE'LL GIVE each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll give each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency, which roughly equals four pounds of salami at the deli across the street. You'll also get a credit, which is roughly equal to a salami sandwich. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us.

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HOW



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LOVE — ROMANCE — DIET — WEALTH — AMBITIONS — PROBLEMS — DESIRES — HOPES — etc. Etc. ETC!

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BECOME THEIR OBSESSION!!

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"Finally getting my share!! Thanks." *BE. MA.*
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CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "...Something entirely new!"
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Sexologist agree: The process of bonding (the choice of "only" one person) occurs in their subconscious and is the trigger to *love and desire!* And because the subconscious mind "cannot" reject or "disbelieve" Mephisto's ingenious commands establishes you (you and only you) as the object of their **LOVE AND PASSION.**

THEY WILL BELIEVE:

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- 2) Others are dull and unattractive.
- 3) He/She is deeply in love with you.

THEY WILL:

- 4) Have dreams of you.
- 5) Have visions of you as their lover.
- 6) Lose their inhibitions!

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Vaseline Love

Services for Vaseline Love will be at 11 a.m. Wednesday at St. Paul CME Church. Burial will be in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Mrs. Love died Saturday evening at the Jackson-Madison County General Hospital. For more information, call Ford Funeral Home at 427-5585.

Jackson (Tennessee) Sun
contributed by Michael L. Schuff

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Let one of our specially trained bullmice personality deliver your "sentiments" to your boss, ex-lover, or corrupt politicians. Call today: Regurji-Gram, (415) 824-0579. Franchises available. Nationwide fax service soon. A woman-owned business.

San Francisco Bay Guardian
contributed by Linda Neukrug

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Save - buy 3 or more \$2.50 ea.

Campmor catalog
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In Memory of BUFFY



Buffy was killed July 2, 1988 by five large dogs in her own yard while using the bathroom.

Joe, Sherry,
Crystal and
Chris

Vincennes (Indiana) Sun-Commercial
contributed by Judy Eaton

BORING, unattractive, flag waving, conservative woman seeks ignorant Redneck for mutually shallow, uncaring relationship. 24-35, photo appreciated. Adv. Box H3456H.

(Amherst, Massachusetts) Advocate
contributed by Karen Favreau

RETIRED MAN, single and sober occasionally, wants job — not work — job in West Sacramento. Days only, or early morning. Short day or short week Okay. Write P.O. Box 546, West Sacramento, CA 95691.

(West Sacramento) News-Ledger
contributed by Jack Ferguson

One On One
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Back To Me
(Dialogue in Greek)
(C) Origins - A History

(Toronto) Starweek TV Guide
contributed by Richard Farrell

VALAPARAMBIL KRISHNAN-KUTTY SIVARAMAKRISHNAN hereby announce that my name is changed to VALAPARAMBIL KRISHNANKUTTY SIVAN. I ANEESH VALAPARAMBIL SIVARAMAKRISHNAN hereby announce that my name is changed to ANEESH VALAPARAMBIL SIVAN. I KIZHAKKEVEETIL PADINJAREPOYIL PRESANNA hereby announce that my name is changed to PRESANNA KIZHAKKEVEETIL SIVAN.

Baltimore Sun
contributed by Fred C. Ohmann



TRUE FACTS REPORTER

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

ROSEANNE BARR'S HEFTY BAGS

by Keith Hickman

GARBAGE PICKING IS AN ART, AND when my editor needed somebody to steal and sift through Roseanne Barr's Hefty bags, he knew who to call. It was 8:00 A.M. on the East Coast, but only 5:00 in the morning when the phone rang in my Los Angeles apartment.

"I need a favor," my editor said.

"What?" I mumbled.

"Grab Roseanne Barr's garbage this morning before the garbagemen get there."

"Shit. Hold on." I sat up and lit a cigarette. I had a master's degree in journalism from one of the finest colleges in the East. I've worked for the *New York Daily News*, the *Boston Globe*, and spent a summer at the *New York Times*. So how did I end up picking through celebrity chicken bones for a living? The answer is money. I'm a reporter for one of the biggest supermarket tabloids in the world. Needless to say, I'm no Ernest Hemingway.

"Why?" I asked my editor, as if I didn't know.

"We think she's planning to get divorced. Try to find some evidence of that. Also, make a note of what she's eating these days. It might make a nice color spread."

"What time is the garbage pickup in

Encino?"

"Six. So get up and get over there."

I spotted the garbage truck on Ventura Boulevard. It was a good hour or two away from Roseanne's blue and white ranch house on White Oak Place. Roseanne's house sat at the end of a long gravel driveway, behind an iron gate. She was surrounded by trees and couldn't see the road. I would grab her garbage, toss it in my trunk, and take off. One, two, three. No problem.

"Look out!"

My hand was on the lid of one of Roseanne's garbage cans when I heard that frightening scream. I turned and came face to face with an enraged pit bull. Her jaws clamped down hard on the cuff of my jeans and she started pulling. My pants were beginning to slip down from my waist. My only weapon was a black Flair pen. I could have written on her, but that was about it.

"Down, Betty!"

Betty? Hitler, maybe, or Satan's Spawn. But Betty? That might be the name of Doris Day's poodle, not the seventy-five pounds of muscle about to make me a headline in my own magazine.

Betty's owner yelled again and clapped his hands. Betty let go and sat down on my shoe. She was panting. So was I.

"Don't mind Betty. She doesn't like strangers."

"Hard to tell." I smiled. He didn't smile back.

"Neither do I. What are you doing here?"



Good question, I thought. I wasn't sure myself. "I work for the city," I lied.

"When did the garbage collectors start driving around in Cadillacs?"

I thought for a second. "I think it was last week."

"You got ten seconds to get back in your car and get out of here or I'm siccing Betty on you and calling the cops."

"And what are you going to tell the cops?"

"That I caught a piece-of-shit tabloid reporter going through my neighbor's garbage."

"I'm not breaking any laws, pal. Once garbage is put out on the curb, it becomes public property."

"Try telling that to Betty."

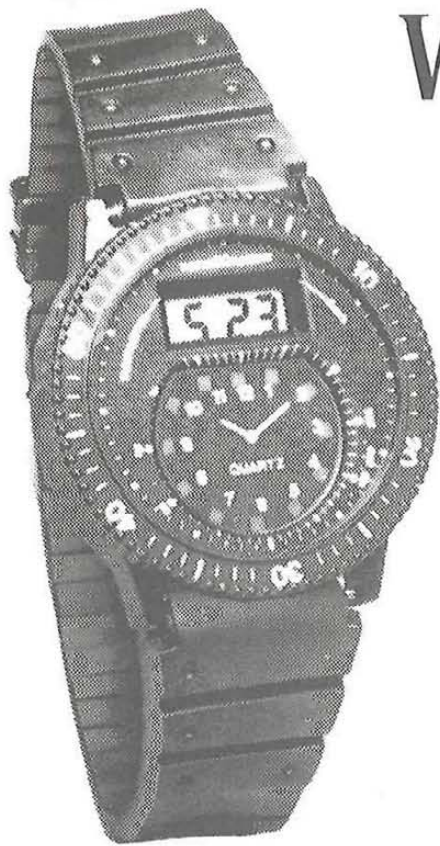
"Good point." I got in my car and pulled away.

But I was back in twenty minutes, this time determined to grab Roseanne's garbage and get the hell out of there. No Betty around. No annoying neighbors. The garbage truck still an hour away.

I jumped out of my car and headed for the trash. My hand was on a lid once again when I looked up and spotted Roseanne's husband, Bill Pentland, walking down the gravel driveway. Shit. I ran behind a bush and hit the dirt. He dropped something in a garbage can and stood there, looking up and down the street. If I'd wanted to, I could have reached out and touched his jogging shoe. Needless to say, I didn't want to.

Pentland was still standing there when a bee decided to land on my wrist. Now I've been in bar fights, fought a man who was swinging a Louisville slugger at my head,





Why are we giving away this rugged "Navigator"-style LCD watch...

FOR ONLY

\$2

THIS IS NOT A MISPRINT.

[OFFER ENDS WHEN TEST MARKETING SURVEY INVENTORY IS EXHAUSTED]

That's right. You may order this sturdy "Navigator"-style watch for only \$2...if you mail coupon without delay.

The "Navigator"-style - rugged and masculine-looking - is one of the most popular of all watch styles for the adventurous, active man. Extremely practical in design, this watch has a fully adjustable black matte strap and a liquid crystal digital display (LCD) that tells time with long-running accuracy. It also features a handsome printed 12-hour watch face as an extra touch of elegance.

Shock and water-resistant, the "Navigator"-style watch is built to take hard knocks. It's the ideal watch to wear when swimming, jogging, playing squash, tennis, polo, mountain climbing - in any and every situation when you wouldn't trust the most expensive watch you already own.

How can we make such an incredible offer?

This offer is possible only because we're making it as part of a test marketing survey. We are trying to learn which publications are the best for us to advertise in. The number of replies from each publication will guide us in planning a projected million-dollar advertising budget.

A GREAT GIFT IDEA!

To thank you for ordering from this ad, you may have up to four (4) more watches at the same \$2 giveaway price as gifts for your closest friends and relatives. (P.S. They'll never guess how little you paid.)

Unconditional Money-Back Guarantee

This watch will not be sold by this firm in any store. There is a limit of five (5) watches per address at this \$2 price. You must be 100% satisfied, or return the watch(es) anytime within one month from receipt for a full refund—no questions asked.

To get your watch(es), mail the original printed coupon on this page (no xeroxes or hand-made copies will be accepted) to The Rothchild Depository, 101 West Street, Hillsdale, NJ 07642. Enclose \$2 for each watch ordered—limit, 5 watches per address—plus only \$1 postage and handling for each watch ordered. Act now! These watches will sell out fast.

FREE JEWELRY

This is NOT a "must", but if you enter your birth date on the coupon, we'll celebrate your next birthday by sending you a FREE GIFT OF JEWELRY from our Fifth Avenue Vault. There will, of course, be no obligation on your part.

\$2 "NAVIGATOR"-style WATCH^{NA2RE1} GIVEAWAY

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TRUE FACTS REPORTER

and dodged a bullet aimed right between my eyes, and I always came back for more. Now I was holding in a pathetic scream, about to wet the front and back of my jeans. Finally the bee and Pentland both decided to take off.

I was like Gale Sayers. With one quick movement, I hopped the hedge, grappled several Hefty bags from Roseanne's big, gray plastic cans, dropped them into my trunk, and burned rubber down White Oak Place, laughing all the way.

In the back of a McDonald's parking lot on Ventura Boulevard, I opened the first bag. There was a note taped to the top. This is what it said:

"Good morning, my reporter friends.

"I've been expecting you, so I took the liberty of removing all personal notes, bills, prescriptions, and anything else I thought you'd be interested in. As you can see, both me and Roseanne are now on a health kick. You can tell by all the health food containers and empty cans of diet soda. I also have a cold, so please be careful going through my used tissues.

"I cheated on my diet on Tuesday night and had spareribs. I believe you'll still find the bones a bit greasy.

"Till we speak again, have a nice week."

The note (which failed, by the way, to explain all those empty Big Mac containers) was signed "Bill Pentland."

Keith Hickman is a pseudonym for a tabloid reporter who claims, "Bruce Willis once took a poke at me, Joan Rivers once tried to use my face as an ashtray, and while the Queen of Comedy was still warm at the morgue, Lucy's gardener came after me with a rake."

ANIMALS ON THE SET

Writer Bob Grossblatt, once a freelance cameraman, tells these stories (among others) from his days filming commercials in New York during the 1970s.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE SHOP STEWARDS

THE AD WAS FOR SOME ALUMINUM company. It was for this new product they had—two thin sheets of metal with a honeycomb effect between them, kind of like a

hollow door. The idea was that it was very light and very strong. So we're set up on a blank stage where you have these four little platforms, about a foot and a half high. And the deal was these four girls in ballet costumes dance onto the set with a four-by-eight sheet of this stuff. Light, right? They lay the sheet down so the corners are resting on the boxes. Then a guy comes in leading an elephant, and the elephant is supposed to stand in the center of this sheet. Strong, get it?

So it's time for the take. The girls come dancing in with the sheet of metal and place it on the platforms. Then the guy leads the elephant in. The elephant steps onto the sheet of material, stands up, and takes a big dump. Cut.

Now there's this pile of elephant shit sitting there on the product. The director tells the stage people to clean it up. But the guy says, "No, that's not us. That's the props department." But the prop guy says, "No, that's the wranglers [the guys who take care of the animals]." But the wranglers say,



"No, no, no. We took our animal off the stage, and the shit's still there, so it's a prop, and therefore you have to do it." Now there's a bunch of union people standing around this pile of shit, arguing over who's got jurisdiction over it, and the discussion goes on and on while the clock is running.

Finally, the producer is so pissed off he goes and gets a shovel and a bag and heads for the pile himself. But just as he makes a move to clean it up, one of the union guys hollers, "Hey! You touch that shit and we walk!"

THE POLAR BEAR AND THE INKIE

THE FORD COMPANY WANTS THIS great image ad for its new model Lincoln. They have this prototype black Lincoln with a black interior up on a big empty stage, and they're actually paying a crew to stand around while the ad people figure out what they're going to do with it. Finally, somebody comes up with the idea of hav-



ing a gorgeous model in a black gown and painting the background black too. Everything black. A very striking image. But then you need something to set it off. They decide they'll put a polar bear in the back-seat.

So they have a polar bear flown in from California and we set it all up. We light the car, exterior and interior, and when everything is ready the trainer brings this bear out onstage. If this bear stood up, he'd be nine or ten feet tall, but now he's tranquilized with gallons of Thorazine so that they can work with him.

When it's time to get him in place, the model opens the back door of the Lincoln and the trainer coaxes the bear inside. But when the bear sits down, he sits on an "inkie," which is a little 250-watt clip light used as a kicker on the interior.

Now this thing is made of glass and it's hot. I mean, tungsten burns at 3200 degrees. Maybe he got a shock too, I don't know. Whatever he got he didn't like.

The bear goes batshit.

The door is closed and the bear is trapped in the car. In about twelve seconds, the bear destroys this handmade, prototype Lincoln. He tears out the seats, rips up the dashboard, and tears out the lining of the car. Later you could even see his claw marks in the roof of the car.

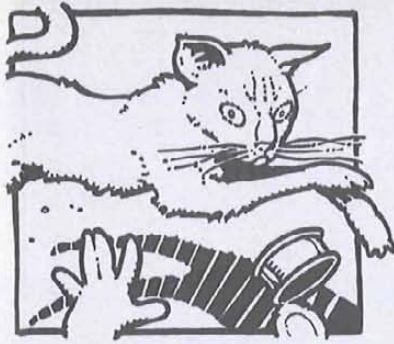
Anyhow, the bear is roaring and the car is rocking back and forth and the producer and the guy from Ford run over to the trainer and start hollering. "You gotta do something!" one of them shouts. "Get him outta the car!"

The trainer is standing there cleaning his fingernails. "You want him outta the car?" he says. "You get him outta the car."

And you know what? The cameras weren't even rolling.

THE CAT AND THE ACTOR

WE WERE DOING A CAT-FOOD commercial. I forget the brand. It was a dry food because it was in a box. We're set up in a kitchen in Connecticut. The ad is supposed to go like this: the camera follows the cat into the kitchen. The cat jumps up



on the counter, walks over to a box of some competitor's cat food. The cat stops, looks at it, snubs it, then jumps into the arms of an actor playing its owner. The actor catches the cat, looks at the camera, and says, "My cat only likes Our Brand cat food!" The idea is to do it all in one take.

We get set up. Everything's lit, and they decide to do a rehearsal. The cat does just what it's supposed to do; the actor says, "My cat only likes Our Brand cat food." Great. We go for a take.

The cat comes in, jumps on the counter, and knocks the cat food onto the floor. Cut.

The cat comes in, jumps up on the counter, and just sits there. Cut.

The cat comes in but won't jump up on the counter. Cut.

This goes on all day. What should have been a two-hour job has now gone on eight hours and the director is getting into meal penalties, so the producer goes over to the cat trainer and says, "I don't give a shit what you do. I don't care how you do it, but we're going to break for supper, and when we come back, that cat's going to do it right or I'll kill him myself and get another cat!"

So we go out to eat. When we come back, we turn on the cameras and the trainer cues the cat. The cat walks into the room, jumps onto the counter, looks at the cat food, turns up his nose, jumps toward the actor. The actor catches him, turns to the camera, and says:

"Hey, he did it!"

CALL ME MR. BAR ASSOCIATION

FORTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD TOM Swavely, an out-of-work airline mechanic with a twelfth-grade education, recently scored a coup of sorts against the Dade County Bar Association in Florida.

Swavely objected to his lawyer's bill for \$4,600, the balance due from his divorce case, so he appealed to the Professional Arbitration Committee of Florida's Dade County Bar Association for relief. After a hearing, the committee of three lawyers

reduced the bill by \$780—not enough to suit Swavely.

"My God, I thought I gave a great presentation, but they're all lawyers in there," said Swavely recently. "When I got the results, I wanted the bar association investigated. I wrote affidavits all over the state. I wrote to the Attorney General's Office, the U.S. Attorney's Office, and everything. Everybody said the same thing: they didn't have jurisdiction."

As Swavely looked for help, however, his lawyer filed suit for the balance of her fee.

"See, I'm no lawyer," he said, "but I turned around and sued her. I handle my own legal work now."

While he was at it, Swavely decided to sue the Dade County Bar Association, but when he called the state capital in Tallahassee to prepare his suit, he discovered that the county bar association didn't exist. "They never registered as the Dade County Bar Association in the state of Florida," Swavely said. "So I took the name myself for the fifty-five-dollar filing fee."

Now the Dade County Bar Association himself, Swavely took the title assistant deputy director. "I was asking questions when we were setting up the arbitration, and one of the directors there is a twenty-seven-year-old kid who treats his elders very disrespectfully," explained Swavely. "Anyhow, he was the assistant deputy director. That's why I took the title."

Swavely took his story to the *Miami Herald*, then spent a day parading on the steps of the courthouse with a big sign declaring: "Dade County Bar Association." "Most of the lawyers went in the back door of the courthouse that day," he recalled.

Swavely's former lawyer—perhaps

impressed by his legal acumen—agreed to a settlement, and he has since decided against suing the association. "I can't sue [the Dade County Bar Association] now," he explained, "because that's me."

The other bar association still answers the phone "Dade County Bar," but Swavely refers to them as "those guys in that building."

"Our concern is that there may be confusion over what has occurred," said attorney Richard Milstein, president of "those guys in that building." Milstein claims his group retains the bar association name and identity.

"The second problem we have is that we don't believe anyone is allowed to become a bar association unless he's a licensed lawyer in the state of Florida," said Milstein.

Still, Swavely is taking his newly acquired entity seriously. "I'm trying to get this thing off the ground," he said. "I want to set up a court-watching system. I want to set up a professional, unbiased fee-arbitration committee. I want people really involved in it."

To that end, Swavely plans to send out what he calls "funding letters," and he's started to work on the structure of his association. "I just wrote the bylaws over the weekend," he said.

—JOHN BENDEL

Do you have a story for True Facts Reporter to tell? Write to:
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There's a simple way to prevent AIDS.

You want to be risk-free from AIDS? Don't have sex. And as long as you aren't shooting drugs, you'll be fine.

You won't have to worry about who's slept around, who's had blood tests, and whether your condoms are latex or not.

You also won't have to deal with pregnancy, herpes, syphilis, and gonorrhea.

But, if you can't be totally safe, be smart and careful. Know your partner. And remember, more partners mean more risk of sleeping with

someone who is infected.

Use latex condoms. They're an effective barrier against the AIDS virus. But they have to be used one time, from start to finish every time you have sex.

When you think about the fact that AIDS could kill you, waiting to have sex isn't such a bad idea. For more information, call the National AIDS hotline. 1-800-342-AIDS. For the hearing impaired, 1-800-AIDS-TTY.

AMERICA
RESPONDS
TO AIDS

YELLOW JOURNAL

For a Good Time Call 555-5040, Ask for Ginger

Nobel Committee: Drugs and Writing Don't Mix!

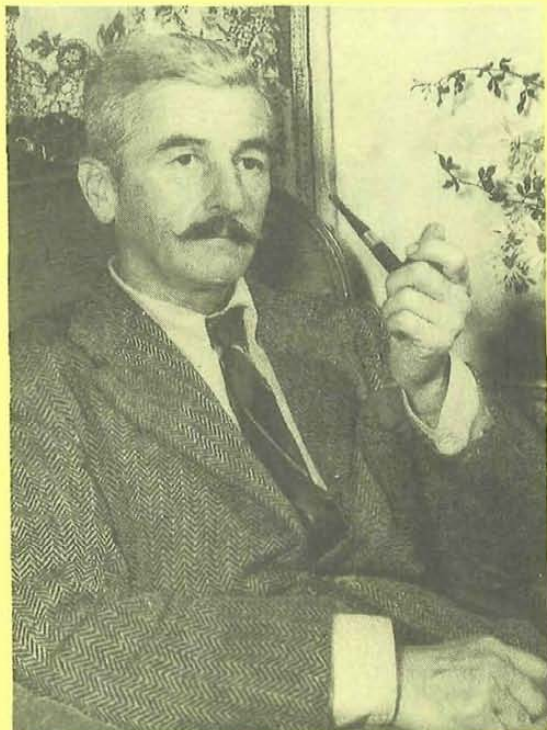
The entire literate world was stunned by a recent announcement by the Nobel Committee on Literature that a number of writers were being stripped of their laurels. Par Gustafson, chairperson of the Committee for Integrity in Literature, stated that the committee had decided to withdraw the Nobel Prize for Literature from the following laureates:

Sully Prudhomme (1901)
Henri Bergson (1927)
Sinclair Lewis (1930)
Eugene O'Neill (1936)
William Faulkner (1949)
Sir Winston Churchill (1953)
Jean-Paul Sartre (1964)

When asked to explain why the Nobel Committee had taken such an unprecedented step, Gustafson said: "If world-class athletes are stripped of their medals for taking illegal drugs and/or misusing steroids, then should not writers and artists be governed by the same standards? Are we going to pretend that literature is less serious than sports?"

"The merciless rigor of modern competitive writing, especially at the Nobel Prize level, and the growing social and economic rewards of landing a major book contract increasingly impel novelists, poets, and playwrights to improve their performance by any means available."

Among those means are such stimulants as alcohol, amphetamine, cocaine, peyote, caffeine, nicotine, and television. Such agents have been used by writers to enhance style, plotting, characterization, and thematic development. Winston Churchill was cited for excessive cigar smoking; Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, and William Faulkner were stripped of their medals because of excessive dependence upon alcohol. Faulkner was also accused of vocabulary packing



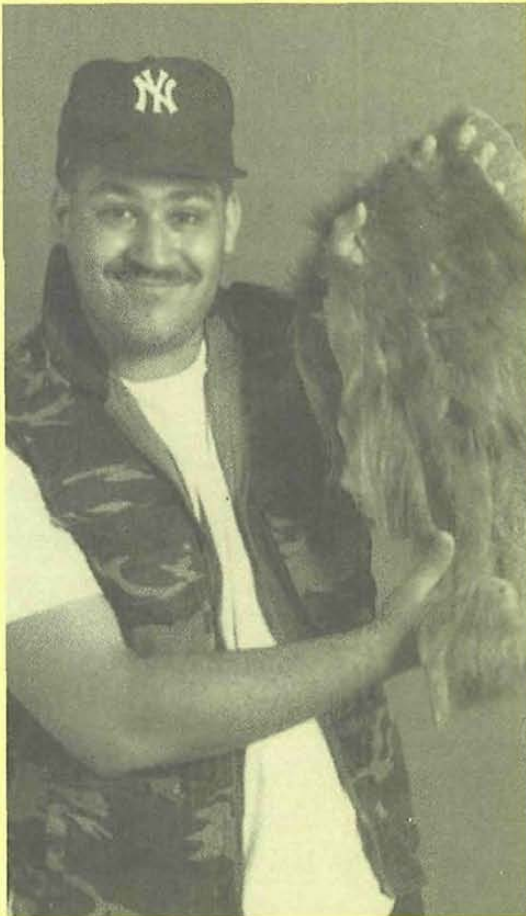
William Faulkner—thesaurus abuser? AP Wide World

and thesaurus abuse, as was Jean-Paul Sartre, author of *The Words*.

"Writers are as competitive and as combative as Olympic boxers," declared Gustafson, "and if prizes such as the Nobel are to mean anything at all, writers must labor under identical physical conditions. Writers, of course, are free to use any stimulants they need to peer into the depths of the human heart, but if they do use drugs, alcohol, or thesauruses to enhance their imaginations, then they must remove themselves from all literary competitions."

—L.P.

Semiautomatic-Rifle Hunting Season Starts



A happy Bob Bradfield holds an elk he shot with his AK-47 semiautomatic rifle. Mr. Bradfield, a defender of President Bush's decision not to ban the domestic manufacture of assault rifles, said, "The AK-47 is great for hunting game. I could never have bagged this elk with an ordinary rifle." Mr. Bradfield plans to use the carcass as a dust rag.

PEPPERIDGE FARMS HONORS AMERICAN CITIES



The East St. Louis.

As a result of the huge success of its American Collection, which features cookies named after such upscale cities as Sausalito and Santa Fe, Pepperidge Farms has announced it will soon add cookies honoring other major metropolitan areas to the line. The cookies include:

The Los Angeles: Advertised as the first gray cookie.

The Washington: A sugar cookie filled with raisins, nuts, and chocolate-covered .22-caliber bullets.

The El Paso: A deep-fried salsa cookie.

The New York: Brittle on the outside, filled with crack in the middle.

The Detroit: A high-fiber cookie for consumers with special dietary needs.

The Pittsburgh: A totally bland-tasting cookie.

—A.S.

Contributors: Nick Bakay Dave Hanson Louis Phillips Andy Simmons

50 #

Gingrich Honored

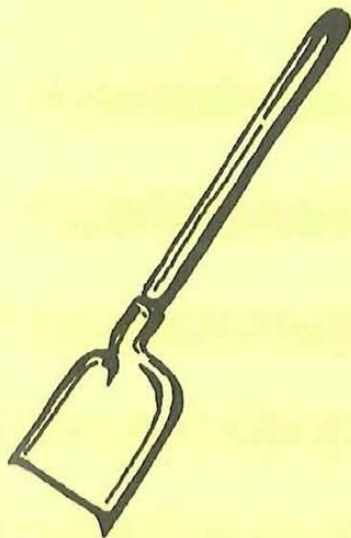
Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia was voted "The Congressman You'd Most Like to Smack in the Head with a Shovel" by his peers in the 101st Congress. While it was expected that most Democrats would bestow this title on Gingrich, his fellow Republicans voted overwhelmingly for him as well.

"We can't stand him either," said one Republican.

In nominating Gingrich, Representative Jack Brooks of Texas said, "He's the most obnoxious, bitchy, aggravating, hypocritical, untalented simp ever to trip down the aisles of this great institution. No one else comes close to deserving this award."

In accepting the honor, a teary-eyed Gingrich used the occasion to kick an attending muscular-dystrophy poster child in the stomach.

—A.S.



Mobil to Join Exxon in Dumping Oil

Noting the enormous amount of free publicity garnered by Exxon over its inept handling of the Alaskan oil catastrophe, Mobil Oil has decided to join Exxon by dumping oil on another pristine coastline, Iceland.

"I subscribe to the theory 'Good publicity, bad public-

ity, it doesn't matter as long as they spell the name right,'" said Mobil CEO Allen E. Murray.

Mobil plans to begin crashing oil tankers onto the coast of Iceland starting in December, when the cold weather will make it doubly difficult to clean up the spillage.

—A.S.

Trump Fame Drive Gains Momentum

Billionaire businessman Donald Trump, intoxicated by the attachment of his name to the Tour de Trump bicycle race as well as to Air Trump, Trump Tower, Trump Casino, and Trump Plaza, has announced plans to link his name to a myriad of other interests in an ongoing bid to increase his prominence.

Trump announced that he had paid three million dollars to the Lou Gehrig estate so that amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, the deadly disease associated with the late ballplayer, could henceforth be referred to as Trump's disease. He has also procured the rights to several influenzas and blood diseases, two of which will be known as Trump flu and Acquired Immune Trump's Syndrome.

Trump also recently engineered two leveraged buyouts: of the financially strapped St.

Paul's Cathedral, which he will rename St. Trump the Divine, and of Belgium, which NATO now acknowledges as Trump-land.

And in a move similar to rival billionaire Ted Turner's colorization of old films, Trump has developed a process called Trumpization, in which classic heroes like Rhett Butler and Hud will be replaced with computer-generated images of Donald Trump. Similarly, he has purchased the rights to several literary works, the texts of which will be rearranged and which will be retitled, among them *Moby Trump*, *Ode to a Trump*, and *Trumpelstiltskin*.

What's next for Trump? He says he plans to finance a fifty-cent coin with his face on it, and to have all historical references to President Abe Lincoln and athlete Jim Thorpe changed to Donald Trump.

—D.H.

How Average Americans Spend Their Lives

According to a recent Harris Poll, the average American will spend the following portion of his or her life engaged in the following activities:

- Four years cleaning spit out of party favors
- Two years tearing sip holes in the lids of Styrofoam coffee cups
- Three years sniffing their fingers after chopping vegetables
- Eleven years checking the mirror for visible boogers
- Four months pressing elevator buttons that someone else already pressed and are clearly lit up as such
- Nine months picking the raisin eyes out of gingerbread men
- Five years squeezing out teabags
- Nine months pregnant
- Eighteen months sipping from empty soda cans they forgot they finished
- Two years sniffing own underarms before a date
- Three years admiring Kleenex after they blow their noses
- Eight years scribbling trying to warm up their pens
- Ten months checking their blind side
- Five months brushing bugs or dirt off firewood
- Six years tapping their bat on home plate
- Four months picking the ripped clingers off spiral notebook paper
- Fifteen years looking under the hoods of their stalled cars even though for all they know there could be the inside of a piano under there
- Eight years checking the ingredients on the side of a package before grimacing and eating the food anyway
- Twelve years pulling hairs out of the drain after shampooing

—D.H.

South Africa Honors Rap Musicians



Run-DMC says: "Support apartheid in South Africa—buy gold!"

AP: Wide World

South Africa honored rap artists Run-DMC, L.L. Cool J, and Tone-Lōc for being "International Salesmen of Gold" and for helping South Africa weather boycotts staged by numerous countries protesting apartheid.

The three groups, as well as other rap bands and their legions of fans, were lauded in a speech by President P.W. Botha for wearing enough gold chains and

rings to help fuel the South African economy, thus "allowing us to continue leading the life we so enjoy."

The ceremony, originally slated to take place in a hotel in Johannesburg, was switched to a stable in Soweto because the hotel is segregated and the stable is not.

—A.S.



Inside Larry King



As I stand here on the cusp of a new, bi-monthly dialogue, let me be honest with you. The past few months have left me crushed, tired, and empty. I don't even beat off to reruns of *Baa Baa Black Sheep* anymore. The life force just isn't there. . . . Ahhh heck, what am I groaning about? I always have you, don't I? You've always been there for me, to understand, to console, to give me a little pat on the popo and say, "A job well done" when I needed it said. But most of all you've always been there to *listen*. To hear me when I have something to tell you. Haven't you? . . . Well? . . . I said, haven't you? . . . Hey, I said. . . HEY! HELLO? IS ANYONE. . . ?

Something tells me troubled champ Mike Tyson is in very capable hands since hooking up with promoter/murderer Don King. Where else can the young brute turn when he feels the need to kill, and not be judged and misinterpreted by the white man's double standard of right and wrong? . . . Do you ever get the feeling that life is an endless Bruce Weber shoot and you're the one on the ground, surrounded by sculpted, asexual pansies who are coyly pulling your limbs against your will? You do? Well then, I suggest that you seek help immediately, my friend, because life isn't like that. No, life is an endless chain of snubs, slights, and rim jobs interrupted by the rare moment of emotional collapse which (if you are one of the lucky ones!) lands you a few peaceful days in the hospital. . . . But hey, look on the bright side: they renewed *thirtysomething!* . . . I have seen the future of the American theater, and strangely enough its name is Kirby Puckett. . . . Am I the one with the funny glasses on, or does arrogant no-talent Arsenio Hall's body triple in size from the waist down? . . . Calling All Kids: the next time Mom's sick in bed, how about cheering her up with a healing breakfast of calf's liver patties smothered in jalapeño cheddar sauce, garnished with a festive Hawaiian hint of canned pineapple? Serve it on a tray and watch her face light up! . . . Seems to me this Dan Quayle bashing is way out of

line. Let's be honest: isn't every red-blooded American encouraged to marry rich and spend the rest of his life avoiding the strangling yoke of responsibility? Sounds like gravy to me. . . . And speaking of gravy, how about keeping some handy in a pitcher. The next time *Designing Women* pie wagon Delta Burke drops by your pad at 3:00 A.M., she'll be glad to let you pour it over her in return for a few steaming dollops. . . . Secret poop from the NBA: that's not Michael Jordan's tongue sticking out as he drives to the hoop, it's actually the superstar's abnormally distended uvula. . . . America has fallen in love with Bronson Pinchot, and it keeps me up nights worrying. . . . Fuck the rain forest, what about downtown Buffalo? . . . Pop Cult Parade: moldy, hunky star David Keith told yours truly that while he's no homo, the one man he would ever allow posterior intimacy with is multitalent Joel Grey. . . . Say, I just got a hankering to shine up the old crystal ball and look into the future of the now departed *Family Ties* cast. Hmmm, isn't that strange, THERE'S NOTHING THERE! . . . Wide World of Overpaid Athletes: I know this column will reach the newsstands of this nation and Canada several *months* after I write it, and yet I feel very safe in describing moptop Met Gary Carter's season as a painful campaign filled with hideously low stats and embarrassing, insane denials that his days are numbered. But then again, isn't that the joy of sport? To watch some ego-bloated millionaire with a ninth-grade education get a bitter reality sandwich crammed down his gullet? Welcome to the real world, champ! There's a spot in the breadline for you right behind some fat bag lady dragging a gangrenous stump of a leg under your pampered nose! Oh, you say it smells bad out here in the real world? Gee, I wouldn't know. I've been here so long I don't even notice anymore. . . . I'm Larry King and I'll be back to stink up the joint again next time with the smell of Buddy Ebsen's old house slippers.

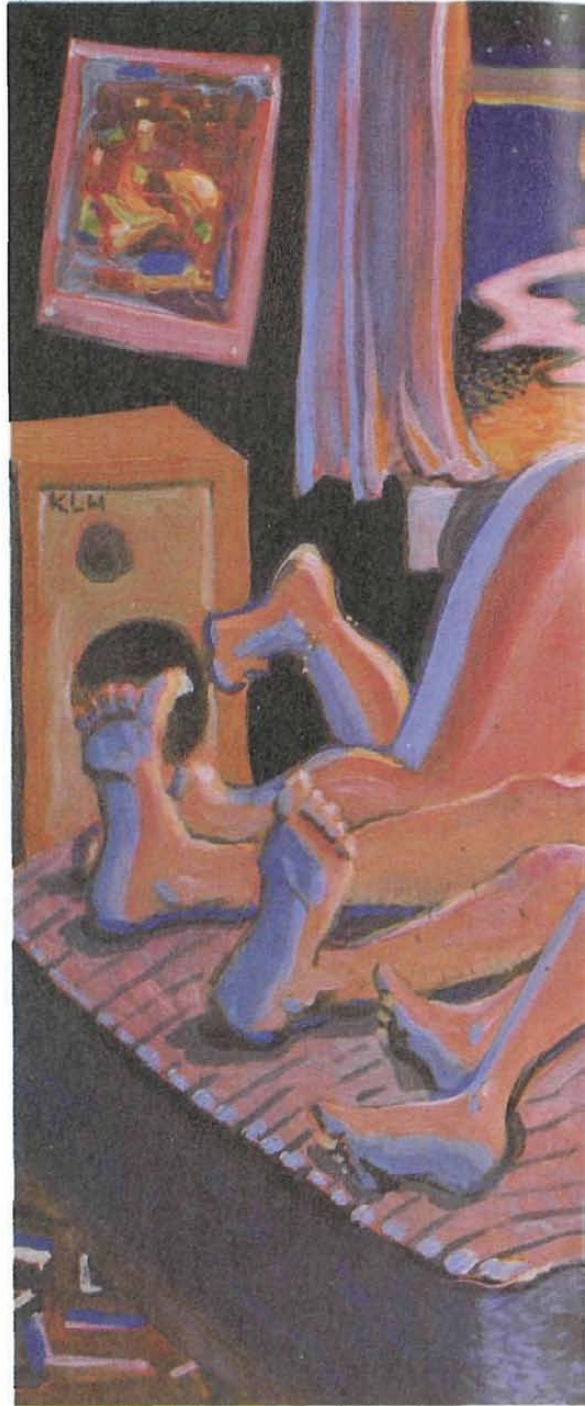
—N.B.

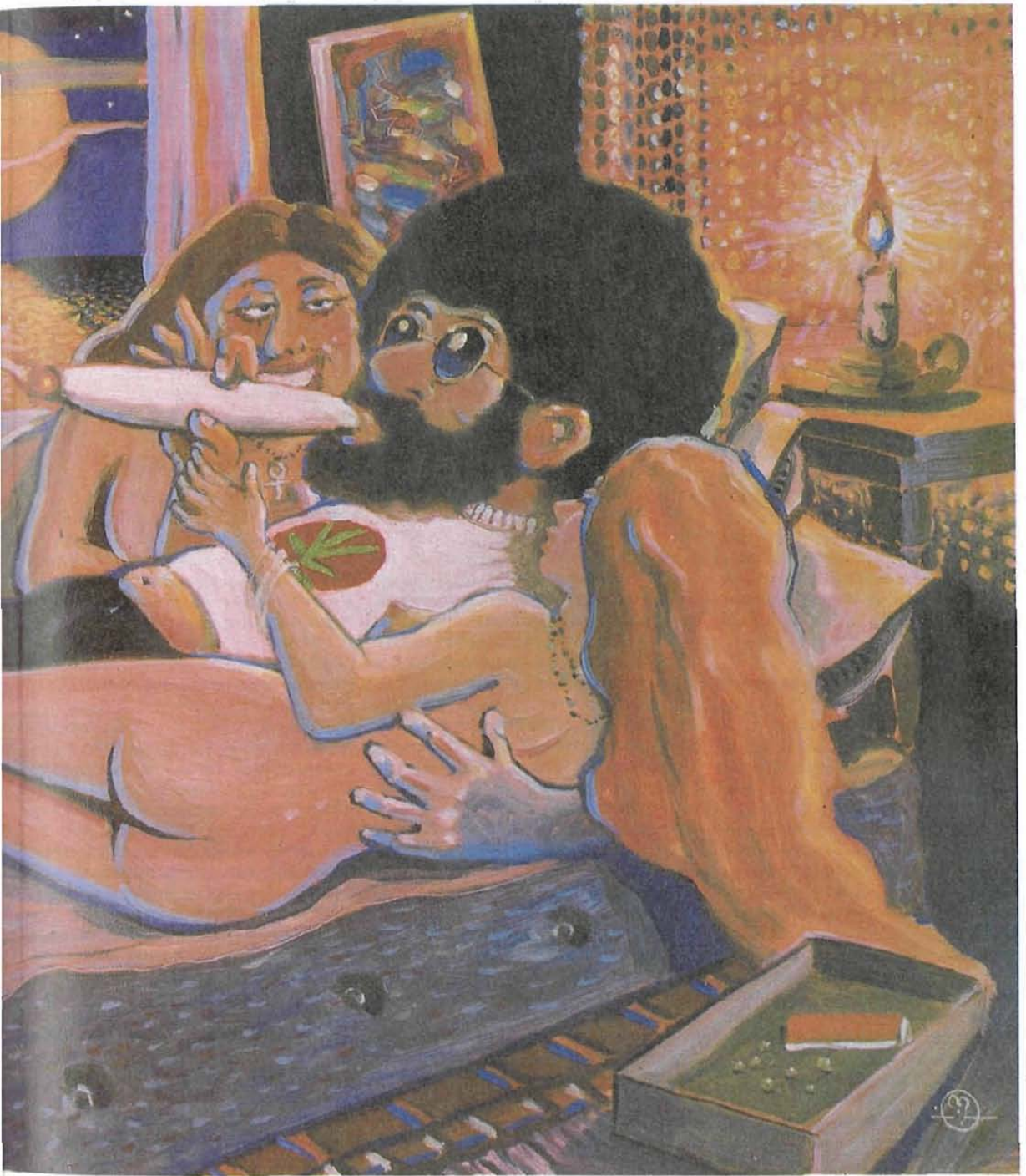
LUNACY

by Chris Miller

I wonder how many of you reading this remember the Great Dope Drought of 1969. I am, at that time, an eager young grass dealer, only in the business a few years, and this drought is really making me nuts. Of course, you expect a brief shortfall in January, which has to do with when the new crop is harvested, but this year the shortfall never ends. In March I run out of Colombian. By May my Panama Red is gone and I am down to some musty Mexican commercial someone once stuck me with and which I am now grateful to have, since there are numerous freaked-out potheads banging on my door at all hours of the day and night who are more than happy to pay top dollar for the stuff. But finally, it too is gone, and I am getting seriously worried.

My colleagues have theories. Carol McHashoil says it is Nixon and the boys, and this Operation Intercept thing they are running down at the Mexican border. Dope David hears that the CIA makes the Colombian army burn





ILLUSTRATIONS BY STANLEY MOUSE

down the pot fields. Spencer the Garbagehead thinks the real culprits are small blue marsupials from a flying saucer, but that is Spencer the Garbagehead's problem. Only one thing's for sure—there has literally been no new pot in town since December, and it is now the dog days of August.

The upshot of this is that I am in deep financial shit. My credit cards are tapped to the limit, I'm heavily into the cash reserve of my checking account, and my fascist landlord has let me know that if I do not square things with him by September 1, he will pay a call on me with his Doberman pinschers and my ass will be in the street. All in all, it is a terrible dilemma I am facing. I mean, what am I supposed to do, *work*? To make matters worse, it's hot as shit, the streets are dog-piss soup. New York is definitely *not* being a summer festival, and so, in the spirit of there being no problem too large to run away from, I throw a few things in a bag and head out to Fire Island.

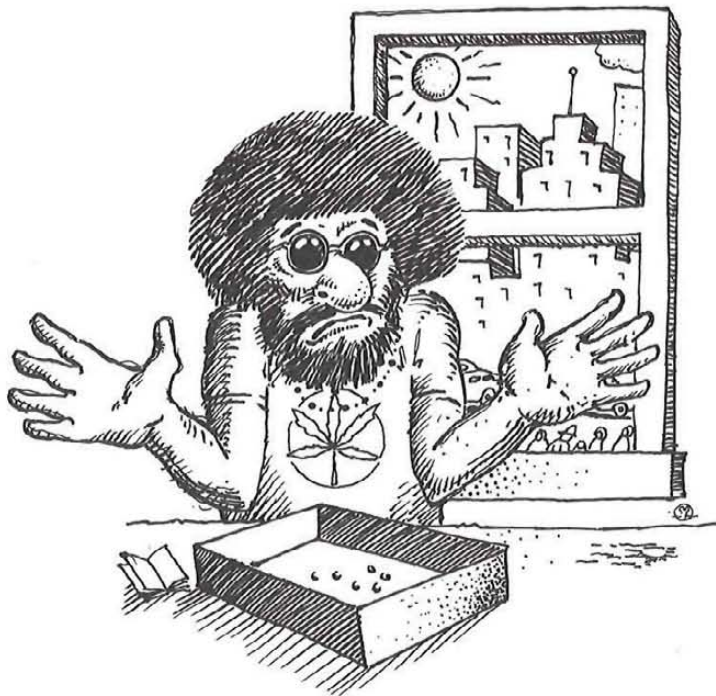
Man, I love Fire Island. Luckily, when I still had a few bucks left, I'd spent them on a share in a summer house out there, so now no matter how bad everything else gets, I still have these out-of-sight weekends with my friends in this beautiful beach fairyland to cheer me up.

But even on the train I cannot extract my mind from the toilet of worries and concerns it is floundering in. If I could score even a *pound* of something, it'd hold me until Hash Henry gets back from Nepal with the Temple Balls—assuming he isn't in jail over there, or dead, or something—but right now the likelihood of finding a pound of something is only slightly greater than finding a bag of diamonds lying in the street. Even my once-mighty personal stash is down to sticks and seeds. In fact, in all of New York there is only one person I know who always seems to be holding, and that is Zig-Zag.

Now, this Zig-Zag is an old pal and sometime business associate of mine whose personal attachment to reefer is the stuff of legend. In fact, trying to imagine Zig-Zag without his cloud of pot smoke is like trying to imagine a fish without water; cannabis is the medium he swims in. That he is also a member of my summer house is a nice break for me, as, broke and facing ruin though I may be, I will at least be able to get stoned, and that will give me a certain perspective on things.

This thought makes me feel better, and I emerge from my depression and take a look around the train car I am in. As it is Friday afternoon, the car is stuffed like a sausage, and typically, rather than talk to one another, everyone is holding a *New York Post* in front of his face, and so from all sides headlines are screaming at me: "ASTRONAUTS NEAR MOON."

Well, how do you like that? In my self-absorbed state that week, I'd forgotten all about the moon! A check of my seatmate's



Even my once-mighty personal stash is down to sticks and seeds.

paper tells me that Neil and the boys are almost there, everything is cool, and the landing is set for Sunday afternoon. Man, I think, this is exciting. I mean, this is the shit that gave me goose bumps in science fiction when I was a kid, and now here it is happening for real! Maybe we should drop acid on Sunday, I think; that way we can be at one with the universe when they take the module down, and experience the landing firsthand.

Well, pretty soon the train is pulling into the station at Bay Shore, and I am jamming into a taxi with all these other people and bouncing across town to the ferry dock, and then I am up on the top deck of the *Fire Island Queen*, scudding across the bay, and the salt breezes are doing a dance in my hair, and the sun, declining in the west, is shooting a gold stripe across the water at me, and gulls are gliding by, and all the heat and problems of the city seem to melt away, and it is great feeling human again. I move to the front of the boat, watching the horizon, and it isn't long before a low piece of land materializes there. Now, this Fire Island is a long, skinny place, no more than a ridge of sand, really, thrusting up from the bay a few miles off the south coast of Long Island. Most of the year it's inhabited mainly by birds. Summers, however, half of New York City has a house out there and little communities run its length like beads on a string. Each community has its own personality. Point O'Woods, for instance, is a good place to meet debutantes. Cherry Grove and the Pines are gay scenes; Kismet

is families, Davis Park singles, and Ocean Beach a rowdy bar crowd. And then there is the place where I am headed, which is something else again.

It's not close to any of the ferry landings. You have to hike a ways to get there. Many people seem to have trouble even finding it. But, with a bit of luck, you'll come upon this strange little beach forest, low and green, springing up before you. It's a bird sanctuary, protected by rangers, but there are also thirty or so houses scattered around within its borders. An archway painted with psychedelic motifs straddles the walkway into its shady recesses. Across the arch, in round, jolly, brightly colored letters, is the name of this place.

Strawberry Dunes.

Well, I'll tell you, man, you've got to see it. Wooden walkways wind through the woods, forking, dipping, taking sudden, unexpected turns. Sometimes the greenery's so thick it joins overhead, making tunnels. By day, the sun filters through the vegetation and everything's green; by night, strings of red, blue, and silver Japanese lanterns light your way. As you walk along, you occasionally glimpse these little Oz-book houses nestled in the shrubbery, each charming, each different, and friendly long-haired folks wave at you from them. For there are no hard-hats in Strawberry Dunes, no police, no rednecks, no "America—Love It or Leave It." It's all peace, love, and music, and no one ever hassles you.

Perhaps it crosses your mind that I am

fond of this place. Right on, Jockamo, and it's great to be back.

At length, I turn off Rainbow Way onto Karma Walk, and there is my little house with its white shutters and geraniums in the window boxes. Oh boy, I think, quickening my step, and then, up on the roof where they are sunbathing nude, Honeybunch and her huge friend, Astarte, pop up and start waving and calling out greetings and I feel, as I so often do on arriving here, that this is just the best possible place in the world.

I go inside and "Honky Tonk Women" is playing and there is Zig-Zag, and what did I tell you, man, he is smoking an actual joint. Dude jumps up and gives me five and then Honeybunch comes squealing down the stairs in a bathrobe and gives me a hug and then Astarte lumbers down after her, and she really gives me a hug, and Zig-Zag sticks the joint in my mouth and I am home, man, I am home.

We plunk down on pillows and commence rapping, and I catch up with all the poop. The four of us, it turns out, will have the place to ourselves this weekend: Cosmic Ray is upstate at some ashram, Cleo is on-duty at the East Village Free Clinic, Bush is visiting his brother's commune in Vermont, and Shirley is getting rolled. Then Honeybunch tells me about her new job acting part-time in that nude show that is getting all the press these days. *Oh! Calcutta!*

"Wow," I say. "Isn't that hard, being naked in front of all those people?"

"I'll say," Honeybunch snorts. "You're constantly catching cold."

Astarte, in her endlessly happy way, tells me everything is fine with her. She is Honeybunch's masseuse back in town, and the two of them are pals; we see a lot of her out here. And I mean a lot—the woman is vast. Imagine Mama Cass, then go up two or three sizes from there. But I've always dug Astarte; she's cool, and actually pretty sexy in a large sort of way. In fact, looking at her and Honeybunch, I feel a little thrill as I recall that they have been known to do the occasional threesome. And tonight *does* seem like the sort of night on which such an event might spontaneously, organically eventuate. Zig-Zag wouldn't care—he's into head trips, not squishy, physical stuff like threesomes. . . .

"Zig-Zag," I say fondly, waving the joint, "thanks. It is nice to know there is still dope in the world."

Honeybunch and Astarte echo my comment. Zig-Zag grins. "Hey, man, you guys are always welcome to smoke my dope, although this particular stuff is nothing to write long letters to the pope about—just some walking-around which seems appropriate to the hour. Later, I will pull some Big Bopper, and then we will see what we will see."

Honeybunch and I exchange excited glances. We have had a taste or two of this ropy, blond Colombian grass before, and

know it to be beyond the valley of the dolls. In the meantime, we finish up the J we have, and though it may be just walking-around, it has put us onto a nice, gentle plane that, as Zig-Zag points out, is perfectly suited to the hour.

Not long after that, would you believe it, we begin to feel hungry! So Zig-Zag threads a new tape and Sly starts booming out at us, and the Bunch puts on some brown rice to steam, and I start chopping vegetables, and Astarte begins setting the table, and everything's so hunky-dory in the old homestead, I don't even mind when I notice that Zig-Zag still has not fixed the left speaker and that Sly sounds like he is singing into a bedpan.

I cook up the fish and vegetables in the wok and we sit down and the Sly gives way to a nice Gary Burton thing of Honeybunch's and we spoon the fish and veggies onto our brown rice and grab our chopsticks and chow down, Jim. The girls have dressed for dinner, Astarte in a great, billowing neck-to-ankle gown of many colors, and Honeybunch in yoga pants and a luminously white, semitransparent top that provides sporadic glimpses of the ol' razzmatooties. She's so pretty, Honeybunch, all sunny and smiley and blond and sexy, and I must confess to having a great crush on her, as would any straight man in his right mind.

Meanwhile, Zig-Zag's in his raggedy Sergeant Pepper jacket, and I am wearing my "MAKE ME, NOT WAR" T-shirt, and Astarte has lit some candles, and it is a totally nice dinner we are having. We speak of many things—how dumb that new movie *Easy Rider* is, and whether or not Astarte should get an IUD, and these weird "bed-in" numbers John and Yoko are doing, and then Honeybunch tells me about the "Vietnamese dinner" she and Astarte want to make for the house some weekend: Hearts of Napalm Salad, Hamburger Hills, Curds and Hué, Agent Orange Sorbet, Ho Chi Mince Pie. . . .

"And when the dinner's over," says Astarte, "we burn the house down in order to save it."

Eventually, the meal ends. When the dishes are washed and a little fire has been built in the fireplace, Zig-Zag pokes around in the cookie jar where he keeps his shit and comes up with a *quarter-brick* of Big Bopper, which he brings to the dope box and begins cleaning.

"Man, the last time we smoked this shit," Honeybunch says to no one in particular, "the weirdest thing happened. I walked over to the Casino in Ocean Ridge and saw this great Marx Brothers movie on TV. I laughed so hard my sides hurt."

"What is so weird about that?" I ask.

"The TV was broken at the time."

We look at her.

"In fact, now that I think about it, I am not sure whether the Casino was even open that night," the Bunch murmurs, a puzzled expression stealing across her features.

Zig-Zag lights the number he has rolled and passes it to Astarte, and pretty soon we are all too busy holding our breath for any further talk. One of these days I am going to compose a monograph on how three-quarters of the marijuana high actually derives from oxygen deprivation and they will publish it in *Rolling Stone* and I will become famous. In the meantime, however, there are more pressing concerns, and I take another toke and the effects of the Bopper begin drifting slowly down around me like cherry blossoms on a pensive samurai, and soon I am aware of every last plume, tendril, and curlicue of smoke as it hangs there in the air, and each pop and hiss from the fire, and the squeak of the sofa as Astarte shifts her girth, and the crickets outside the window, *k-churk, k-churk, k-churka*—whole fucking orchestra of them out there. . . .

I shake my head. Man, I am *ripped*. I look at the others and find them lolling about on the furniture, these soft, open expressions on their faces, the J burning on unnoticed between the Bunch's fingers. It feels like an hour has passed. I check the clock. Five minutes.

In unison, Honeybunch and Astarte make contented sighs. They look at each other in amazed delight.

"Zig," I say happily, "you have always been generous with your dope. It is one of your premier qualities."

"It is no big deal." Zig-Zag makes a deprecatory gesture. "I have plenty of this stuff. Pounds and pounds."

I practically swallow my larynx. "*Pounds and pounds? Of this stuff?*"

"Sure." Zig-Zag fires up another J and passes it to Astarte.

"But Zig," I say, "there is very little left in the cookie jar. I peeked. There are just scattered Baggies containing dribs and drabs."

"True, but the cookie jar is only the tip of the iceberg. There is a *secret* stash where I keep my weight. . . ."

I stare at Zig-Zag in wonder. Of all people to be holding—Mr. Smokestack of his generation! My heart is beating fast, and I can't seem to catch my breath. "Zig-Zag," I say, "come with me."

We leave the girls and sit in one of the bedrooms, and I tell him of my precarious position and ask—actually *beg*—him to advance me a pound of Big Bopper. He doesn't even hesitate.

"No problem. Tomorrow I'll give you not one but *two* bricks, to do with as you wish. You may pay me back when you can."

"Oh, man!" I grab him and hug him. For pot like this, in times like these, I can charge—well, a lot without being the least bit of a prick about it. The guy has saved my ass.

We find the girls on the roof, lying on mattresses, passing what is left of the joint and staring up at the heavens like big-eyed children in a Keane painting. The center-

piece, of course, is the moon, which is nearly full and so bright I squint.

"I wonder how they're doing up there," Honeybunch says.

"Should be going into orbit anytime now," I say.

"Wow, man," says Astarte. "This is the last time we're ever gonna see it as a *virgin*, you know?"

Honeybunch nods. "It's the end of the poet's moon."

"Say what?" Zig-Zag asks.

Honeybunch sighs. "We've always been able to make up anything we wanted to about it. It's a chariot driven by a god. It turns people into werewolves. It's green cheese. Now they're going to have *photographs* of it, man. It's ruined."

We grok over this for a while. Then Zig-Zag says, "I will tell you a secret. When I was a kid, I always wanted to go in a spaceship to the moon or Mars or somewhere. It was my dream. I wanted it so much I ached."

"Me, too," I say. Most boys who grew up when I did feel this way. Space travel was very romantic then.

"What if they get up there," asks Astarte, "and there's this big black slab standing there going 'Ooooooooooooooooooh...?'"

That gets three "Wowwwws." Then no one says anything for a while, and we listen to the night birds, and the surf, and the snatches of rock 'n' roll that reach us from the scattered little Hobbit houses around—a bit of Jimi, a dollop of Dylan, some faint Crosby, Stills and Nash.... My eyes stray to Honeybunch, only to find her eyes straying to me. We look at each other and slowly smile. Honeybunch glances at Astarte, then questioningly back at me, and I nod so quickly I almost throw my neck out, and Astarte grins, and I grin, and Honeybunch grins, and then we all grin at Zig-Zag, who digs exactly what is going down, and gives us a big grin back, and we say good night to him, and he says good night to us, and the next thing you know me and Astarte and the Bunch are all snuggled up together in the big bed in the back bedroom with nary a trace of clothing to mar the purity of the moment.

You know what's so great about doing it with two women? There's so *much* of everything. Especially when you have Astarte along. Honeybunch has a sort of average build, with these nice, regular boobs, but comparing hers to Astarte's is like comparing the moon to the planet Jupiter. In fact, you can probably fit fifteen Honeybunch-sized boobs into one of Astarte's, and still have room for a sleeping bag and a reading lamp. But all this is of no nevermind to me, as both chicks are fine in their own way, and soon we are getting down to it.

Well, there're nipples in my eyes and boze in my toes and I'm licking this and grabbing that and there're hands just fondling me all *over* and I'm losing track of



Instead of feeling turned on beyond belief, I'm thinking about how cold my feet are.

where my body ends and someone else's begins—at one point I find myself sucking my own toe—and it's heaven, man, it's truly great. But what has to be my personal high point of the evening is when the girls give each other this big, long soul kiss... with my dick in the middle. Man, it is too much. And then it *is* too much and if it goes on another second I will come so hard it'll blow their eyeballs out, so I pull away and think about batting averages for a minute and then I'm okay... but then Honeybunch starts fooling with me again, and *I'm right back on the edge*, and I look at Astarte lying there, all *robust* and everything, and I feel it only right that, as host, I should be gracious to our guest, and so I climb on top of her, slip it in, and come.

"Oh, wow," murmurs Astarte. "I think I felt that in my *lungs*."

"What?" Honeybunch sits up straight. "You've come?"

"I'll say he has," says Astarte.

"But what about me, man?" Honeybunch's face falls. "What am I supposed to— Oh. Ohhhhhh...."

And I look down and see that Astarte has lifted Honeybunch by the lower torso and is sipping her like a soup. "Oh, yes, yes," says Honeybunch, and other such phrases as that, and before you know it she unleashes the loudest single sound of the evening, if not of all time, and then we are all holding each other in a big warm happy pile and just as we're falling out, the gurglings of Zig-Zag smoking through the bong reach us from the living room, and we share this

half-asleep laugh—only Zig-Zag would think of smoking killer dope like Big Bopper in a bong—and then we drift away on happy pink clouds.

I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING TO FIND that someone has installed a shag carpet in my mouth. Crawling out from beneath one of Astarte's breasts, I peer around blearily and get out of bed. The others are still sleeping, so I wander naked into the kitchen and drink a quart of orange juice. Damn, it is good. Reassured about life in general, I start the kettle boiling.

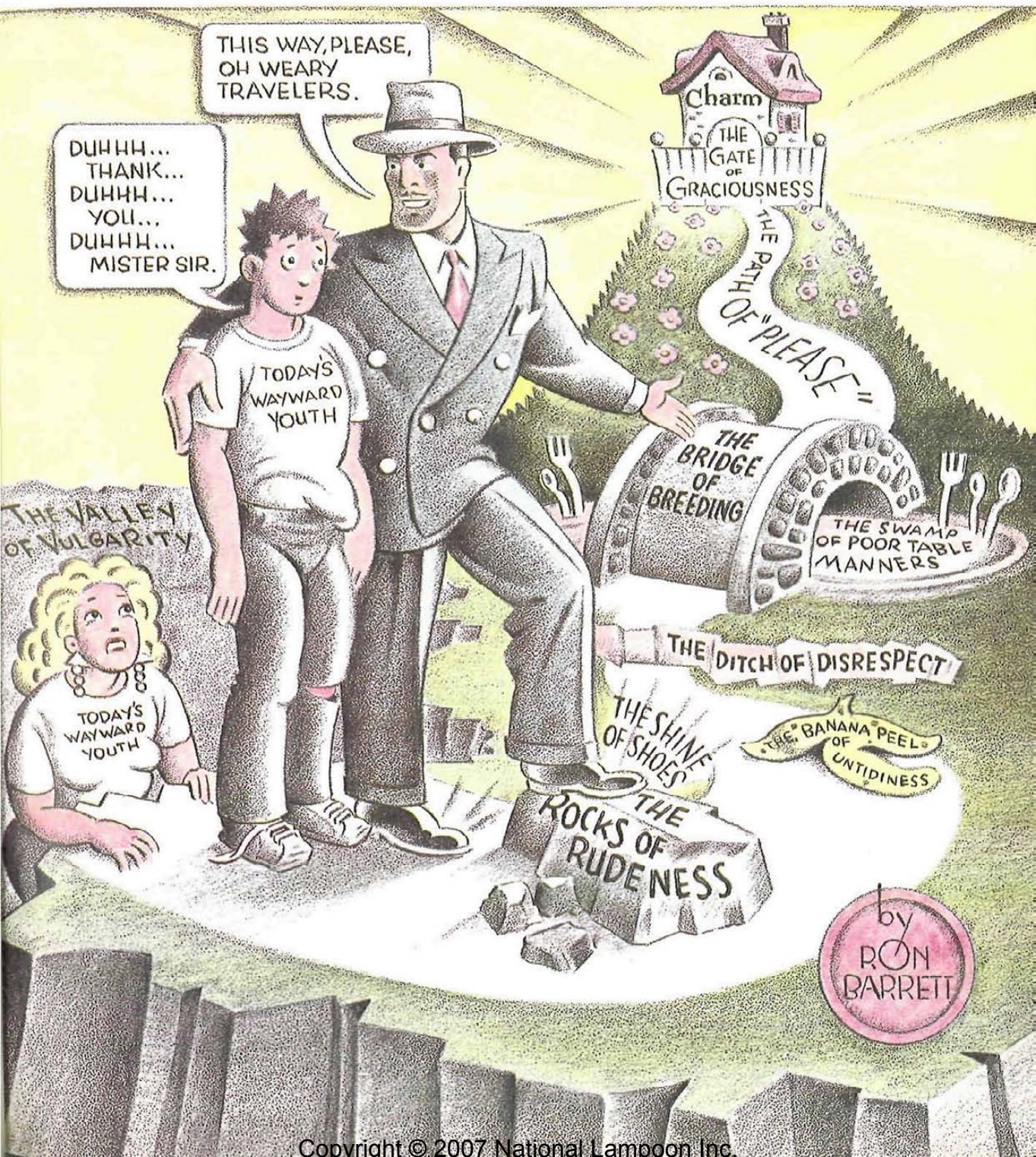
After a while, Honeybunch appears in the doorway in a T-shirt, rubbing her eyes. She yawns, and gives me a hug, and we sit down with cups of tea. Zig-Zag's sleeping on one of the sofas, but when Astarte emerges from the bedroom and walks by him he is quickly shaken awake, and pretty soon the four of us are eating eggs and bagels and cream cheese, and it looks like another glorious day has begun.

"Well, how 'bout some herb to put a little sparkle on the morning?" Zig-Zag suggests. There are no voices raised in dissent, so he rattles around in his pipe drawer, comes out with a slender, ivory job, and goes to the pot box. But there is no pot in the pot box, only sticks and seeds. He goes to the cookie jar. There are only empty Baggies in the cookie jar.

"What?" cries Honeybunch. "Don't tell me you smoked *all* that Big Bopper last night."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 94)

RETURN to CHARM



THIS WAY, PLEASE,
OH WEARY
TRAVELERS.

DUHHH...
THANK...
DUHHH...
YOU...
DUHHH...
MISTER SIR.

TODAY'S
WAYWARD
YOUTH

Charm

THE
GATE
OF
GRACIOUSNESS

THE PATH OF "PLEASE"

THE
BRIDGE
OF
BREEDING

THE SWAMP
OF POOR TABLE
MANNERS

THE DITCH OF DISRESPECT

THE SHINE
OF SHOES

THE BANANA PEEL
OF
UNTIDINESS

THE
ROCKS
OF
RUDENESS

THE VALLEN
OF VULGARITY

TODAY'S
WAYWARD
YOUTH

by
RON
BARRETT

MANNERS FOR TODAY

How do you do?

How nice of you to take time out of your busy day to read this article!

By any chance, do you have a doily in your home?

Have you curtsied today?

Do you have a clean cloth hankie in your pocket or purse?

If you've answered "Yes" to any of these questions, I'm not at all surprised, for many people like you, people of taste and quality, are returning to graciousness.

All over this big, proud land, people are beating their roach clips into sugar tongs, wearing gowns to work, and insisting on salad forks.

One cannot help but applaud this trend—for the fresh charm it brings to our lives and for the chance it gives us to wear our old suits.

But many people today are seeking guidelines: "What do I do with the doily in my home?" "Did I curtsy at the right time?" "Is a hankie like a napkin?"

And so I have set typewriter to paper to write a few signposts, so that the road of return to graciousness might be made all the clearer.

I hope most sincerely that you will take pleasure in reading them.

MEETING AND GREETING

Thank heavens for the myriads of tidy, dark-suited Japanese businessmen in America!

For they have reintroduced us to the charming custom of bowing when we meet, a practice that is becoming daily more commonplace in our cosmopolises.

Bows are of two types: formal and informal. A click of the heels adds a lively Prussian flourish to the formal bow.

THE BOW

FORMAL



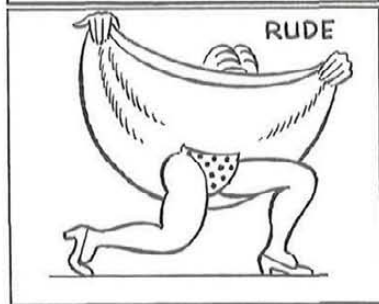
A man's bow is his response to a woman's curtsy. There is nothing so easy for any woman to acquire as a delightful curtsy: an inclined head, a gently bent knee, a demurely lifted hem, all conspire to say, "Why, *there* you are! How very good it is to see you."

However, an error women frequently make in curtsying is to lift their dresses over their heads. This is to be avoided.

Bows and curtsies should only be executed the first or second time you meet someone within an hour; after that merely look away or smile. Continuous bowing and curtsying are silly.

THE CURTSY

RIGHT



RUDE

When a man meets a woman on the street, he should bow, doff his hat with his right hand, and remove any smoking material from his mouth. If he carries a Malacca walking stick, it should be placed over his left arm.

THE WRONG WAY TO TIP A HAT



There is no vulgarity greater than for a man to stand talking to a woman with his hat on and smoking material in his mouth.

A gentleman should rise when a lady enters the room. The exceptions to this rule are in a restaurant (where he should only rise for a woman coming to his table) and in a theater. Men are advised to check their laps for drinks and food platters before they rise.

WRONG

ONLY RISE IN A RESTAURANT IF THE WOMAN WHO ENTERS IS COMING TO YOUR TABLE.



Recent years have also seen a revival of the gracious Continental custom of hand kissing in our country.

When a woman is introduced to a man she extends her right hand, palm downward, to be kissed. The man bows and presses his lips lightly against her fingers. *Under no circumstances* should the man seize upon this gesture as an opportunity to place his tongue between the woman's fingers, lick her arm, nibble on her nails, or try to suck off her rings. Unfortunately, there are those men who see the extended hand as an invitation to the escalation of osculation. They continue up the arm to points north. Don't do it! (The same precautions are to be followed when kissing a pope's or a bishop's hand.) Needless to say, this custom obliges the woman to keep her right hand and fingernails spotlessly clean and lightly perfumed.

DON'T LINGER WITH YOUR LIPS!

WRONG
A gentleman keeps it dry—NEVER slobbers



A final note to men: if the woman's hand is extended palm *upward*, it should not be kissed. Instead, she should be tipped, usually figured at 15 percent of the bill.

A SIDE NOTE ON TIPPING

As a rule you should tip as often, as much, and as many people as possible. *Anyone* who performs a service for you expects to be tipped, including police officers, firemen, and railroad-train engineers.

SOME FRANK TALK ABOUT FEMALE IMPERSONATORS AND HOMOSEXUALS

There is so much confusion in sexual identity these days, it is hard to know how to behave toward whom.

For instance, how is one to regard the large giggly gangs of female impersonators, or transvestites, that have become a commonplace sight on the streets of our major cities?

Many shopkeepers close their doors to these "outlaw women," who, like frolicsome, raffish bands of cosmetized otters, lay waste to lingerie, accessory, and beauty departments with their pranks and petty thievery. Yet withal they are, by choice, though not technically, *women*, and as such must be accorded all the rights and privileges attendant thereto.

We also see today a lot of people jumping on the homosexual bandwagon. Every day more and more men are having their ears pierced and putting their house keys on their belts. But male homosexuals are *men*. They should be treated as such. Do not pander to them in conversation by trying to bring the topic around to drapery fabrics, hair styling, or sailors. Do not offer to light a "gay" cigarette or open a car door for him. If you are a "straight" man and try to kiss a homosexual's hand, there is the chance that it will be misinterpreted as a "come-on" and could lead to trouble—or marriage! These days, who knows?

The same goes for female homosexuals, or "lesbos"—they are men and should be treated like "one of the guys." Try to make them feel at ease by talking to them about subjects you know they'll be interested in, like hockey, big rigs, and power tools.

EATIQUETTE

Eating with friends or family should not be considered merely "putting on the feedbag" or a "pig-out." It is, rather, a solemn, time-honored social ritual, and with the withering away of organized religion, barn raisings, and public executions, one of the very few we have left.

Indeed, our dinner tables are the Dikes of Decency. We must sandbag them with "please" and buttress them with place cards.

And so I offer my...

GUIDE TO GUSTATORY GRACIOUSNESS

1. Never show chewed food to others. Nothing could be less interesting to a truly refined diner.
2. Napkins are not hankies. Do not blow your nose in a napkin. (I was once dining in a seafood restaurant in Boston when a young woman did this. It was revolting. I'm not going to name names, she knows who she is.)
3. Sit erect. Sitting "sidesaddle," turning the chair backward, putting your feet or shoes on the table show bad breeding.
4. Offer compliments to your host or hostess on the preparation, taste, and texture of the food. A good host or hostess *never* tries to elicit compliments from the guests by saying, "This food tastes awful, doesn't it?" This is the so-called "reverse psychology" so popular today. Yet it is nothing more than patently transparent begging for compliments.
5. Never eat soft or runny foods such as butter, puddings, poultry stuffings, and soup with your fingers. The exception is at a luau



THE ONLY KIND OF ELBOWS ALLOWED ON THE TABLE

where poi is served.

6. Fried chicken may be picked up and eaten with the fingers outdoors, but not indoors. A garage is considered outdoors.

7. If conversation lags, it is perfectly permissible to perform table tricks or create food sculpture, landscaping, and architecture for the amusement of the guests. Magically scratching a dime out from under an overturned tumbler, building a log cabin of asparagus, or artfully crafting someone's portrait in rémoulade and catsup can add just the perfect grace note to a formal dinner.

TABLE SETTING AND TABLE SEATING

Of course, you'll want to use your prettiest tablecloth, be it a lacy heirloom from Granny or an easy-care vinyl floral. Whichever you choose, take care that it blends most harmoniously with your flatware and dinner service.

Remember to check carefully between the tines of the forks for old food particles that may have lodged there. This is the athlete's foot of utensils. Compared to it, water spots on glassware are peccadilloes.

Napkins? Of course! For the personal touch use paper napery and monogram each guest's napkin with a ballpoint pen.

A centerpiece provides an attractive focal point for the table as well as a convenient "blind" for the shy guest to hide behind. It is

also an effective way to state the "theme" of the dinner.

TV has become so much a part of family life today that it has become correct to bring the set to the dinner table. With its brightly colored moving images, this little chatterbox makes an attractive and entertaining dinner companion. Ringed about with radish rosettes and Greek olives, it also makes an attractive centerpiece which can do double duty as a food warmer, cozying a basket of buns or a creamy casserole. Why, some old tube sets may even get hot enough for you to put a fondue on top!


How about wine? When served with dinner, wine should never be drunk from the bottle. Food particles in the mouth flow back into the bottle, clouding the wine and leaving it unsightly. The thoughtful host or hostess *always* provides glasses or cups. The best wines do not have screw caps.

In seating your guests the liveliest conversational group will be formed by following the boy-girl/boy-girl arrangement. Couples who clown around too much with each other should be broken up.


A NOTE ABOUT FAST-FOOD DINING

Following today's trend toward greater convenience and less cooking, more and more families and singles are converting their stoves into storage space and decorative planters and eating at fast-food outlets. The food there is hearty and basic and should be eaten as swiftly and as spotlessly as it is prepared. The many containers the food is served in should be thoughtfully disposed of in the receptacles provided. Unfortunately, in many of our larger cities these outlets are patronized by drug dealers, prostitutes, and outpatients from mental institutions who are the worst types of litterbugs.


SOME SUGGESTED CENTERPIECES



A DOLL WEARING A PINEAPPLE RING SUGGESTS A HAWAIIAN OR NATIVITY THEME.



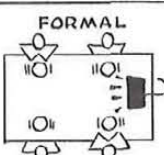
BAGUETTE "LEGS" IN RUNNING SHOES WITH CARROT CURL LACES SUGGESTS A WELLNESS THEME.



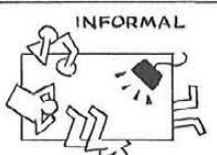
ONE OF OUR NATION'S HOMEFREE RINGED BY ROTTING RADISH ROSETTES SUGGESTS A SOCIAL DECAY THEME.

TV MAY BE PLACED ON THE DINING TABLE IN TWO WAYS:

FORMAL



INFORMAL

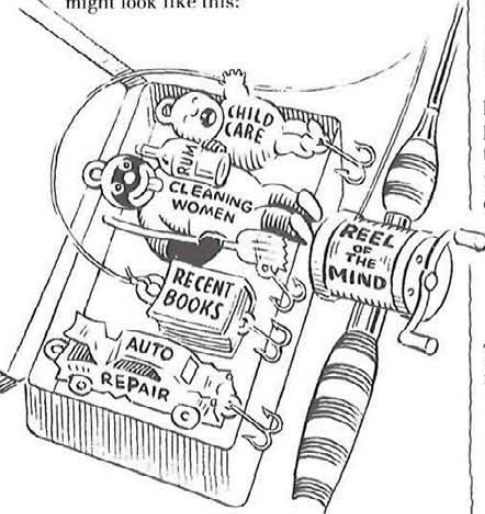




CONVERSATION— TOPICAL FISHING

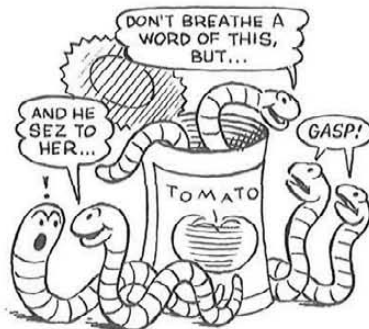
In the streamlined world of today, men no longer retire to the library after dinner for cigars, brandy, and conversation. Instead, the guests, male and female alike, adjourn to the living room to abide in an atmosphere of candy eating, light chitchat, and witty and urbane conversation before their coats are returned.

A good way to begin conversation is to "go fishing" for topics. Select a conversational topic the way a fisherman selects a lure, and cast it before the "fish" to whom you are trying to talk. For instance, your tackle box might look like this:



Cast a lure by saying, "Are you fond of sports?" and keep trying till the fish rises to the bait.

By all means do not use the worms of malicious prattle and gossip.



Traditionally it has been suggested that one should also avoid the subjects of politics, religion, and details of operations. This is good advice and should be adhered to. However, a recent trend suggests some new candidates for the old list of taboo topics. That trend has been toward the discussion of bed and bathroom behavior. A concomitant trend has been the telling of couch-time stories (the description of one's psychoanalysis or

THE TREND OF SOME OF TODAY'S CONVERSATIONS— LET'S AVOID IT!



psychotherapy). These subjects are purely personal and have no place in the conversational equipage of a truly cultivated man or woman. They should be kept behind closed doors and out of our tackle boxes!

PARTY GAMES CAN BE FUN

An alternative to conversation is the game. The host or hostess should not attempt to force or coerce guests into playing games.



They should only be played by general consensus of the guests. If you agree to play and find yourself paired off with someone you hate, set your feelings aside and by the end of the game you'll probably like the guest much better.

At party games, expensive prizes are usually offered. If you win, accept the prize with glee but don't be a "show-off" or gloat over your good fortune. By the same token, if you win a booby prize, don't sulk, throw a tantrum, or leave the party abruptly.

KNOWING WHEN TO SAY "GOODBYE"

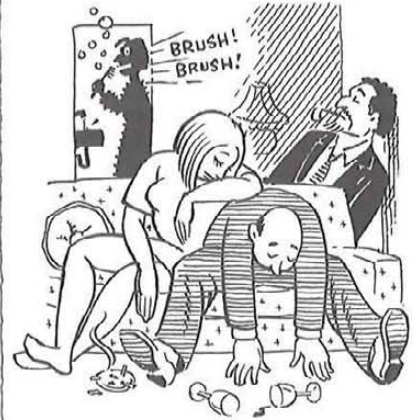
Guests and hosts may sit facing each other for hours, not knowing how to say, "The

party's over" for fear of affront.

Extreme sensitivity is called for here.

The guests must be watchful for the host's stifled yawn, brushing of teeth, or sudden change into pajamas.

The host should be aware of guests' sitting with their eyes closed, drooling on themselves, suddenly pitching forward, or slumping in their chairs.



The host or hostess should not attempt to encourage guests to leave by turning out the lights, asking them to take out the garbage, or bringing their coats into the room and suggesting that "we try to guess whose coat is whose."

When it becomes apparent that the party is indeed over, it is enough for one person to say, "Well, tomorrow's a working day. . . ." or "Wow, look at the time! I can't believe it's ten-thirty already!" Then everyone will get up and move smoothly toward the door.

At the door the guests thank the host and hostess for a wonderful evening. Everyone says "Goodbye." They never say "Au revoir" or "Arrivederci" unless they have been speaking French or Italian. Everyone bows and curtsies. It makes an utterly charming and cultivated scene.

If, by chance, the guests walk into a closet, the host will want to be sure that all the correct things are hung there, so now let's look at . . .

TODAY'S MAN— IVY NOT JIVEY, DRESSY NOT MESSY

The trend is emphatically toward greater formality in men's garments. Men are everywhere putting off their alike-as-biscuits-in-a-pan dungarees and are putting on conservative, fully cut chevrot and worsted trousers, usually in shades of charcoal, dark blue, and brown, in sixteen- and twenty-two-ounce weights.

This is good. Let us encourage it. But we must deplore those trousers that are without cuffs. Cuffless trousers, along with covered buttons, are regarded by the best tailors as strictly "Carnaby Street."

Today's man also has suits in his wardrobe. That is, trousers and jackets that match, or "go together," being made of the same material.

Suits to be avoided are those with short sleeves, gussets, flounces, and dust ruffles. Jacket sleeves, while similar in appearance to trouser legs, should *never* have cuffs.

The way a suit fits is very important. A man should always buy a suit that is *his* size. A suit that is either too large or too small looks funny.



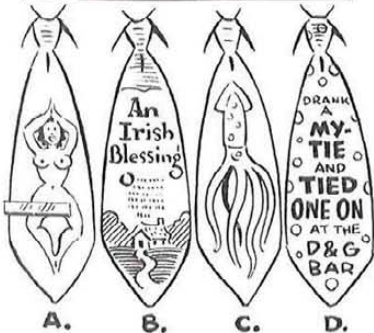
Hats are very important too. They add a dash of spice to a man's clothing stew. I recommend a selection of twelve or more, possibly fifteen, if the budget allows. There should be a mix of homburg, snap-brim fedora, derby, and tweedy country styles. A "character" hat, such as a fireman's helmet or a sombrero, adds a jaunty touch to any outfit and comes in handy for the occasional costume party as well.

THE NECKTIE— MORE THAN A NARROW BIB

It has been said: "Show me the tie and you show me the guy."

How true. The tie is the banner on the flagpole of a man. A wise man chooses his emblem well.

THE WISE MAN AVOIDS THESE:



A.-THE SEXUAL B.-THE SENTIMENTAL
C.-THE SQUID D.-THE AD.

Ties to be avoided are those with scenes or advertising slogans on them.

The wearing of a red satin bow tie is an effective way for a man to create the huggable "teddy bear look," so appealing to women and children.

A HAIRPIECE IS NOT A HAND PUPPET

Some men remove their hairpieces and use them to stage impromptu puppet shows.



Others pretend their toupees are rabid Yorkshire terriers. This is to be avoided.

TODAY'S WOMAN— FORMAL IS NORMAL

As a consultant on etiquette to many of today's major corporations, I have had occasion to visit corporate headquarters and walk past their typing pools. I could swear I was at an elegant cocktail party!

The rustle of chiffon and crinolines drowns out the clack of the typewriters, bare shoulders are bathed in fluorescent light, and the heady scent of gardenias, worn at the hip or in smartly coiffed hair, fills the room.

Stately, gilded women glide to and fro the Xerox machines or prepare ambrosial cups of espresso for their bosses.

Graciousness is on the job! And today's woman entering the workaday world is well-advised to have in her ensemble at least five different cocktail dresses, one for each day of the week. Matching hats and gloves are also de rigueur.

A selection of novelty skirts in discreet frog and duck patterns and a few girlish blouses complete the leisure side of milady's collection with a touch of country-club flair.

In addition, the portly woman will want to have several dresses with a large polka-dot pattern on them, as they add an engaging "comic look" to the wardrobe.

DRESSING FOR THAT SPECIAL OCCASION

I am often asked, "Politenessman, how shall I dress for a mugging?" "I am going to hang myself, shall I wear a hat?" "What shall I wear if I'm going to be held hostage?"

One person at a time, please! Don't all talk at once!

A mugging is an informal, outdoorsy kind of affair and you should wear clothes that are appropriate to it. Carefree comfort is certainly the keynote. For the men this means a tweedy sport coat and easy-care washable pants in case you have to fall to your knees. The shirt should be open at the collar to provide easy access to your neck. The same goes for you gals. Wear something light, breezy, and perma-press so you'll look fresh as a daisy even after your assailant has grabbed and grappled with you.

If you are going to hang yourself, whether you wear a hat or not depends on where you'll be hanging, inside or out. It is rude to wear a hat indoors unless you are of the Orthodox Jewish faith or a woman hanging in a restaurant.

If you're going to be held hostage, you probably feel a great deal of anxiety about the questions of proper behavior and dress. That's only natural. You want to be the kind of popular hostage that terrorists will invite back again and again. If you're lucky enough to be held at an embassy, you're going to need some formal wear for those dinners with the terrorist leaders. While these rowdies may be wearing the rudest of khakis, there's no need to "dress down" to them. You'll earn their respect if you appear in all your finery. Just be prepared to be spat upon.

On the other hand, if you're going to be kept in a little box in an apartment, dress light, cool, and informal. Since you won't be going out, there's no need to wear watches or heavy jewelry, especially on the wrist, where the pressure of ropes and handcuffs will only cause the bangles to bruise your skin.

A FOOTNOTE ON CHILDREN

Children are, by nature, ill-mannered.

There are two rules for children:

1. No begging at the table.
2. No jumping up on furniture.

Childhood is too short to have it marred by unruly behavior.

A useful aid in the encouragement of proper deportment is the rolled-up newspaper. When struck, it makes a loud sound, which frightens the child without injuring it.

GOODBYE

With this, we have reached the end of our time together. I most sincerely hope you have found pleasure in reading these few pointers on the path to politeness.

Your presence at this article has made it truly a festive occasion. Thank you. ■



1 Hello, I'm Gilbert Gottfried. This is a picture of me.



2

This is not a picture of me.



12

Now when that happens, I'm fit to be tied.

GILBERT
p.r.e.s.
"g" GRATUITOUS



11

...And the audience just stares at me.



I get a real kick out of it! 9



... So the midget says to the fag, "That's not my finger!"



10

I don't like it when I'm doing my best material...



3 For breakfast, I enjoy a bagel and cream cheese. This is a picture of me enjoying a bagel and cream cheese.



This, however, is not a picture of me enjoying a bagel and cream cheese.

4



5 I hate to exercise.



6 Of course, I don't think I'd mind it if it was with this curvaceous cutie.



8 Yes, I love to make an audience laugh!



7 By trade, I'm a world-famous comedian who is loved by the masses.

GOTTFRIED e.n.t.s nUDITY"



13 After the show I'm pretty tired.



14

But not too tired to shake hands with my public.



F 30

17

The End



15

Then I sit down to a nice dinner of potato latkes and a tasty cheese blintz.



16

OOPS!
Those darn
autograph
hounds!

How to Be an

ANCHORPERSON

with

BRAD WILLIAMS AND TIPPI McCALL



Haven't you often thought:
Gee, I wish I were an anchorperson!

If you are a man between the ages of twenty and seventy or a woman between eighteen and thirty-five, **NOW YOU CAN BE!**

Here is your passport to the glamorous, camera-never-winks world of **TV journalism**. You can learn to look like an anchor, speak like an anchor—even live the anchor way.

Standing by are co-anchors **BRAD WILLIAMS** and **TIPPI McCALL** with some late-breaking thoughts from **THE WORLD OF YOUR FUTURE**.
Brad?

BRAD: Thank you.

Anchoring is *hard work*. You'll introduce reports of bloody wars, highway carnage, and, yes, brutal tales of *human degradation*.

TIPPI: But also *true stories* of love and humanity that tug people's heartstrings and bring us *closer together*.

BRAD: Each day brings new challenges, because anchoring is *more than simply stating the facts*. *A lot more*.
Tippi?

TIPPI: That's right. It's taking the events of the day—no matter how frightening, no matter how hopeless—and presenting them nicely. It's knowing what to say when there is nothing to say, and wearing something nice. Anchoring means knowing how to talk, just as Brad and me are talking now.

BRAD: No one ever said it would be easy.

TIPPI: Hahahahaha.

BRAD: But the rewards are worth it. Right, Tippi?

TIPPI: *Definitely!* Your face adorns billboards. People let you ahead of them in line. The cutest little old people send you gifts in the mail. You and your public share a genuine *warmth* that is all too rare these days.

BRAD: Plus, anchormen and women earn *top dollar*, and they get their pick of the litter *sexwise*: governors, movie stars, attorneys, bodybuilders—even *other anchors*. Right, Tippi?

TIPPI: Haha.

BRAD: But seriously, if you need an anchor—don't waste your time looking in a studio. We're always on the go, outside the office—meeting and greeting you, the general public.

Tippi?

TIPPI: We'll be right back.

Are anchorpersons really different?

Yes.

Shake hands with a person. Now sniff your hand.

If it smells nice, the person is an anchor. If it doesn't, that person is a viewer.

Anchors look nice, smell nice, say nice things, and don't wiggle around when you point a camera at them.

Okay, so anchors smell and talk nicely.
Is that so important?

Yes.

At work and play, anchors present a pleasant picture of themselves. That means they know how to behave.

Isn't that what civilization is all about?

Consider the following real-life situation:

You absentmindedly step in a pile of dog manure while walking to your car. People are watching. What do you do?

The viewer way: Find a stick, sit down on the curb, and scrape the residue off your shoe. Then throw the stick away.

Can you think of a better way to attract unflattering attention? We can't. What's more, you left behind evidence of your unpleasant predicament.

The anchor way: Quick! Get out your handkerchief! With one brisk stroke across the heel, wipe it clean.

Now pocket the handkerchief, keeping the monogram visible. No one will be the wiser.



GIVING NEWS

What does an anchorperson do?

The anchor's job is to introduce **clips**. Clips are sixty-second segments of videotape made by reporters. Clips convey **news**.

Wow. What is news?

News is what you read between clips.

Most news is bad. That is because people do bad things.

Bad things usually make good clips.

If a viewer murders everyone at McDonald's, that's news. If the president gets a bump on his nose, that's news. If movie stars get divorced, that's news.

The public has a right to know these things.

But too much bad news will hurt your image.

Your ratings will tumble.

This is why 97 percent of each newscast must be devoted to weather, sports, commercials, and stories of hope.

The successful anchor is the one who achieves this delicate balance between good and bad news.

Remember:

Any Chicken Little can report the end of the world. But it takes a pro to root out the up-close-and-personal side of that senior citizens' kazoo band.

Where does news come from?

Most of your news comes from the teletype, which is a loud printing machine located as far from your desk as possible.

At times, you must pull sheets of news from the teletype and read them *silently*. Then you must decide if any of the stories fit today's clips.

Making sure there are words to go with the pictures is a fundamental tenet of **journalism**.

What is journalism?

Let reporters and tape editors worry about what journalism is.

They get paid for that.

Too much worrying can ruin your appearance.

But didn't I hear somewhere that anchors are journalists?

Yes.

They are.

In fact, you will be expected to appear knowledgeable on the subject during your frequent personal appearances.

Again, don't worry.

Just say that "no one does journalism perfectly," that your station "does the best possible job under often trying circumstances," and that your idol growing up was "Edward R. Murrow."

Edward R. Who?

Edward R. Murrow invented journalism a long time ago by bringing **substance** to TV news.

Nobody remembers what the substance was.

Since Murrow brought the substance—and left it—you don't have to bother with it.

For that, you will always revere his memory.

Brad?

BRAD: Thank you.

When I hear the name *Ed Murrow*, well, it brings up some pretty heavy thoughts. To this freckle-faced upstart, Murrow was *The King*. He'd look into the camera and spout instant history. And that's not as easy as it sounds. But still, you have to put Ed in perspective.

Look, I'm not knocking the guy, but back in Murrow's day, the big stories were *easy pickings*. I mean, his famous exposé on the migrant farm pickers, "Harvest of Shame"? Good stuff, yeah—child malnutrition, adult illiteracy—Ed could really push the ol' outrage button. But heck, you wouldn't take a camera crew near those fields today. Somebody would rip off your hubcaps!

TIPPI: Well, as a matter of fact, Brad, I'm sure you remember that I recently visited a migrant camp in our three-part investigation, "Fiesta in the Trenches." I could see why Mr. Murrow was so fascinated by those photogenic Spaniards. They're so... photogenic... singing and dancing, playing together in their "muy caliente" barrios. But "outrage"? It's just not there.

BRAD: That's exactly my point. Sure, Ed Murrow was great. But times have changed. The days of the quick-and-dirty exposés are past. In fact, I wonder if Murrow could carry a five-minute live-eye with, say, that *paralyzed Camp Fire girl* we chatted with last week. I mean, it's tougher to find sensationalism than it was thirty years ago. You go hog-wild on that "substance" stuff and you'll be short of clips for the eleven o'clock.

And viewers can tell if you don't have enough clips. They're not stupid.

Look, don't get me wrong. Murrow's a god, really! But let's give ourselves a little credit now and then!

Tippi?

TIPPI: We'll be right back.

Now that you have a firm grounding in journalism, you should be ready to introduce your first clip.

Wait! I don't know what to say!

No problem.

As in a real-life anchor situation, your intro has been written for you. Sit up,



look straight ahead, and read the following aloud:

"GOOD EVENING.
"I'M....., AND HERE IS THE NEWS. ONE MILLION PEOPLE DIED IN A FIRE THIS MORNING IN TUNISIA. JOHN QUINCY HAS MORE."

If you inserted your name on the dotted line, congratulations!

You are halfway to being a pro anchor.

If you didn't, don't despair. Many of the world's top anchors also started their careers slowly. But your road to anchorhood will likely be a bit longer.

What is warmth?

A pro anchor must express concern for the news, especially while reading it.

When that concern is directed toward people, it is called *warmth*.

Warmth can be hell to achieve.

For example, if a drunken street bum is decapitated by the broken side mirror of a passing garbage truck, the natural reaction would be to say, "Wow! That's a classic!"

In announcing the death, however, the anchor must appear genuinely saddened, as Tippi shows:

TIPPI [pause, deep breath]: He called the streets his home. Today, the streets called *him* home [pause]. John Quincy has more....

Brad?

BRAD: Thank you.

For me, the key to warmth is to not think about the news while reading it. Let your mind wander. If the news is sad, think about things that sadden you. I think about larger markets—you know, how some guys with one-tenth of your talent get hired? Or how sales cars are always parked in your space, but the company does *nothing!*

Tippi?

TIPPI: I imagine that each dead person was my biggest fan, Brad. I picture him or her writing those wonderful letters, and I see the bright smiles on their faces as they write them.

Then I picture them dead.
Oh dear, I'm tearing up now.
We'll be right back.

TALKING FOR PAY

Anchorers are the experts when it comes to reading the news, but did you know they often must improvise—and sometimes in their own words?

This live, unscripted simulation of common conversation is called **banter**. Banter poses the anchor's most difficult challenge, because—in most cases—the TelePrompTer has been turned off.

YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN.

The real pros realize that an upbeat exchange after that clip of homeless children can be the break that lands them a network job.

But they also know that banter is a double-edged sword: one caustic remark about those brats could doom you to Scranton.

Forever.

Some people try to be witty in their banter.

DO NOT ATTEMPT THIS!

A career can be destroyed by one reckless statement.

Remember:

**IF YOU FEEL WITTY,
KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.**

Some say anchors must be born with the gift of banter. Those people are fools. Banter can be learned, but not easily. It requires grueling, round-the-clock practice—on and off camera.

TIPPI: To me, bantering is like tennis. You keep a clean volley in the center of the court, swing evenly... never rush the net, keep your eye on the, uh, ball... smile... move sideways, don't shout, take deep breaths... keep moving. Watch the ball...

BRAD: So true, Tippi. So true. And if you ever saw me play tennis, you'd wonder about my banter.

Heh heh.

Seriously, though, I believe banter is more than just being glib of tongue. A *lot* more. An anchor must transcend controversy—within his own mind. I'm a stickler on that.

The key is having no opinion. That way you can't be swayed by either side. It means avoiding books, articles, TV shows... all that stuff.

Yet, as a top journalist, I need to be informed.

So, off camera, I banter the issues—skinheads, pit bulls, missing children—with close friends. It keeps me up on the world—and it keeps my airtime banter razor sharp. I like to think a good anchor can banter in his sleep.

Tippi?... Tippi!

TIPPI: Zzzzzzz. Hahaha.

WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK. Haha.

How can I tell good banter?

Good banter says generally nothing in a generally positive way.

Here are some examples of good banter.

STORY: FIFTY WILMINGTON AREA RESIDENTS RECITE THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE FOR THE FIRST TIME AS THEY ARE NATURALIZED AS AMERICAN CITIZENS.

TIPPI: They say naturalized citizens make the best citizens.

BRAD: They can really appreciate our freedoms, having come from other countries.

STORY: TODAY IS THANKSGIVING.

BRAD: Boy, I ate sooo much turkey, I feel like I'm gonna explode.

TIPPI: Me too.

Is it possible to screw up banter?

Yes.

STORY: THE ELVIS MEMORIAL SOCIETY BUILDS HISTORY'S LARGEST PEANUT-BUTTER-AND-JELLY GUITAR, IN A BID FOR A GUINNESS WORLD RECORD IN THE CATEGORY "IN ELVIS'S MEMORY."

GOOD BANTER:

BRAD: Mmmm. Doesn't that guitar strap look good!

TIPPI: I'd like some right now.

BAD BANTER:

BRAD: What a stupid idea!

TIPPI: I can't believe these Elvis idiots.

STORY: BUSINESS WAS BRISK AT TODAY'S COUNTY FAIR AS RECORD CROWDS JAMMED THE MIDWAY.

GOOD BANTER:

BRAD: Boy, that fried dough looks mighty good!

TIPPI: Some of that would hit the spot right now.

BAD BANTER:

BRAD: What kind of meat do you think they use in those gyros?

TIPPI: Nothing with four legs, that's for sure.

STORY: HANDICAPPED CHILDREN PARTICIPATE IN FIRST ANNUAL WHEELCHAIR DANCE MARATHON.

GOOD BANTER:

BRAD: You know, Tippi, if you spend time with the handicapped—as I have—I think, well, I think their hopes and dreams become a part of you.

TIPPI: But it's always worth it.

BAD BANTER:

BRAD: I don't know how those people ever get through life.

TIPPI: Can we change the subject? This is soooo depressing.

STORY: PLANE CRASH KILLS SEVENTY.

GOOD BANTER:

BRAD [long pause, deep breath, touch fingers to the bridge of the nose, breathe]: Tippi?

TIPPI: We'll...be... [deep breath] right back.

BAD BANTER:

BRAD: Rough way to go, eh, Tippi?

TIPPI: Those people must be paste.

What about weather?

Weather forecasts can be confusing. Nothing else in show business requires so many maps and numbers.

Fortunately, you needn't deal with forecasts. But you will have to banter with your **weather personality**.

In doing this, always keep in mind that the weather personality—if he loses weight—could be your next co-anchor.

OR YOUR REPLACEMENT!

Weather banter must center around the assumption, however implausible, that your weather personality is directly responsible for the weather.

For example:

TIPPI: Well, Skip, rain, rain, rain. Don't you have anything good for us?

SKIP: I'm sorry. But you'll like what I've got in store for the weekend.

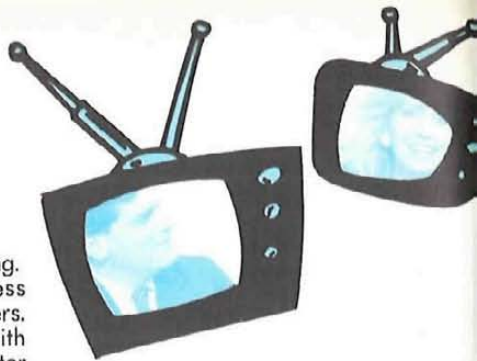
TIPPI: Way to go!

What is the "closer"?

Many top anchors offer trademark phrases at the end of each broadcast.

This upbeat farewell is called the "closer."

Broadcasting's most famous "closer"—"And that's the way it is..."—was used by Walter Cronkite on CBS for nearly twenty years.



Other closers have not fared so well. For example, Dan Rather tried the line "Courage" for a few weeks in 1985.

You too can have a closer.

In fact, there are many fine closers that have yet to be used.

Here are a few:

And in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make.

And that's the way the ball bounces:

Tuesday, July 27th...

Hey, the fat lady is singing.

Hey, what are ya gonna do?

Hey, wouldn't it be nice if I only had good news to report? Well, it's possible, but only if you make that good news happen.

I'll be back tomorrow if I don't hit the lottery.

Stay out of the news.

That's all I know.

That's the news. Don't tell anybody where you heard it.

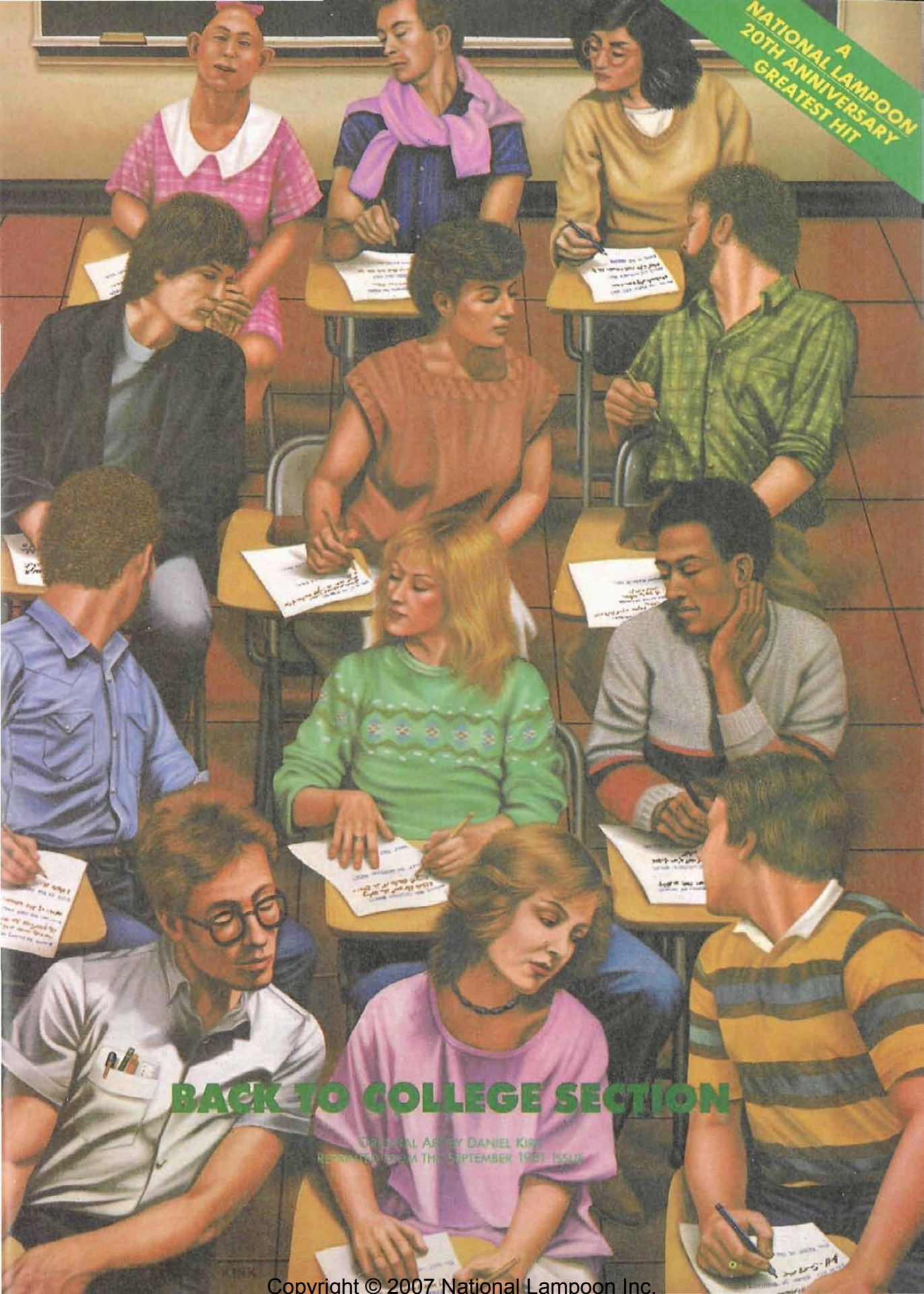
Would I lie to you?

Until more news is made...

All gone!

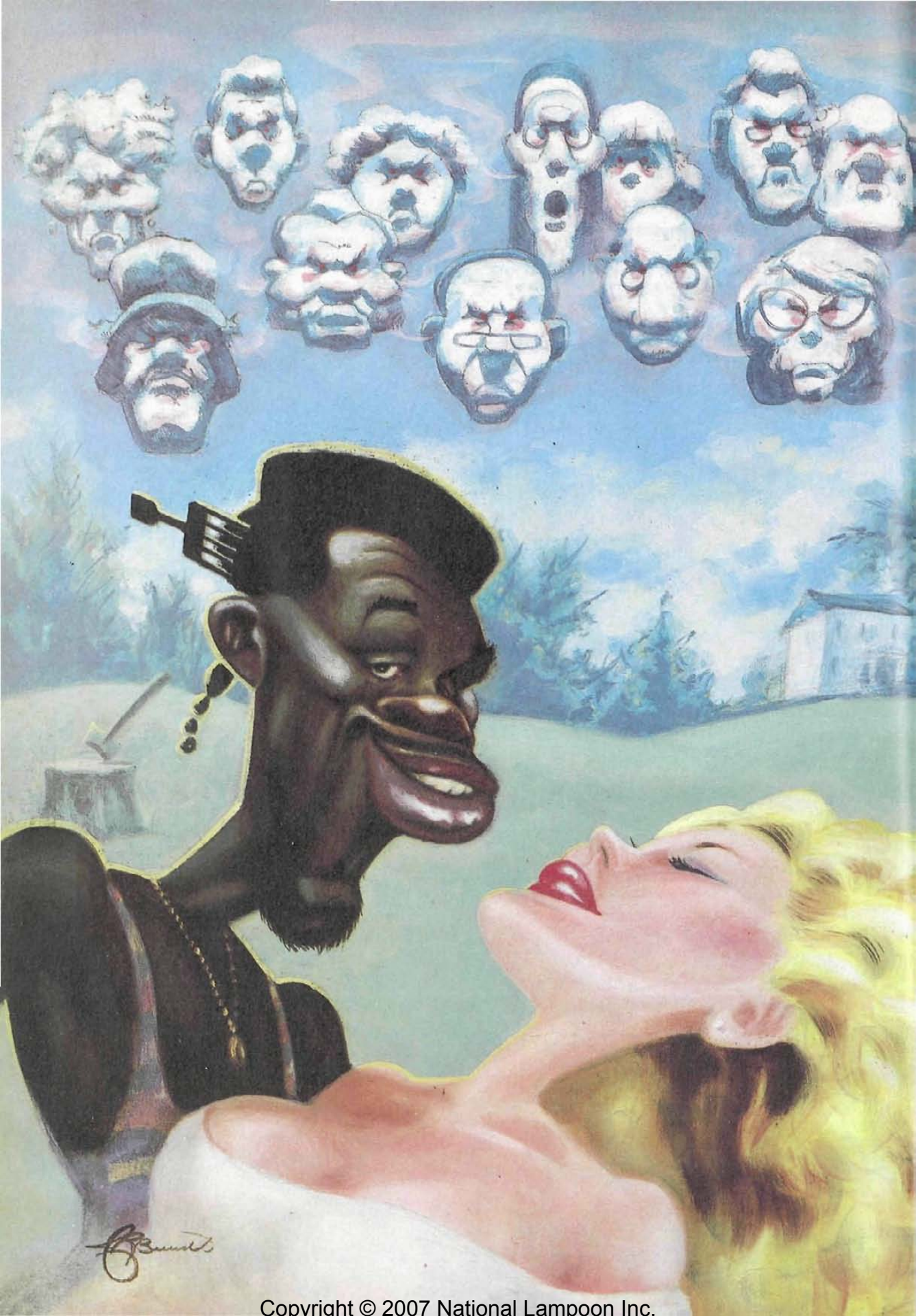


A
NATIONAL LAMPOON
20TH ANNIVERSARY
GREATEST HIT



BACK TO COLLEGE SECTION

ORIGINAL ART BY DANIEL KIRK
REPRINTED FROM THE SEPTEMBER 1987 ISSUE



"P lease," Enid stammered, "I must have it now!"
With that, the ripe young research assistant lifted her lab coat over her hips and bent over the massive, churning computer terminal.

Having sublimated their desires during a grueling round of meetings concerning the state of American education, Dr. Fritz Waltz and his intern had finally found a private moment.

Deep in the bowels of the National Board of College Accreditation Clearing House, no one could hear their yelping passion. Moaning...gurgling...howling...the doctor gave himself permission to let go, knowing his moist, plunging SMACKS! were drowned out by the roar of student records being collected and evaluated in the huge mainframe computer.

"My God, your rump is shaped like a rhombus!" the greatest mind in American scholastic administration proclaimed. With that he brought his hand down smartly, slapping her full left cheek.

The provost could always tell when the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf was upset. The famous smile so many good Christian soldiers associated with the man who acted as the spiritual guide and driving force behind Sugarloaf Bible College and Outreach Ministries Inc. pinched the corners of his mouth just a tad tighter, revealing the black abyss where the reverend's bridgework stopped and gave way to naked gum, and the snarl wrinkles on the bridge of his nose suddenly rolled into each other. Without Jesus in his heart, a man might be tempted to think Bob Sugarloaf had recently picked up a pine cone lodged in his anal canal.

"Says who?" the Reverend Bob snapped. "The National Board of College Accreditation," the provost answered, unaware he was nervously picking open an old eczema scab on his wrist. "If we don't fix this situation quickly they can pull our nonprofit status—"

"You think I don't know that!" Sugarloaf interrupted, absently fingering the platinum Dunhill key chain that housed the scratchless triggers to his new Lincoln Town Car. "What about that Shahikorma lad we brought back from our revival weekend in Kashmir?"

"Shahikorma's an East Indian, sir."

"But he's the color of an eggplant!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but the letter of probation stated that we had to have at least one black student, as the board specifically defined our demographic deficiency, enrolled by Monday, or Sugarloaf Bible College would face immediate legal action."

The Reverend Bob Sugarloaf slumped against the back of his imitation Louis XIV recliner chair, patted the back of his head where his hairpiece tended to disengage from his real hair on humid Alabama days, and sighed heavily through his hirsute nostrils.

"Get me the coach," he barked into his pink marble intercom module, looking at the provost with that charismatic twinkle in his eyes. "If we gotta have us one, he might as well be fast."

As he shifted his butt in the plastic chair that cupped him every Thursday from 2:30 to 3:00 P.M., JelJam could feel his Fila warmups sweat-glued to the backs of his massive thighs. Waiting for Mr. Goldfarb, JelJam's court-appointed counselor, was a weekly double-drag, but it got real beat in the summer when the chicken wire and steel bars adorning the Bronx Juvenile

Fellowship Center prevented the possibility of opening any windows to let in a waft of fetid urban breeze.

Thinking about Mr. Goldfarb made JelJam snicker so hard he had to hold the end of his toothpick with his free hand or he'd lose it to the sticky tile floor. The earnest social worker was trying to play hardball lately, having lost patience with the low yields his friendly, natural prodding had produced from case study #3471. JelJam figured today was as good a day as any other to put an end to that bullshit.

As their love play forged ahead, Dr. Waltz couldn't fight the rhythmic hum of the institute's massive data banks. Every statistic on every student in the nation pulsed in the huge hard discs, setting a metronomic chug that his loins were helpless to resist.

Balanced atop the main central processing unit, Fritz's nose sweat collecting between her bobbing breasts, Enid rapturously experienced a rapid whirl through the cold steel siding.

A DARK CLOUD OVER GRUNDY TOWN

by Nick Bakay

"It's like the backseat of a Harley!" she gasped. "Squared to the tenth power!!!"

Sometimes a person needs a little shove into Jesus' arms. The thought just popped up between Bethel June Spivey's pert blond curls and into her brain as she did her own pushing, sliding the tray of gingerbread men into the oven.

Her fiancé, Worthing Earnest, was particularly fond of gingerbread, and that little dollop of saltpeter Beth mixed into the dough made their Saturday-night walk home from the rectory so much more pleasant. Even if Worthing was the most popular, most attractive, most *Christian* man on campus, and president of the Drama Club, Beth knew the devil was manning her betrothed's toggle switch when Worthing's earlobes turned a crimson hue and he shifted his book bag over his crotch to hide his bulging shame.

As a Christian woman, Beth didn't know what excited her more: the prospect of finally consummating their love *after* the wedding vows, or watching Worthing squirm in helpless agony as she lifted the hair off the back of her neck and allowed him to soothe the hot flesh beneath with an ice cube culled from her Dr Pepper.

As she wiped the flour dust off her hands onto her gingham apron, she thought about all the exciting changes the Sugarloaf College Dramatic Club players were adding to their production of *The Crucible*. The play told a fine story of the nasty things that happen to people who think they have religion but haven't accepted Jesus as their personal savior. The changes seemed minor enough; they had simply made John and Elizabeth Proctor (played by Beth under the stalwart direction of Worthing, natch!) a good born-again couple and had everyone else in the play pressed to death by heavy weights. As far as Beth was concerned, if that Red Jew Arthur Miller had any problems with the new scenes, this was one production of his play that might stand him in good stead on Judgment Day.

The only casting problem involved the role of Tituba, the black voodoo slave woman. There was simply no one to play the role. Sugarloaf Bible College had no black students at all, certainly not female ones, and it was unthinkable to ask a white girl to play the part.

Beth had thought of approaching the woman who cleaned the rooms in her dormitory. Her name was Louella, and she was one of those friendly Negroes who always laughed and smiled, unlike the men who lollygagged about the street corners of downtown Grundy Town, swigging Wild Irish Rose and undressing Beth with their jaundice-yellow eyes. But dear Louella always smelled of pine disinfectant, and, well... the prospect of physical contact... ICK!

So it looked like the Drama Club would have to approach Mr. Shahikorma. He cer-



**The only
fun JelJam had
on the trip to
Sugarloaf Bible
College was
irritating the
woman next to
him by making
a sucking noise
with his teeth
and fingering
his crotch.**

tainly was, uh, *swarthy*, and he already wore his hair up in a doo-rag.

As Beth's mind wandered off toward plans and dreams, the kitchen area filled with a sour smell that would soon end her reverie. In the raging oven a tray of gingerbread men, their licorice smiles melting down to grimaces, were consumed in flames of neglect and burning to a deep-black hue.

Coach Pugh approached the selection process with mixed emotions. While he loved the idea of finally adding some speed to his backfield, he hated the thought of his loyal, diligent football squad being exposed to the moody negrooidal work ethic. His topographic forehead burned with visions of his entire God-fearing offensive line, a group of large young men whose worst transgression to date had been a communal case of prickly rash on the inseams of their ever-rubbing thighs, suddenly refusing to run wind sprints while fingering their bloated crotches.

The imagined insubordination was enough to put Coach Pugh right off his tripe porgy. He knew it was time to confront destiny, courtesy of the computer printout provided by the National Board of College Accreditation. For a bunch of atrophied eggheads, those College Accreditation

folks had come up with some fine field niggers for the Sugarloaf backfield. The coach smiled inwardly and narrowed the list of football prospects down to its brightest pearl:

METHUSELAH McKinley PELHAM
JESUS JUNIOR COLLEGE, Sputum,
Kansas
6'6", 264 lbs.
4.6/40-yard dash, 9.9/100-yard dash
Junior College Tailback of the Year,
1987, 1988
Attitude: Quiet, obedient, diligent
Personal Savior: JESUS

Official wheels were greased, the entire campus was hunkered down in prayer, a twenty-fifth-hour missive was shot out of the provost's office, and the call to Calvary was sent forth with God's speed!

More than one good Christian would claim to have seen a miraculous manifestation of all those energies and prayers as Sugarloaf Bible College trembled on the precipice of financial penalty that day.

Most of the sightings had an eerie similarity, as dozens described seeing a long, spiraling tendril... luminous and strand-like, swirling heavenward from the spire atop the college's prayer tower! It jerked and swirled, and all who saw were convinced this energy rope was bound to touch something back here on earth and redirect the tides that were raging against their noble Bible college.

"*Enid! Arrhhh! Enid, are you tickling my asshole?*" Dr. Waltz demanded. His warm breath had fogged his glasses to the degree that he was now legally blind.

"NO! Of course not, Fritz," the enraptured research assistant stammered, her consciousness somewhere between Princeton and Valhalla. "I have to handle microfilm later this afternoon..."

"It's not that I don't enjoy the stimulus, Enid, but I was startled by your... your... your sneak ATTTAAACCKKKK!" Dr. Waltz moaned, and with that the finest mind in the world of scholastic administration lay crumpled over the young research assistant, his pale knees quivering like flan on Katharine Hepburn's spoon.

"But... but it wasn't me... I swear!" Enid protested.

"Lying bitch," the triple Ph.D. chortled.

But it *wasn't* Enid who sent a spasm of delight up Dr. Waltz's caboose. No, it was a strange spiraling tendril of energy that had formed in a Southern state and had reentered the atmosphere to do Fate's bidding.

Though Dr. Waltz's pleasure was the immediate result of this swirling strand, its ultimate effect was on the mainframe Enid had bolstered her full buttocks against. With his final thrusts Dr. Waltz had rocked not only the comely research assistant, but (CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

PLAYBOY'S GIRLS OF THE COMMUNITY COLLEGES

When *Playboy* realized it was once again time for one of our very popular campus pictorials, we decided to try a brand-new angle—community colleges. Traditionally, these are drab, underbudgeted institutions filled with underachievers destined for a life of sad, gray careers and economic dead ends—but then, we realized, who parties heartier than students partying like there's no tomorrow to look forward to?

For this special project, we teamed editor Kenneth Kosek with intrepid lensman John "Duke" Kisch, whose acclaimed photo essays *Girls of the Alaska Pipeline* and *Steaming Wenches of Leavenworth* are still getting fan mail. Kosek, Kisch, and their fearless crew, maintaining their traditionally altruistic pace, worked long into the night recruiting suitable females, toiling above and beyond the call of duty.

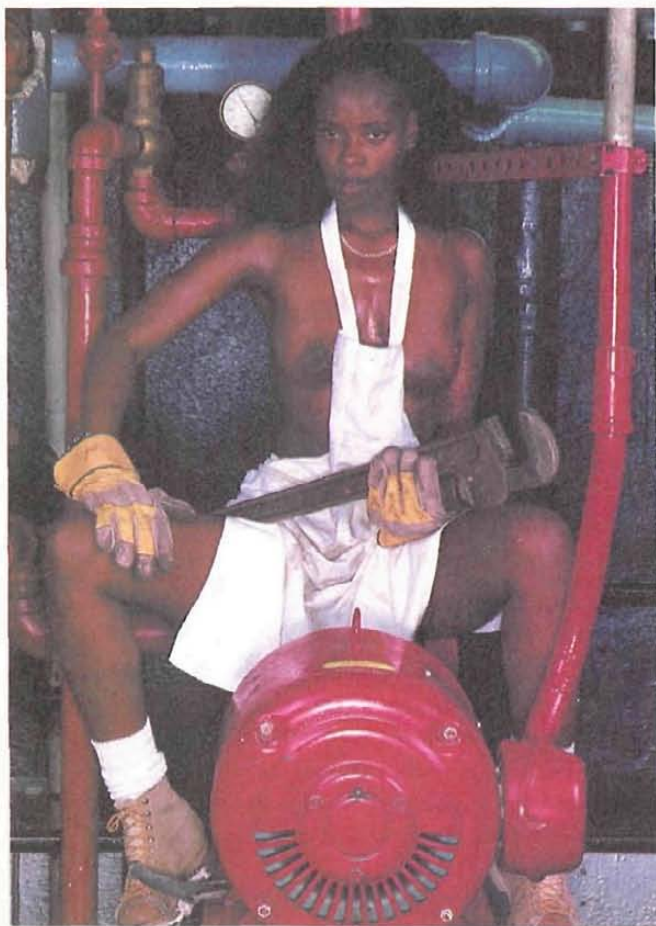
They did such a good job of it, maybe next year they can transfer to a state school.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN "DUKE" KISCH



SOUTHEAST BRONX COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Established in 1959 through a clerical error on the part of the Board of Estimate during the Wagner administration, SBCC is proud of its 30 years of "no-frills" education in the classroom, its "nuts-and-bolts" sex in the stairwells, and of course its luscious coeds, including beautiful Candida Flenken, a sophomore who's driving a cab to make ends meet until hubby Delon makes parole. With this look, Candida's bound to get fares, even from guys with no particular place to go.



PACHUCO COMMUNITY TECH & PENAL

Albuquerque's vast exurban industrial wasteland turns a radioactive magenta at dusk, the smelters and power lines silhouetted against the sunset. The angry mutter of low-riders igniting their powerful V-8's is punctuated by the steely click of switchblades and automatics opening for business. The conspiratorial whispering. The heady stench of illegal emissions and willing señoritas. It's "mambo" time at PCTP, and sure to be leading the party parade are swinging coeds Conestoga Guerrez (above), taking a breather between classes with her favorite beverage; Flagella "No Time for Chitchat" Williams (left), wielding a mean wrench in her remedial metal shop class; and Juanita Byrd, who is paying for her tuition and other school expenses by taking in people's laundry, TVs, VCRs, and loose jewelry.





OXFORD (MISSISSIPPI) PUBLIC COLLEGE

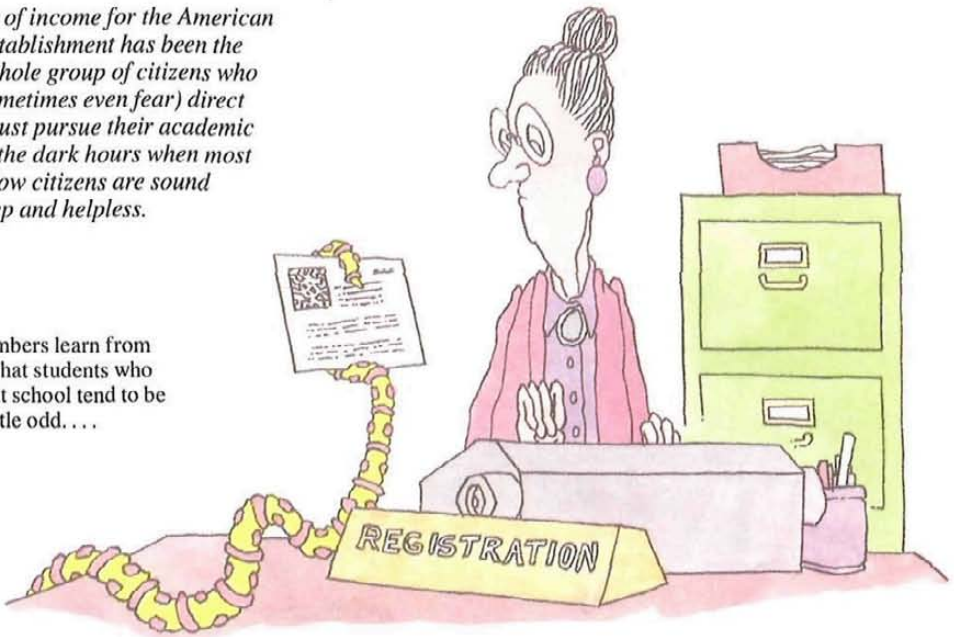


Cascades of magnolia, the languid pace of the Deep South, and the loamy scent of male rut all conspire to break down a belle's defenses here at OPC. Ole Oxy is situated on a rebuilt antebellum work farm, complete with leech-infested scum pond, newly re-limed mass grave, and antique leg shackles for the kinkier frat parties. It's an institution of higher learning for the near-destitute, where chilling secrets are kept and inquisitive outsiders are seldom heard from again. Among OPC's best-kept secrets? Tammi Jo Simian, (above left), a sophomore who majors in psych but specializes in team spirit. Tammi likes: oat bran ("I'm the original fiber freak"), the way newts regenerate their tails, guys with enormous choads. Tammi dislikes: under-breast rashes, doing number two in public toilets, people who aren't in touch with their spiritual "other-selves." Also: Sonia Socks (left), who says, "Most people think of OPC as the country club of community colleges, a place to party and meet guys. Very few realize that we have the South's leading large-animal beautician program."

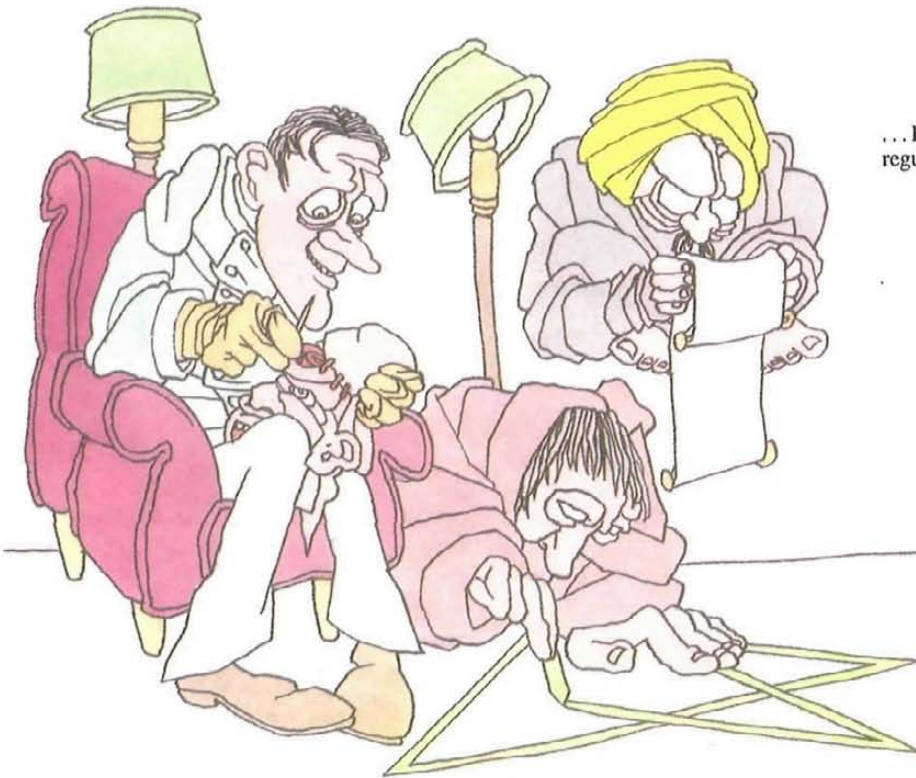
NIGHT SCHOOL

A growing source of income for the American educational establishment has been the discovery of a whole group of citizens who dislike (and sometimes even fear) direct sunlight, and must pursue their academic careers during the dark hours when most of their fellow citizens are sound asleep and helpless.

Staff members learn from the start that students who attend night school tend to be a little odd. . . .



. . . But then so are many regular occupants of the faculty lounge.

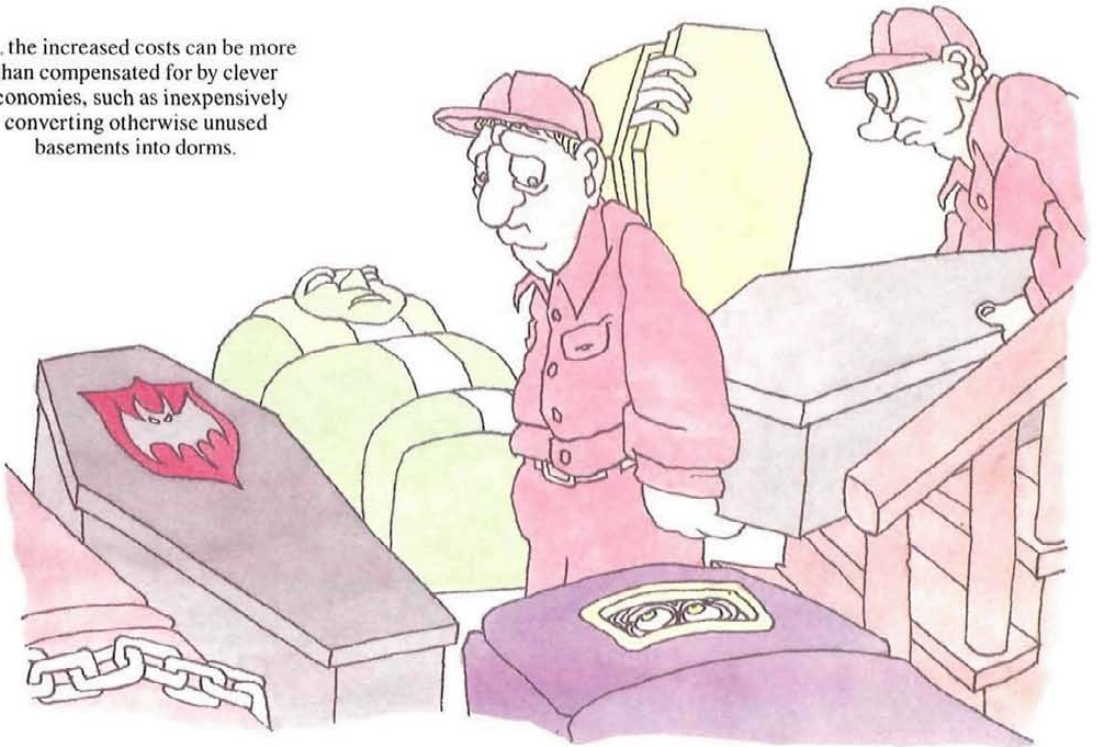


BY GAHAN WILSON

While night-school attendees often require many extra services, such as special diets served in the cafeteria...



... the increased costs can be more than compensated for by clever economies, such as inexpensively converting otherwise unused basements into dorms.



Because of the exotic nature of the student body, curriculum planners may at first tend to overemphasize classic studies, but courses in ordinary life skills should not be overlooked. . . .



. . . And scheduling must always take into account any little peculiarities afflicting the establishment's clientele.

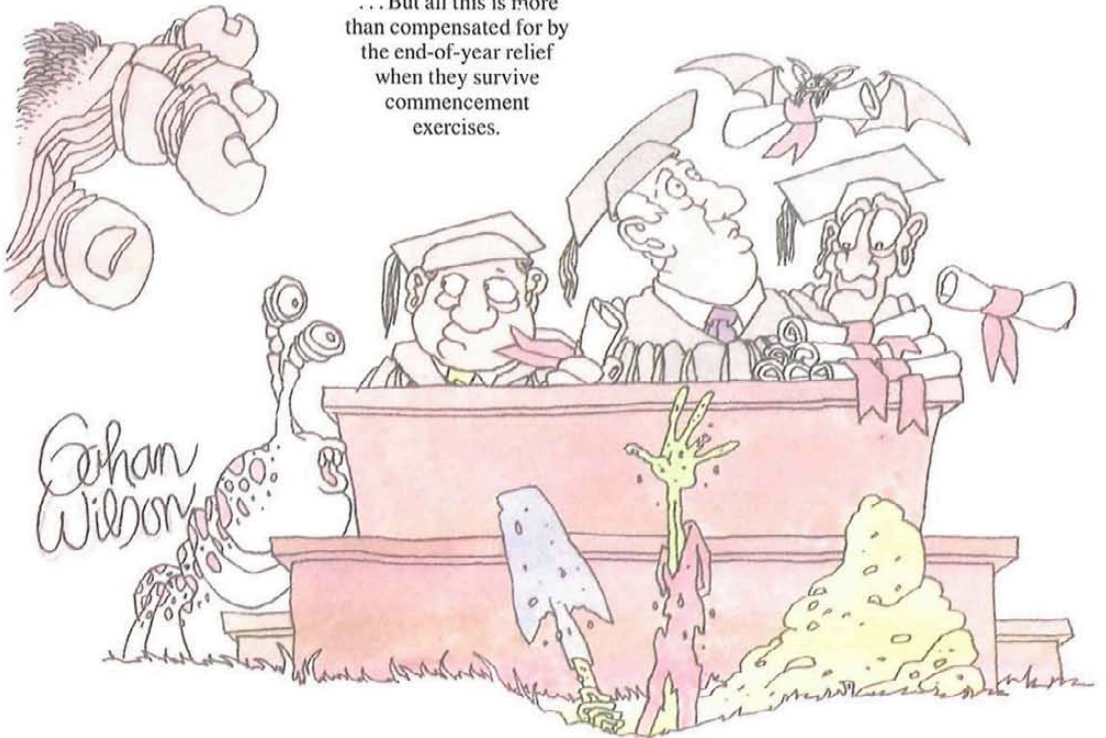


UNIVERSITY

All of the staff must, of course, develop new skills. The dean, for example, will be frequently forced to negotiate with groups of angry peasants from the nearby town. . . .



. . . But all this is more than compensated for by the end-of-year relief when they survive commencement exercises.



SUSSMAN'S 1989-1990 GUIDE TO COLLEGES

What's going on, what to look for, what to avoid

ALABAMA, UNIVERSITY OF

There's a new breed of student at Alabama: more serious, intense, and dedicated—dedicated to nothing less than the overthrow of the government of the United States of America. Yes, Alabama, that bastion of football and frats, is now the new center of the Communist party.

The new Communists of Alabama fall into two groups—the intellectuals, the theorists who form study groups and discuss Marx, Engels, Bakunin, and Lenin, and the action groups who engage in espionage, sabotage, and other forms of agitation and fomenting of political unrest.

"I'm having a ball," said a freshman from Birmingham as he escaped from a nearby military installation with ten rolls of film containing shots of secret nuclear missile plans. The party has its own fraternities and sororities with very tough initiation rites (men have to unionize a textile plant; women have to sleep with Alabama legislators and blackmail them).

MOST POPULAR ON-CAMPUS HANG-OUT: The barbecue pit in the biology lab.

MOST POPULAR OFF-CAMPUS HANG-OUTS: Yellowfevers, The Buggery.

FAVORITE DRINK: Mead.

FAVORITE DRINKING GAME: One person tries to drink a liter of mead while three other guys push, pull, and pinch him, trying to make him throw up or drop the bottle.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: You're allowed to keep pets in the dorms.

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: All male freshmen have to wear clip-on bow ties directly on their necks.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: William Bundy, McGeorge Bundy, Ted Bundy, Hayley Mills, Jomo Kenyatta, Rand Araskog (CEO, ITT), David Lee Roth.

ALASKA, UNIVERSITY OF

The U. of Alaska has been working very hard to change its image. "No more of this frontier town stuff. In five years we're going to be another Harvard," says school president Richard Crumsey, Jr.



Was Alabama legend Bear Bryant a card-carrying Communist? That's what muckraking author Charles Higham tries to prove in his forthcoming bio, *The Big Red Bear*.

To start, Alaska has lured professors from Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Paris, and Vienna. Teacher salaries are rumored to be in the high six figures, and every conceivable perk is offered to keep the profs happy. So far, the results have been mixed, but Crumsey is not discouraged. Three Oxford dons disappeared and were discovered hibernating in a cave with a family of bears. The professor of German literature from Heidelberg was shot in a

pistol duel (blown away by a magnum), and the Frenchman committed suicide after he lost his nose from frostbite and couldn't taste his food.

The best we can say is that Alaska is in a state of flux. Those who want a high-toned European cum Ivy League education try to avoid the bigger-than-life rowdies who still dominate the campus. Native Alaskans are very big, especially the women, who have unusually large hands and lots of hair under their arms. In the winter, when there is no light, Alaskan female students like to style hairdos for their underarm thatches. The men like to feed beer to their huskies and raise bats.

MOST POPULAR ON-CAMPUS HANG-OUT: The gun club.

MOST POPULAR OFF-CAMPUS HANG-OUT: Anyplace you can get a drink.

FAVORITE DRINKING GAME: Hooking up a pair of intravenous tubes to your arms and mainlining beer.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Sex is mandatory in winter.

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Males outnumber females 10-1.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Pat Boone, John Forsythe, Jackie Collins, Senator Paul Laxalt, Bill Cosby (honorary degree).

ANTIOCH COLLEGE

Antioch is back doing what it was always famous for, providing a student with an alternative education, or, as they would put it, "Life is our classroom."

To broaden the student's horizons every freshman is required to take Interracial Bisexual Relations. Alternatives begin with the embracing of different lifestyles every half-semester. Students must

become farmers, blue-collar workers, monks, oil riggers, bank tellers, or whatever else is available. If you're not working at home you are somewhere abroad, helping an underdeveloped country.

Antioch students have the highest dropout rate of any school, although dropout really means disappearance. Thirty-seven percent of Antioch students in the International Work Program disappear through kidnapping, white slavery, or death. Many of the able-bodied men end up in Turkey or Cambodian work camps. The women are drugged and transported to the brothels of Malaysia and Madagascar. The bisexual nature of most Antioch students makes them especially attractive to Third World countries.

On the campus the students take turns with their professors in teaching the courses, to encourage alternative educational methods. Of course, there are no grades. Students are evaluated by the degree of intensity with which a teacher embraces and kisses them.

MOST POPULAR MAJOR: Homosexuality.

BEST PLACE TO LIVE OFF-CAMPUS: Thailand.

FAVORITE DRINKS: Apricot Fuzz, Coconut Champagne.

BEST PIZZA: Hakim's in Alexandria, Egypt.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Yoko Ono, Harold Macmillan, José Feliciano, Roman Polanski.

ARIZONA, UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

There is no distinction between these two schools. You can enroll in one and attend classes in the other if you wish. The only problem is that they accept only a small percentage of non-Sunbelt-type students. If you are short, dark-haired, and unattractive you stand little chance of getting in. If you are an "ethnic" (Semitic, Oriental, Indian, black, etc.) the chances are almost nil. Only black athletes are accepted and they are segregated until game time. Ninety-two percent of Arizona students are tall, blond, and beautiful. In national suntanning competitions the two schools invariably finish one-two.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Bust Development, Hair Streaking, Scientific Tanning, Anti-Cellulite Control, Weightlifting, Deep Massage.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: You can get tons of free cosmetics (Revlon and L'Oréal have created major endowments).

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Attending classes.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Farrah Fawcett, Ryan O'Neal, Gary Hart, Don Johnson, Loni Anderson.



Movie Star News

Super sexpot Loni Anderson couldn't even survive the elimination round when she tried out for the Miss Arizona Suntanning Contest in 1966. The competition was just too good.



Movie Star News

Roman Body Movement, a popular course created by the students of Bennington and Bard.

BARD COLLEGE AND/OR BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Bard and Bennington often get confused with each other, which is silly because Bard is in New York and Bennington is in Vermont. Bennington is a bit more expensive than Bard but is about an hour and a half further from New York City. Seventy-two percent of all Bard students suffer from temporary amnesia. They spend most of their time trying to find out "who they are." Bennington students must make a decision about who they are within the first six weeks of entering. They are allowed to change their minds whenever they wish but they must always be something or someone. Bardies have the option of finding themselves for the entire length of their stay.

Both schools offer do-it-yourself-type curricula. No student idea is rejected. Some of the most popular courses are Omelet Making, Sexual Experimentation, Epoxy Gluing, Guerrilla Warfare, and Polen Gathering.

BEST PARTIES OF THE YEAR: Human Sacrifice of the Virgins (Bennington), Doc-

tor/Nurse Party (Bard), Jungle Gym Party (Bennington).

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOLS: Bard: the low prices for drugs at the underground student co-op. Bennington: the "Everybody Gets Laid" Night, every Thursday.

WORST THINGS ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Bard: the curriculum, the students, the teachers. Bennington: the local police, who prey on the female students and beat up the homosexuals.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Bobby McFerrin, Emo Philips, Bernhard Goetz, Molly Ringwald.

BROWN UNIVERSITY

We're not sure why, but Brown is considered the most popular school in the country and the most difficult of the Ivy League schools to get into.

The probable reason for this popularity is Brown's up-to-the-minute curriculum emphasizing the hot subjects that give Brown students an "edge" in the real world.

Only at Brown can you take courses in both Voodoo and Voodoo Economics. How about "Getting a Lucrative Consultant Job"? "Insider Trading on the Stock Market" or "Foolproof Ways to Bribe"? Brown offers 46 courses in white-collar crime alone. No wonder students look happy and feel rich here—most of them are. And they did it the American way. At Brown the buzzwords are "bottom line," "turnaround," "how much?," and "eat me."

BEST TEACHERS: Henry Swartz (Bank Swindles), Leonard Nesselrode (Art Forgery), Annan Kahlavi (Arms and Munitions Brokering).

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: You can make a million dollars before graduation.

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: No sympathy for failures.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Robin Byrd, Billy Eckstine, Mike Milken, Michael Deaver, Leona Helmsley.

CALIFORNIA, UNIVERSITY OF BERKELEY

What's happening at Berkeley, that once near-perfect school? Why are people leaving it in droves? The panic hasn't reached major proportions yet, but it looks very bad. The reason? Asians. Nearly 39 percent of the students are from minority groups and 31 percent are of the Oriental persuasion. Many of these Orientals are foreign-born and are carriers of exotic diseases.

A small group of Chinese can clear out a huge lecture class in math by giving the other students an attack of MSG poisoning. "You don't have to eat the food anymore. You can get an attack just by being near one of them," said a fleeing student.

Any sort of contact with a Vietnamese student can cause malaria or yellow fever. Hepatitis, Hong Kong flu, ringworm (you get it from wearing T-shirts made in Taiwan), and acute cases of dandruff are common.

Asians are responsible for the Crying Epidemic of 1988, when thousands of Caucasian students began to cry uncontrollably for hours. Cystitis and prostate ailments have gone up dramatically.

"The problem is we can't prove that the Asiatics are responsible," said one of the school administrators. "But we know they are."

If you can keep out of the way of an Oriental you can still do very well at Berkeley, but why take that chance?

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Polynesian Fertility Rites, Chemistry 4.1 (methadone formulas), Clinical Sex.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: Anything with final exams.

MOST POPULAR OFF-CAMPUS HANG-OUTS: Call Me Pisher, Bozo the Clown's, The Port-O-San Grill.

FAVORITE DRUGS: Methadone, angel

dust, crack, aspirin and crack.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Leonard Nimoy, Sylvia Plath, Henry Aaron, Grace Jones, King Hussein of Jordan.

CALIFORNIA, UNIVERSITY OF LOS ANGELES (UCLA)

UCLA is the best school for learning new slang words in the country. Almost everything cool and hip originates here. Everyone has his favorites, whether he or she is straight, gay, white, black, native, or foreign.

Remember when "Eat my casaba" was sweeping the country? It started here. The word "duck" was transformed into a way of life here and is still the most popular slang term on the campus.

Even the girls are free and easy with their slang. Guys who come too fast during intercourse are called "hooples." Guys who take too long to come are called "Columbos."

UCLA is not far from the Hollywood-Beverly Hills-Bel Air sections and it's not uncommon to find a film or TV star attending some of the classes as a nonmatriculating student. You can still meet the likes of Tuesday Weld, Yvette Mimieux, Britt Ekland, Elke Sommer, and Michelle Phillips in your American Lit or Poly Sci class.



Everybody has to take the Smile Workshop at Colgate, a university that believes that your smile is your most important credential for success.

COLGATE UNIVERSITY

Nestled deep in the hills of Hamilton, New York, lies Colgate, named after the toothpaste company that originally endowed the place and still pours millions into it. If it's an unlimited supply of free toothpaste and four years of free dental care you're looking for, then Colgate is your school. They put a lot of emphasis on dental hygiene, sociability, etiquette, and the art of smiling here. The curriculum is adequate and the teachers work hard to give Colgate students a well-rounded education. Nothing special, but it is rounded—which means a little of this and a little of that. When a Colgate student graduates, he knows a bit of every-

AP / Wide World



Infirmary business is booming at Cal/Berkeley, where Asiatic students bring in their exotic-disease germs. The latest one is hermaphrodisis, a form of leprosy in reverse in which limbs grow on instead of falling off.

MOST POPULAR MAJORS: Deal Making, Party Designing, History of Boutiques.

FAVORITE DRUGS: Campbell's cream of mushroom soup, crushed peppercorns.

FAVORITE DRINKS: Ginger beer, vodka and prune juice.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Almost too numerous to mention, but include Mamie Van Doren, Ed Meese, Jon Peters, Ernest and Julio Gallo, Robert Cummings, Smokey Robinson, Wolfgang Puck, and Mickey Rivers.

thing. That and his dazzling smile will take him a long way.

BEST PLACE TO LIVE OFF-CAMPUS: Fifth Avenue and 79th Street in New York City.

FAVORITE DRUGS: Sassafras, orrisroot. **TYPICAL STUDENT:** Short to medium height, slightly chubby but pleasant-looking. Has a "Hi" and a smile for everyone.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Wayne Gretzky, James Watts, Tai Babilonia, Merv Griffin, Chad Everett.

COLORADO COLLEGE

Situated high up in the Rockies, Colorado College has picture-postcard beauty, a picturesque campus, nice-looking women, and thin air. If you're a native Coloradan you're used to the air. If you're from out of state you're in big trouble, especially if it's sex you're after. You'll have no trouble getting a gorgeous young woman into bed, but don't do too much deep kissing or you'll be wheezing and panting and coughing and it won't be from sexual passion. All that close-mouthed kissing will rob you of any of the precious little oxygen floating around and you'll feel like you just ran the marathon. It's very embarrassing, so start now to build your strength if you want to go to Colorado.

Also, if you suffer from vertigo you might feel dizzy and nauseous most of the time.

In fact, why not leave Colorado to the natives and head further west to UCLA or USC?

MOST POPULAR ACTIVITY: Cunnilingus.

MOST POPULAR TEACHER: Betsy Beringer (English). "Not especially inspired, but likes to sit on the desk with her legs open and seems not to be wearing panties."

FAVORITE DRINK: Beer with a beer chaser.

BEST PARTY: "Love Train" (students rent a Union Pacific train, complete with Pullman cars, and ride from Boulder to Tijuana, living on love).

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Fawn Hall, Tatum O'Neal, Lloyd Bridges, Mahatma Gandhi, Paul McCartney.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

The big rap against male students at Dartmouth is that they come too fast. This is not gossip or sour grapes from a group of disgruntled females. This is fact.

It is now such an inbred feature of the Dartmouth student body that many of them actually feel proud of it and flaunt it. It seems to have started in the '20s and reached its peak with such distinguished alumni as Nelson Rockefeller, Grant Tinker, and Dr. Seuss. In Rockefeller's case it didn't matter because he had the capacity to do it again and again. In Dr. Seuss's case we can easily see the frustration and anger just below the surface of his books. All those stupid animals who do weird things are, of course, manifestations of his sexual inadequacies.

Today's Dartmouth man does very well in the age of safe sex by assuring the girl that "it's okay, it won't take more than a minute."

Premature ejaculation leaves lots of time for the Dartmouth student to pursue other activities, which include electrolysis, maple-syrup making, and throwing up

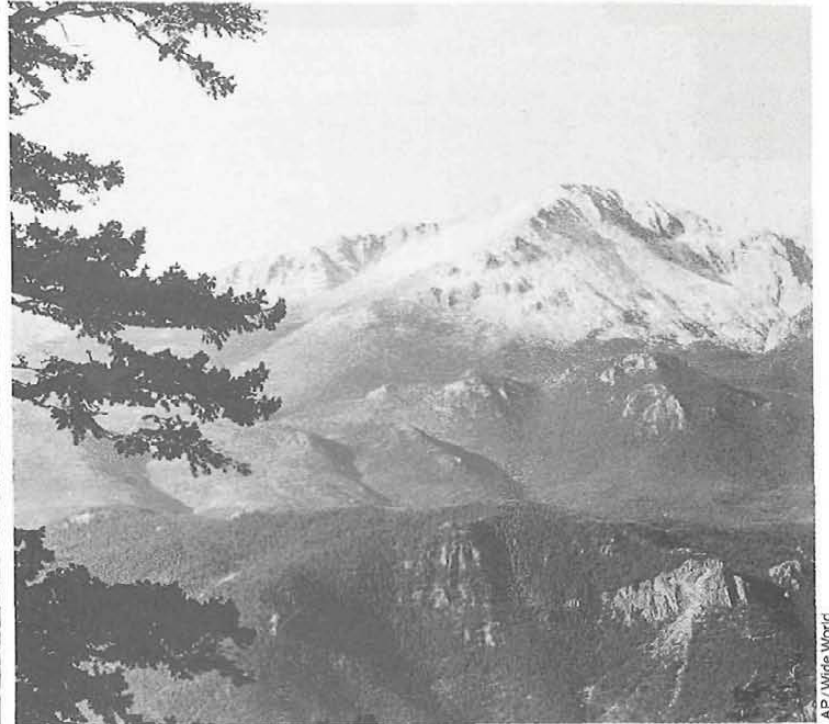
artistic patterns in the snow in winter after drinking beer.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Afro-Cuban Jazz, Home Economics.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: No classes on Wednesday.

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Teachers are allowed to rap your knuckles with a ruler if they're annoyed with you.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: A long and impressive list besides the ones previously mentioned, including Jon Bon Jovi, David Ben-Gurion, Morgan Fairchild, Jean-Paul Belmondo, John Cougar Mellencamp, and Jerry Lee Lewis.



The initiation rite of Kappa Delta Mu at Colorado is to climb Pike's Peak and have sexual intercourse blindfolded with whatever partner the fraternity hazers provide. If you survive without wheezing, you're accepted.

FLORIDA, UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY

It's party time, and it's up to you to choose which parties you like better. At the U. of Florida they like to do stuff like bobbing for breast nipples and nude tennis at midnight. At Florida State it's old-fashioned '60s-style pot 'n' acid orgies with psychedelic light shows and Jimi Hendrix. This is not to say that Florida students do not crack their books. The trend in both schools is to study and have sex at the same time.

MOST POPULAR ACTIVITY: Raiding and burglarizing the freshman dorms.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: History and Analysis of Thoroughbred Horse Racing, Contemporary Cocktails, Commercial Barbecuing.

MOST POPULAR TEACHER: John Savory (Remedial Reading). "Rewards promising students with tasty snacks."

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: You can take up to 15 years to pay your tuition, with no interest charges.

FAVORITE OFF-CAMPUS HANGOUTS: McDonald's, Taco Bell, the deli section of the Safeway supermarket.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Jackie Gleason (honorary), William Shatner, Roseanne Barr, Salman Rushdie.

GEORGIA, UNIVERSITY OF

If you're thinking seriously of dentistry, naval history, cryogenics, or playing the stock market, think very seriously about enrolling at Georgia.

No longer just an athletic factory and party school, Georgia now has the most respected departments in the subjects described above, especially cryogenics, the science of deep-freezing live people and thawing them out in the future. Lots of females in sororities who fail to land a husband by their senior year opt for the cryogenics lab, figuring they'll try their luck again in twenty years rather than commit suicide. (The Greek system is very big here and most girls frankly admit they are here to get married.)

MOST POPULAR TEACHER: Harry Hal- lihan (Pharmaceutical Chemistry). Always hands out free samples of drugs still banned by the FDA.

FAVORITE DRINK: Homemade spoon whiskey.

BEST PARTY OF THE YEAR: "The Titanic." Renting a huge boat on nearby

Lake Barstow, partying like mad, then deliberately sinking the boat and jumping off, all in black tie or formal gown.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Martin Milner, Judith Krantz, Earl Butz.

UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos



Zsa Zsa Gabor, class of '27, has announced that after her demise she will donate her breasts to the Harvard Medical School.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Because it has the reputation of being the most prestigious school in the country Harvard is incredibly difficult to get into. Many certified geniuses and potential Rhodes scholars are turned away. Every year the college admissions counselors try to find out what criteria Harvard is using for acceptance, and they're always a year or two behind. All we can do is give you a rough idea of what kind of student they seem to like:

Children of Mafiosi, rap recording artists, experienced chefs, women with large breasts, conservative gay anarchists, street singers, Oriental fashion designers, falconry experts, art forgers, venture capitalists, Nobel Prize winners, Berber horsemen, female exotic dancers, big-time poker players, minor-league baseball players, black lesbian premed majors, anyone from Wyoming, young novelists of promise, stand-up comedians, labor organizers, Korean violinists, and organic farmers.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Gardening, Slam Dancing, City Planning, Hit Songwriting.

BEST TEACHERS: Many famous faculty professors, including Jerry Rubin (Networking), Jerry Hall (Modeling), Gerry Ford (Guest Lecturing), Gerry Mulligan (Saxophone).

FAVORITE DRINK: Ginger beer.

FAVORITE DRINKING GAME: "Russian Roulette." Players take turns holding a gun to their heads that might have one bullet in the chamber. Each one must pull the trigger. The one who dies doesn't get a drink.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Konrad Adenauer, Barry Manilow, Frank Perdue, Lesley Gore, Bruce Willis, Zsa Zsa Gabor.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY/ BLOOMINGTON

You can get a good education at Indiana, especially if you major in Motel Management, Strip Mall Retailing, and German (the state of Indiana has the second-highest German-American population in the country and boasts over 27 neo-Nazi parties).

But the major attraction of Indiana is its lively social scene. Not a day goes by without some kind of special event that is the perfect excuse for a party. A typical example: Indiana U. celebrates Jayne Mansfield's birthday with a "Big Bust Bash" (lots of big-breast and wet T-shirt contests). Students also celebrate Jayne Mansfield's death by wearing Jayne Mansfield face masks or gigantic falsies. Indiana has 37 secret bars right on the campus, with no minimum drinking age. For those who crave a quick frosty brew on the spur of the moment there are the beer taps, underground pipelines flowing with beer that can be tapped at various parts of the campus.

The student government introduced a bill proposing legal prostitution on the campus, but it was defeated (narrowly). But there's no question that some kind of sex club will be the next social innovation at this party-obsessed school.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Penmanship, Speed Reading.

BEST PROFESSOR: Marty Horowitz (Accounting). "Promises everyone a good job after graduating."

BEST PLACE TO LIVE OFF-CAMPUS: Chicago, San Francisco.

WORST PLACE TO LIVE: Indiana.

MINORITY SITUATION: Tense, highly volatile. No overt violence but black females complain of butt pinching by whites.

BEST PARTIES: Nude Coed Water Ballet Night, Salute to Peter Lawford Night.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Everyone gets a free down jacket as a freshman gift.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: John Barrymore, Jr., Janis Joplin, Kitty Dukakis, Chet Baker, Lee Harvey Oswald.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Universally acknowledged as the center of science and technology, MIT never stops expanding its frontiers of research.

The newest area of development is the Gomberg Sex Research Center, where students are using the latest computers to design HPSS, or High Potency Sexual Software (the students call it "Hips"). The idea behind HPSS is to control and program sexual activity through computers. So far,

male students have been able to program intense masturbation and fellatio and claim that frontal intercourse is only a year away. For reasons they are unable to fathom, the clitoris is more difficult to program than the penis, which has caused a great deal of frustration for the female techies.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Scientology, Electrical Contracting.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: None. Students come here to learn everything.

MOST POPULAR HANGOUTS: The Body Shop, Flesh and Fantasy, Club "V," The Pink Wet Pulsating Pussycat (MIT male students like strip joints and sex clubs as a release from all the academic tension). Some females actually enjoy the clubs as well.

FAVORITE DRINK: Artificial beer (a laboratory invention).

FAVORITE DRUG: MIT's notorious homemade cocaine/heroin substitute, another laboratory invention.

FAVORITE SCHOOL TRADITION: Mugging Harvard students at the annual Harvard-Yale football game.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Dolph Lundgren, Charlie Mingus, Indira Gandhi, Kirk Gibson, Carl Sagan, Dr. Joyce Brothers.

MIAMI, UNIVERSITY OF

Is Miami turning into "Little Cuba"? So many students think so, what with the proliferation of Cuban "comidas y criollas"-style restaurants, fried plantain and rice and bean vendors all over the campus. This poses the problem of ventilation. On hot days (and there are many) the Miami campus smells like a garlic-juice factory.

Still, if you can stand the odors and tolerate the heavy, starchy Latino cuisine, you can have a dandy time here. The student co-op offers excellent cocaine at wholesale prices and is always two steps ahead of the law. Many drug lords contribute free coke and endow the school with huge sums. Add to this a very fine radiology department and a good aggie school and you have the reasons why Miami will always be mucho popular.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Nuclear Physics, Etymology, Theoretical Chemistry, Joycean Studies (James Joyce), Sanskrit.

FAVORITE DRINK: Cuban rum (smuggled in) and soy milk.

BEST PARTY: Tito Puente's birthday, an Afro-Cuban jazz festival.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: The Cuban food (on cool days).

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: No one does any work in the middle of the afternoon (siesta time, after all that Cuban food).

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: George Hamilton, Bianca Jagger, all of the Mamas and the Papas, Sam Nunn.

NEVADA, UNIVERSITY OF/ LAS VEGAS

UNLV faces the fact that it is not an academic leader. But it has a no-nonsense attitude about how to prepare its students for the real world. UNLV is the only school in the country that offers honors courses in carpet shampooing, termite and roach control, dry cleaning, and travel agenting. You go to UNLV to learn how to survive in a rough world, a world reduced to the basics: men, women, sex, and money. "Don't get us wrong. We also have liberal arts and science subjects," says Rocky Latrobe, dean of freshmen and part owner of the Flamingo Hotel. "We can't compete with the Ivy League schools, but we can give our male graduates who become carpet cleaners an overlay of education, an ability to quote a little Shakespeare or Robert Frost. You'd be surprised how attractive that is, especially to their female customers."

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Salesmanship, Religion Marketing, Household Services.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: Latin, Greek, Urdu.

MOST POPULAR TEACHERS: Randall Fleiser (Advanced Problem Solving), Bradley Peck (Tuxedo Rental).

MOST POPULAR HANGOUT: The One-Armed Bandit (a bar owned by a former criminal with one arm).

FAVORITE DRINK: Bourbon and beet juice.

SEXUAL HABITS: Surprisingly tame. Too much "atmosphere" overpowers the urge and has a numbing effect. Moderately active lesbian group likes to hang out with casino chorus girls.

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Easy to get in, easy to get out. A chance to meet chorus girls taking daytime courses.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Marv Throneberry, Bess Myerson, Lainie Kazan, "Baby Doc" Duvalier, Margaret Trudeau, Halston.



A U. of Nevada workshop production of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, slated to open at the National Theatre in London next spring.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Nothing you've heard about New York is true. If you're not a native of New York here are a few important things you should know:

You can still find three-to-six-room apartments in Manhattan for less than \$500 a month in good buildings.

The cost of food, services, and amusements has gone down drastically. It is now cheaper to live in New York than in Salt Lake City.

Although we hear of a dramatic crime now and then that becomes a media event, the crime rate in New York is lower than in 17 other major metropolitan cities.

Racism is a thing of the past and has no business in this proud, enlightened city.

New York is not perfect. No city is. But in a recent independent survey New York ranked second in the country in overall

quality of life (only Savannah was considered better).*

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Sidewalk Retailing, Organic Cattle Raising, Magazine Management, Arabic.

BEST TEACHERS: John Abernathy (Three-Card Monte), Alice Tisdale (Flea Market Shopping), Barbara Lee (Chinese Food).

BEST PLACE TO LIVE OFF-CAMPUS: Fifth Avenue and 67th Street.

MOST POPULAR HANGOUTS: The Four Seasons (the Grill), Mortimer's, the Oak Room of the Plaza Hotel.

*The facts above were provided by the admissions office of New York University.

It's always party time at NYU. Two students are celebrating TGIM (Thank God It's Monday), the first party day of the week.

BEST PARTIES: Crashing the Winter Antiques Show opening night or any benefit for the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

GAY SCENE: NYU is located in Greenwich Village, the notorious gay center of New York. About 60 percent of the students are gay.

BEST CAMPUS SPEAKERS: Joe Namath, Kurt Waldheim.

BEST THINGS ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Great souvenir T-shirts, great hair stylists, easiest, cheapest city to live in (except for Savannah).

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Roy Cohn, Michael Jackson, Vanna White, Crazy Eddie, Arsenio Hall.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 100)

Revised and updated to include the very latest manipulations and ways of keeping you out of the college of your choice

WHERE IT'S SAT

HOW TO BEAT THE MOST DIFFICULT TEST
YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO TAKE

A STEP-BY-STEP GUIDE INCLUDING:

752 DIFFERENT WAYS YOU CAN BE TRICKED INTO THINKING THE WRONG ANSWER IS THE RIGHT ONE ★ PROVEN TECHNIQUES FOR DECIDING WHAT A QUESTION IS REALLY ASKING AND WHAT YOUR ANSWER MIGHT IMPLY ★ HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM UNAUTHORIZED USE OF YOUR ANSWERS AND TEST RESULTS BY GOVERNMENT AND OTHER OFFICIALS ★ EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE TESTING ENVIRONMENT, INCLUDING SUBLIMINALLY DISTRACTING WALLPAPER PATTERNS AND THE ALL-IMPORTANT VENTILATION SYSTEM ★ WHAT THE EXAMINERS WILL NEVER TELL YOU ABOUT THEIR TEST, THEMSELVES, AND THEIR REAL AGENDA

Larry Sloman • Ed Subitzky

COMPLETE WITH ACTUAL EXAMPLES THAT HAVE DESTROYED THE FUTURES AND CAREERS OF WELL-MEANING STUDENTS IN PAST YEARS • A MUST FOR ANYONE WHO HOPES TO TAKE THE SAT AND COME AWAY PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY INTACT!

INTRODUCTION

You're about to embark on what is definitely the most important experience of your life so far and one that will have the most profound effect on your future. In fact, it is estimated that, for every question you get wrong on the SAT, you reduce your total lifetime income by \$5,700!

And, as we're about to show you, it's plenty easy to get lots and lots of questions wrong. But by showing you the pitfalls, by keeping you ever-alert as to what to look out for, we can help you understand what's really happening to you as you sit down to take the test, and what you may be able to do about it!

THE SAT: A BRIEF HISTORY

The SAT is created and administered by the Educational Testing Service, Inc., an organization based in Princeton, New Jersey, whose origins are shrouded in mystery.

As best we know, the Educational Testing Service began as a secret offshoot of the Office of Strategic Services immediately following World War II. It initially was developed to help in the repatriation of German war criminals to the U.S., but soon progressed to become part of a hidden eugenics and genocide program designed to eliminate all Americans who were not good at English and math.

The early tests devised by this organization were frequently administered along with psychoactive drugs such as LSD as part of a joint research effort with COINTELPRO, a top-secret CIA program designed to infiltrate left-wing, right-wing, and centrist organizations.

Prior to this, the organization can be traced back to the inspiration and teachings of Adam Weishaupt and the Bavarian Illuminati, a clandestine organization that was responsible for the French Revolution, the American Revolution, and a certain minority group's control of the International Banking System.

APPROACHING THE SAT

Each year, the SAT is given to more than 1,500,000 high school students, a highly impressionable and vulnerable social group whose members should be mutually supportive but instead are pitted against each other by this ruthless exam. So seriously are the results of this test taken that they not only determine which few individuals will be admitted to the small number of desirable colleges in the U.S., they are checked by virtually every employer in the nation. Indeed, scores are also carefully scrutinized by credit unions, doctors, hospitals, automated-teller machines, social service organizations, hotel reservation units, car rental agencies, apartment doormen, maitre d's, motor vehicle bureaus, and leading recreational theme parks.

REGISTERING FOR THE TEST

Although many students don't realize it, the SAT begins the moment you go to register. You will be carefully graded on appearance and demeanor, politeness, and the degree of intelligence and verbal sophistication with which you ask for the proper forms, fill them out, and hand them in. Even a small stammer in the presence of a registration official or a slight hesitation over the proper way to fill out the forms could result in your final score being severely downgraded.

As you fill out your registration forms, try to relax and answer every question simply and clearly. But remember that many more people are watching you than you may realize, through two-way mirrors and TV cameras installed in the ceiling.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE SAT

The SAT ostensibly consists of a verbal section and a mathematics section. However, the mathematical problems are frequently expressed verbally—

i.e., in words, and the verbal sections contain frequent references to numbers. The questions in both sections also require a detailed knowledge of history, geography, literature, art history, chemistry, physics, woodworking, economics, social science, biology, biochemistry, advanced nuclear physics, and theology.

The Educational Testing Service has encouraged the popular belief that testees must finish the entire test in three hours' time. However, the fact is that you may actually stay in the room for forty-eight consecutive hours, although no food or drink may be brought in. Even if the janitor tries to clear the room and lock up the building, one of the secrets of successful SATmanship is to know your "time rights" and use them!

SCORING THE EXAM

The SATs are graded according to a weighted scoring system in which right answers add little to your score and wrong answers subtract mightily. In addition, an attempt is made to place more scoring emphasis on questions that are based on abstruse areas of knowledge and less emphasis on questions that apply to the life of an average high school student.

There are also certain "crucial questions" that, if answered incorrectly, immediately disqualify you from entering any college except certain institutions in Mexico and the Dominican Republic. Unfortunately, it is impossible in any way to recognize these questions by either content or location within the exam.

The lowest possible score is 200 for math and 200 for verbal. Last year, the average nationwide score was 201. The highest possible score in each category is 800, which was achieved last year only by a single individual of questionable sexual identity from Southern California.

The actual scoring formula is as follows:

$$mf \sum_{i=1}^{70.78} \frac{\partial (\text{so-called "correct" answers})}{\partial (t = \text{time spent in rest room})} \beta \int_{57}^{2.006} \frac{[\text{no. generations voting Republican}]}{d} \left(\frac{3.7}{\text{ethnic background reality factor}} \right) \left(\prod (\text{bad guesses}) + (\text{terrible guesses}) + (\text{abysmal guesses}) + (\text{no. minutes per guess which testing officials spent laughing}) \right)^{-146.2}$$

*mf (measurement factor) = 0, except = 1,000 for exceptionally beautiful women with large breasts who intend to seek career as secretary in all-male law or testing firm.

**β (beta factor) = .00001, except = 1,000,000 for established blood relatives of board members of testing firm (DNA analysis required).

Note: Above gives official score for both math and verbal portions of test, which may be overruled by any ETS staff member, including mallroom personnel, for any reason, provided subsequent score is lower than original score except in cases where PPF (Proper Payoff Factor) > .0000372% GNP (in U.S. dollars). Decision of judges is final.

TAKING THE TEST

Since you will, of course, be nervous, it's better not to eat for the three or four days before the test. This will help you avoid the gastrointestinal distress that certain questions have been designed to elicit in an attempt to distract you or cause you to lose valuable time by running to the rest rooms.

Bring along a heavy overcoat in case the room temperature is deliberately set low enough to encourage the sweat on your palms to freeze. On the other hand, should the temperature be set above 90 or even 100 in an attempt to make you pass out, you will also want to bring a bathing suit.

Before sitting down, check the chair for needles or Krazy Glue, a com-

mon trick of the monitors to make you begin your testing experience in an unpleasant state of mind. Also, if the desk is wooden, watch out for signs that it was recently replanned to encourage splinters.

THE MYTH OF THE NUMBER-TWO PENCIL

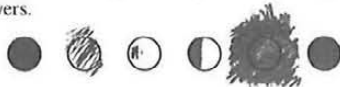
The local affiliate of ETS will go to great lengths to insist that you bring a so-called "number-two" pencil into the exam room, claiming that this pencil produces markings that can be properly read by the automatic grading machines. Needless to say, nothing could be further from the truth. The lead on the number-two pencil has a light-transmission index of .72, whereas the grading device requires a transmission a full digit greater. Therefore, many otherwise correct answers are randomly misread as guesses, the category that produces the greatest scoring penalty.

In our experience, we've found that eyebrow pencils are the only available means of producing machine-readable blackenings of the little answer circles on the answer sheet. These, unfortunately, break rather easily and wear down quickly, so bring at least a few dozen.

HOW TO MARK THE ANSWER CIRCLES

Even with the proper pencil in hand, great care must be taken in properly marking the answer circles. You will be downgraded, and your answer ignored, if your marking extends even the slightest bit beyond the borders of the circle, or does not fill the circle entirely. In addition, any unevenness in blackness across the body of the circle will create a totally rejected

answer. Below are some helpful examples of the wrong technique in marking your answers.



As soon as you can, **START PRACTICING!** Draw pages and pages of little circles and fill them in with an eyebrow pencil as neatly and carefully as humanly possible. It is much more important to spend the critical pre-exam months doing this than studying to give correct answers that will never be registered.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR TEST MONITORS

Make no mistake about it: for the next few hours, these men and women will be your worst enemies in the world. They are highly trained in all manner of techniques, both obvious and subtle, to distract you, make you lose concentration, cause you needless anxiety, and in general lower your scores.

In a typical test situation, the monitors can be expected to sneeze on you, spit on you, laugh at you, and "accidentally" kick you hard in the shins as they pass by. Needless to say, never look up from your examination papers even for an instant, as they are always on the lookout for any signs of "cheating" on your part, which will result in your instant expulsion from the chamber.

To whatever extent possible, get your monitor to dislike you less than the other test takers in the room. As you enter the testing room, create an "excuse" to ask each monitor a question and slip each a hundred-dollar bill in turn. Otherwise, when exams are passed out you may be handed a more difficult version (watch particularly for any signs of sleight of hand like "dealing from the bottom of the deck").

15 IMPORTANT TIPS FOR EXAM TAKERS

- *Make sure that your test is an actual SAT. You may be given a different exam entirely.*
- *You may recall that the SATs have been accused of being worded in ways detrimental to minorities and women; this was simply a smoke screen issued by the insidious Educational Testing Service. In truth, the test discriminates against white, English-speaking males. Notice the wording of questions like these:*
 1. *There be 15 seeds in each bite of watermelon. If Leroy be taking 40 bites of watermelon per hour, how long before his porch be covered with watermelon seeds?*
 2. *Jill, Jeanne, and Jane work together. The apex of Jill's menstruation is on the 12th of the month, and Jeanne's is on the 19th. Jane, the dominant menstruator, has hers on the 28th. How many cycles will it take for Jill's and Jeanne's menstrual cycles to catch up with Jane's?*

3. 魚香千貝 干燒明蝦 雞撈麵

To prepare for this type of discrimination, become familiar with the alternate, favored cultures to which the SAT tests pander.

- *If you come across a question to which all of the answers are wrong (and this will happen often!), remember to cross them all out and give a "write-in" answer.*
- *Learn the "MDTs"—"major distraction techniques." These include literary passages replete with sexual innuendos in an attempt to arouse you physically and thus get your mind off the task at hand.*
- *Never leave your desk even to go to the bathroom, because the monitors will come over and change your answers.*
- *Come prepared! Although the ETS refuses to admit it publicly, you are in fact allowed to bring anything you want into the examination room with you, including a calculator, computer, complete set of encyclopedia, personal tutor, or quiz-show winner.*
- *The subject matter for questions will frequently be chosen so that, while trying to give the right answer, you inadvertently imply some-*

thing bad about the people who wrote the test or their families. Needless to say, if you get these people angry, you'll be downgraded out of spite.

- *Be alert for questions carefully designed by master psychologists to throw you into a state of confusion intended to literally "drive you crazy" and send you right to a mental hospital.*
- *Concentrate only on the most difficult questions, because the easier ones are discarded in the grading process.*
- *Write your name on every page, preferably several times. Beware of "code numbers" which are used to make sure your paper gets mixed up with that of someone not as smart as you.*
- *Try not to sit too close to an "air vent" in a ceiling or wall, because the test room is bombarded with positive ions in an attempt to cloud your mind. There are even documented cases of Legionnaires' disease being transmitted to unsuspecting test takers.*
- *To counter cheating, the room will be full of decoys planted by the testing organization who will deliberately put down all the wrong answers to copy; some of these decoys may even be acquaintances of yours, having been surreptitiously placed in the school system many years ago in anticipation of just this function.*
- *Search carefully for hidden questions you're likely to miss because they're on the backs of pages, in odd corners, or set in very tiny type-faces.*
- *Remember, of course, that the high scorers have all been selected in advance for political reasons and as a result of various payoffs, so there's actually not much sense in trying too hard. The primary socioeconomic function of the exam is to terrorize and humiliate unwealthy or unconnected people so they'll think they were treated fairly but just weren't good enough to get into college, and therefore won't take to the streets in anger when others go on to earn top degrees and huge salaries.*
- *All of the other books supposedly helping you with the SAT are actually put out by the testing organization itself and are designed to totally mislead you, fill you with false information, confuse you, and create a state of extreme tension that will greatly interfere with your success.*

You must also be very careful never to look a monitor in the eye, as they are all highly trained hypnotists who, with a snap of their fingers, can literally wipe out all academic knowledge stored in your brain, instantly reducing you to the status of a kindergartner.

CLANDESTINE USES OF THE TEST

Perhaps needless to say, the Scholastic Aptitude Test (as it is so wrongly called) has certain clandestine functions that the wise high school student would do well to be aware of. Using sophisticated psychological studies and computer algorithms, the government can easily check certain patterns of answers and see if you're a subversive; do not, in fact, be surprised if a marshal isn't on the premises to incarcerate those individuals unlucky enough to be exposed by random checking with portable grading units. While taking the exam, be particularly alert for questions that seem to be urging you, via your answers, to say or imply bad things about the government, our president, or our American way of life.

Also be aware that certain patterns of answers are used as indications of homosexuality or even AIDS. (Be particularly careful of passages that deal with the subject of what young men and women do on Saturday nights, or of mathematical questions involving certain specific numbers that readers of certain inclinations will already know about.)

You can also expect your answers to be thrown into the information bank of a nationwide dating service and computer-matched with those of a member of the opposite gender who will be assigned to you by the Educational Testing Service as your date for the junior or senior prom. To refuse means instant failure.

If you should decide to put a false name on your test paper, be aware that your fingerprints are still on it and your correct identity will nonetheless be used to identify you to the FBI and other interested organizations.

Although not a matter of comparable severity, it is a common practice of testers to incorporate questions into the test that force you to do their private business for them—like calculating their tax refunds, determining their mortgage payments, or assisting them in handicapping Thoroughbreds.

TYPICAL EXAM QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. What is the sum of one plus one?

- (A) 7
- (B) 2
- (C) 39
- (D) 4,768,042

Here is a classic demonstration of the first rule when answering SAT questions: never trust your first instinct! Instead, go to any lengths to try and figure out what the questioner is really asking. In the sad case of this particular example, students who were misled by clever examiners into choosing the answer "2" were shocked to find that they had gotten the question completely wrong and that this particularly important question was weighted to account for 75 percent of their final math score. A correct analysis would be as follows. Instantly, suspicion should be raised by the fact that, in the question, "one" and "one" are written out instead of expressed in numerals as the answer choices are. This observation immediately leads to the conclusion that "one" is in reality a word in a foreign language, and a quick mental scan of known contemporary languages brings forth the complex noun structure of the Ararmangon tribe in North Africa, where a word pronounced just like "one" is actually a bead worth 19.5 insects (which are greatly valued as a delicacy by tribe members). Therefore the only correct answer, and the one you would have chosen had you not been so quick to jump to conclusions, is 39.

2. Read the following passage, and answer the subsequent question.

Although Edgar Allan Poe wrote many masterpieces, scholars have wondered why he never wrote a story about an evil man who owns a peanut farm, nearly chokes on a peanut, and then vows, should he ever actually choke to death on a peanut, to return and wreak terrible vengeance on all the people in his town unless buried in peanuts; his archenemies in the village, however, refuse to bury him thus (after he dies in the particular aforementioned manner). Indeed, the peculiar absence of this story from any of Poe's papers or journals has led to heated debate in the academic community, with some insisting that it must have been written and then accidentally destroyed or lost to history, while others claim that the otherwise prolific genius simply never came to develop the idea. It is ironic that, had such a work been included in his output, the *Gestalt* and *Gesamtheit* of the author's work would have changed considerably; as has been said, the whole is not merely determined by the sum of its parts, but also by the parts of its sum.

Question: What was the 1987 gross national product of Brazil?

- (A) \$6,789,876.07
- (B) \$4,843,876.09
- (C) \$3,765,876.97
- (D) \$9,181,431.42

This is the classic example of the testing organization encouraging you to take a wild guess, since there seems to be no information in the article whatsoever that might lead you to the answer. Yet the fact is that the SAT has severe, built-in penalties for guessing. In this particular case, the penalty for skipping the question entirely is even worse, as the item is a "master question" which, if unanswered, causes all the other questions on the exam to automatically be considered unanswered. Your best choice here is, of course, indicated by the number of letters in the first italicized word, *Gestalt*. A total of seven letters in all surpasses the number of possible answers, which is four; therefore the last answer on the list must be the correct one. Incidentally, since this question contains numbers and words, it figures heavily in both math and verbal scores.

3. Spring came like _____ to the _____, billowing in her azure nests like _____ to the _____.

- (A) rancion—loden; pilarsout—dorger
- (B) optilot—myompital; glar—stidigger
- (C) Roh of Lapior—Arglett; troahn—sprine
- (D) phynylbeta-e-butanicacetyl—HO-C=5; bosoms—stadia

This typical analogy question requires both an excellent vocabulary and the ability to draw precise analogies and make complex cerebral connections. It can best be answered by a deductive process of elimination. (A) is eliminated immediately because that is obviously the choice the questioner is attempting to lead you to. (C) is similarly eliminated because the questioner has made it stand out by virtue of capital letters. (D) is eliminated because the chemical terms indicate it is the correct answer to the next question. This leaves only (B), which is also wrong. The correct answer in this case is to take the "fifth" (nonexistent) choice and leave the paper blank.

4. A man took 10 hours to go across town to purchase a particular chemical. Another man made the same trip in just 3 hours. If one man traveled in a car capable of an average speed 6 times that of the other man, and the chemical had a mean shelf life of half the first man's speed and one-tenth the second man's

speed, what would that chemical be?

- (A) chlorine
- (B) The Raven
- (C) Dante's Inferno
- (D) sparkling water (any brand)

By placing the right answer with the wrong question, the testers hope to lure you into yet another mistake. Here, for want of space, the questions were consecutive. In the actual exam, they could be pages apart or even in separate booklets.

5. What is the next number in the series 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6...

- (A) 4
- (B) 7
- (C) 2
- (D) 9

In this classic example of misdirection, the authors of the test wish to make you think that the correct answer isn't there and therefore send you searching through the answers to other questions (as explained above). However, a little thought not only makes their ruse obvious, but also indicates the solution, thus forcing them grudgingly to award you at least one correct answer. Since the next item in such a consistent series can also be expected to be 6, simply check both the "2" and "4" answers, as these two answers add up to the desired 6.

6. An ancient allegory goes as follows: Two men, one quite nasty and the other quite kind, stand on a river. They suddenly see two women drowning. One of the women is quite attractive, the other quite plain. The kind man, who is closest to the attractive woman, rushes to save her; but the nasty man, who is closest to the plain woman, also goes to save the more attractive woman. At this point the nice man changes his course and swims further to save the plain woman while leaving the nasty man to save the other (prettier) female.

The moral of this tale can be said to be:

- (A) A penny saved is a penny burned.
- (B) Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink for neither nasty nor wise.
- (C) She sells seashells by the seashore.
- (D) He who would enter the gates of heaven must first enter the garden of morality.

Here the trickiness of the examiner is subtle indeed. A bit of thought will indicate that the correct moral is "It is not good to be good and bad." Since none of the choices fit perfectly, we could easily waste precious hours trying to come to a decision before realizing that the only plausible answer is the second one, because the subtext of the question involved two women and two (corresponding) males.

7.

- (A) 37.9162
- (B) beautiful—agacious; pandering—rhythmic
- (C) the Qualectan Estuary
- (D) "Whoever seeks to market love finds many buyers but no bringers."

This is the notorious "invisible question" appearing more frequently on the examination in recent years. The only way to answer it properly is to determine the type of question that does not

appear, and this decision must be based on a frequency analysis of the subcategories of questions on the present test as well as those in years past, using standard bell-shaped curve techniques. Unfortunately, the data required are available only to the testing organization itself. If you can, attempt to erase the answer choices so that the entire section will appear blank, thus perhaps fooling older-style grading machines into thinking that no question was present.

8. Oddly a tear falls up unto this life's page
and into such little time;
pieces drift and deftly throw toward it, yet away.

The interpretation of this piece of modern poetry can be said to be:

- (A) Obey whatever you have been told.
- (B) Obey all the things you have been told.
- (C) Obey what has been told to you.
- (D) So evenly and oh! the bay is what waters you know have ever been retold.

This, while posing as a question in the verbal category, is in fact a clever subliminal message designed to drill itself into your unconscious. Examine the verse carefully and you will see that the first word, "oddly," orients your brain to structure what follows in a particular way; namely, to pay rapt unconscious attention to all the remaining odd-numbered words, starting with the third word, and then the fifth, and so on. The answers, which are not answers at all, are further printed exhortations to get you to do what the verse has so subtly yet firmly demanded. If you can recognize these types of questions, you may possibly be able to resist them; don't worry about answering them, since the grading machine, which may be similarly influenced by hidden commands, is programmed to ignore such questions.

9. A young man takes out a woman but doesn't have a good time.
He goes home and has a fight with his parents. He doesn't particularly like the color red. A friend of his was late with a Visa card payment, and another friend of his joined the Army but was given a dishonorable discharge for trying to rally his fellow soldiers around the cause of communism.

- (A) This was a bad young man who should be punished.
- (B) This was a good young man who should not be punished.
- (C) This man's name should be brought to the attention of the FBI, the CIA, and the FDA.
- (D) I like sweaty young cabdrivers.
- (E) I refuse to answer any of the above.

This is the classic "trap question" from which there is no escape. The first answer may seem acceptable until one remembers that to certain minority groups the word "bad" is colloquially taken to mean "desirable." No explanation should be required as to the danger of choosing (B). (C) places the FDA (Food and Drug Administration) in the same category as two government agencies whose job is to counter the drug threat to our nation, and will therefore infuriate those agencies. Choosing (D) is an obvious admission of guilt. Finally, not marking down any answer at all is naturally taken to be equivalent to choosing (D). Should this particular question or one like it appear on your exam, you have little hope. You will not get into college, you will spend a majority of your life in jail, you will be denied any employment above the meanest levels, and you will probably contract terrible diseases because of the conditions in which you have to live. In this case, you may well elect, as so many have, to deprive the Educational Testing Service of at least a tiny bit of satisfaction by committing suicide. ■

DR. STERLING PASSAIC,
Traveling Professor of Humid Sexuality

presents

THE FRESHMAN GUIDE TO
FERRETING YOUR WAY
INTO A WOMAN'S PANTS
(and past her panty shields to boot)



John Farrell

Duuuuuuuuuudes. Fellas. Guys. Men of (YOUR COLLEGE'S NAME HERE). Yo. We've got to talk. Now. Forget all that orientation blither about academic philosophies and the synergistic relationship you should have with your college, and let's get to the meat of the reason you decided to come to college—that vehemently vocal, often obstinate, persuasively passionate portion of pork suspended from your pelvis.

A POIGNANT FORETHOUGHT

WHEN (YOUR COLLEGE'S NAME HERE) SELECTED ME to address its incoming male student body on the fine points of wielding beef-dart, I was deeply touched.

Yes, I've been personally responsible for the sensual welfare of nearly four women in my life.

And yes, the Tri-State Total Singles Network, of which I am founder and executive director, has brokered over 1,600 fulfilling, germ-free consummations in the past year alone.

But being selected as the keynote speaker at (YOUR COLLEGE'S NAME HERE)'s prestigious freshman orientation human sexuality lecture battery has been, for Sterling Passaic the man, a transcendent honor.

Sure, there's the glamour and excitement of round-trip airfare to (YOUR CITY'S NAME HERE) and a paid nightly rampage at the newly renovated Holiday Inn pudding bar. But it was the emotional outreach of this appointment that left me weak in the knees, dizzied with a sudden perspective on the huge way my life has touched the lives of so many others, and also left me almost deliriously grateful for the memory of every creamy clamsicle I've conquered in my lifetime.

THE SURGEON IN YOUR PANTS AND THE URGE TO SUBMERGE IT

SIMILAR TO THE WAY, BEFORE A HUNT, A BLOOD-hound is given a scent of what it is to pursue, God rubs a panty swatch under men's noses when they're born. That's why they spend their whole lives trying to recapture any incarnation of that smell, trying to win it over any way they can, jumping canyons on motorcycles, spending seven hundred dollars on a pair of owl-skin boots, shooting presidents, even sitting through concerts and operas.

(I guess He gives homos a whiff of a tool belt or a skid mark, I don't know.)

God also gave you a prostate gland and He put a pilot light under it, burning all day and all night long, and He hooked it up to your bloodstream and He filled you with networks of arteries, each one



Breasts are the female equivalent of your testicles, and should be handled with similar solicitude—and that doesn't mean scratch them while you're on second base!

a raging, bubbling, boiling, lava-like torrent of hormones and sperm circulating and washing over your gal-crazed brain, and He made each molecule of this torrent spend its life screaming to be released from your despicable innards into the softer, perfumed, gentler, more compassionate plumping of a female. (Or, actually, into a rubber, but what does your body care.)

And there's no reason this should be a problem: statistics show that at this moment, there are over 75,000 miles of unoccupied female reproductive organs in the U.S. alone—the equivalent of fourteen inches of vacant hive per every postpubescent male in this country. (And if you need more than fourteen inches of it, you don't need to read any further; in fact, don't even bother going to college. Just stay away from my secretary.)

I know you may cringe at this next suggestion, but remember, when you're trying to get your breadstick buttered, no extreme is too extreme: be a "joiner." Any glee or pep club will be full of displaced young women, homesick and aching for a sense of family. Let them know you'll be willing to help out if they want to "put down some roots"(!). Surprisingly, lightweight feminist groups are a great place to meet women; these women don't really hate men, they're just confused because they need a good bedrock porking. Pro-abortion clubs are great for meeting girls too, because if you knock one up she won't make you marry her. Avoid clubs with titles like "Make a Man a Eunuch" (MaMa) and "Society of Steadfast Christian Virgins."



Undress her slowly, as if you are uncovering the great treasure of your life—as if you are the homo necrophiliac archaeologist who discovered King Tut and first unraveled the masking tape off his body. Make the moment of glorious revelation linger before you remove her undergarments and at long last lay eyes on the bounties of her femininity. Unless you're just not that patient.

WHERE TO MEET WOMEN

A VIGOROUS AND JOYFUL SEX LIFE WILL BE A CRUCIAL albeit nonaccredited facet of your collegiate educational experience. Before you can have sex with women, however—and you're a university man, so you can understand this—you must meet women.

You can meet shippable women almost anywhere but a boxing gym, a burn ward, or a B'nai B'rith meeting.

And perhaps, aside from the Playboy Mansion or the Tri-State Total Singles Network's bimonthly listings, any college campus in America is the best place in the world to meet women.

A college is comprised of thousands of nubile, impressionable young women, away from home for the first time, eager to spread their wings and dilate their vistas. Pay dirt!

First of all, coed bathrooms are a godsend. Not only do you get to "preview" the goods, you'll have the opportunity to let target women get comfortable with you while they are in limited states of dress. Remember, don't put the moves on a girl while she's naked or in her underwear, as her guard will be up, but talk to her about class assignments or dorm politics. This way she'll be more at ease with you and you'll set yourself up well for the future. Plus you can pinpoint the nymphos right off, since noisy pissing in a girl is a telltale sign of a large, well-worn vagina.

Another thing to do is share your toiletries with a target female. If she forgets her soap, lend her yours—just don't tell her it's shaped like a penis. And then smile to yourself as you imagine her soaping herself with its slippery length. Better yet, duck into a nearby crapper stall with a handful of liquid soap and think about what she's doing ten feet from you.

One thing you'll have to do is buy a small mirror for your dorm room. Otherwise, your hygiene, and hence desirability, will suffer—after all, if there's a gorgeous babe preening with a vengeance at one sink, how can you in good conscience stand at the next sink and squirt out your zits and trim your nose hairs?

Opportunities for familiarizing yourself with coeds are limitless. Got any cushy credits to fill? Join a crafts or even a home ec class. These are loaded with girls; and even if you don't meet any you like, the projects you make can be given to other girls and will seem customized and the fruits of a sensitive, i.e., eminently blowable, young man.

Sit beside them in dining hall. Buy them a beer at the rathskeller. Join a nude volleyball intramurals club. Rub elbows during labs. Take an art class and convince her to model for you. Cultivate a sense of camaraderie at a sporting event. Then stuff your hand inside her uterus to let her know how you feel.

HOW TO APPROACH, INGRATIATE, AND WIN OVER A WOMAN

IT'S THAT MAGIC MOMENT: YOU SEE HER FROM ACROSS the dining hall. You are intoxicated by her perfume, hypnotized by her eyes, entranced by her lips. It feels like there's a tingling chimp trying to punch his way out of your trousers. You can't let this woman get away; you have to meet her. But how? Listen and Uncle Sterling'll tell you.

The biggest difference between the genders (other than an Adam's apple) is that when a man meets a woman, he's immediately imagining what she'd look like on the receiving end of his beef dirigible; when a woman meets a man, she's thinking about her nails.

I think it was Lothario, the Greek shipping magnate, who told his son in 1011 B.C., "You shall best infiltrate the pelvis of a wom'n if she believeth you want not to infiltrate her pelvis. She must believe it is her poesy, and not her pudendum with its fat fleshy floral-formed folds, which enralls you." Three thousand years later, it's still true.

Face it: women are idiots. Even if you buy a woman a drink after screaming for her in a wet T-shirt contest, she'll want to think you're interested in her for her mind, and she'll test you by prattling on about her fag friend who plays classical guitar and the class where she read *Jane Eyre* and her favorite great-aunt's homemade scrimshaw bedpan. Just let her ramble on and pretend you're interested and trust me, she'll jump your jerky.

The best way to pull the wool over her eyes and the lace over her thighs? Flowers. All wooing is made more fruitful and expedient by a gift of flowers. If she lives in a sorority house, send them there: her sorority sisters will be so impressed with you they'll implore

Do your sit-ups. Girls love a flat, muscular stomach because the defined texture reminds them of the packing material for the stylish tungsten flatware they hope one day to receive as a wedding gift. They will probably not consciously make this connection, but they will kiss that stomach with the additional zest accorded a potential groom's. "And while you're down there, honey..."

her to fuck you. They may even decide to fuck you themselves. Or if you see a woman in the street or in a restaurant who looks like a pillow biter and you're wearing a flowered shirt or underpants, tear off a piece and hand it to her. She won't be able to resist you.

Many girls apply to college under the old-fashioned, misguided impression that this is the place to meet a man with a financially promising future. If the topic of marriage works its way into the conversation, never scoff. Nod approvingly. If she suspects you're marriage-minded, she'll trust you and know it's worth working harder to please you. That means more blowjobs.

MAKING THE TRANSITION FROM ACQUAINTANCE TO LOVER

WHEN I SEE A WOMAN I'M INTERESTED IN, I'LL OFTEN introduce myself to her with the simple interrogative phrase "How's your bush?" If a woman will talk to you after that, your chances with her are good, and it'll be hard for her to say later, when you reach for her cervix, "But I just wanted to be friends."

If you're not this up-front with her, you run the risk of a girl telling you, after you've spent half your semester's financial-aid check courting her, that she just wants to be friends. If that situation does present itself—and you can resist stabbing her—she should be persuaded that an overnight stay is the best way to develop a friendship. What better way to know a man than to know what cereal he breakfasts on? Does he slice his bananas with a butter knife or a steak knife or a spoon? Does he wake up with a piss-boner?

SETTING THE MOOD

A BIG PART OF PUTTING A WOMAN IN THE RIGHT FRAME of mind to garage your bloodwurst simply involves getting her in a benevolent, receptive mood. Try to get her to drink a quart of cough syrup before you make your move; whether this works or not, always make sure you are the host of any romantic rendezvous. At her place, there's too much risk of a phone call from her mother or a long-winded girlfriend. Not to mention that the influence of her family pictures, or a bedside snapshot of her boyfriend back home or her recently croaked dog, can result in the kind of emotional shift that could ruin your night.

Your "pad" should be an ashram of sensuality. The walls should be adorned with highly sophisticated Asian erotica (she'll think it's a picture of some willow trees but her subconscious will recognize it as a classical depiction of women blowing men, and in so doing rubbing their turgid, aroused nipples against the men's thighs, the leg-hair/nipple-stem electricity driving both parties nearly insane with pleasure), and then perhaps a framed portrait of a pony or a baby niece or nephew to showcase your sensitivity. Keep a bottle of wine or champagne in the fridge, candles at the ready. Throw out any unseemly projects from biology lab that may be lying around; wash your bedsheets regularly; rid your bedroom of any trace of masturbatory materials or evidence of previous sex. Make her feel like you've been saving yourself for her.

THE ART OF KISSING

MAKE SURE YOUR BREATH IS FRESH AND CLEAN. GIRLS hate nothing more than kissing a man whose breath smells like a dead decaying animal or a diarrhea omelet.

Make kissing an art. The road to a girl's heart—and the points south we're mostly interested in—is paved with kisses. Strengthen your lips on a stationary lip-development machine. Jack La Lanne, who pulled a motor home ten miles with his lips on his sixty-eighth birthday, has written extensively on the subject of lip strengthening. Read his books—that library is there for a reason!



Each kiss is a sign of your adoration of her physique; regard each erogenous zone as a station of the cross in the process of your comprehensive worship of the temple that is her body. Imagine that her body is the inside of a fishtank, and you are a big slow mossy snail, lapping off the algae. Imagine her body is a candy cane, and you are a hypoglycemic. Imagine she is a wolverine dead in the street, and you are a gluttonous buzzard. And enjoy!

Make your lips strong enough to suck a hole in a textbook cover or uncork a bottle of champagne. No gums or teeth! Let the lips do the work! Get good enough so you can undress a woman, including buttons and hooks, without fingers or teeth or smacking noises. Practice till you feel confident that using just lip-lock suction, you can reshuffle a woman's interior organs. If you can suck her solar plexus upward hard enough so it convulses, you can cause interior stimulation of her breasts, which is a very big turn-on. Likewise, you can crush her bowel against her G spot, resulting in dozens of creamy, rewarding orgasms.

FOREPLAY

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT WOMEN ARE MUCH more enthusiastic about foreplay than they are about having their clam hammered. This is largely feminist ideology: while they feel that during foreplay they are put on a pedestal and treated worshipfully, they feel that while they're riding baloney they are treated as sperm dumps, receptacles, spittoons, or slop buckets. (Also, riding baloney can result in painful, disfiguring pregnancy.) Your job is to make her so giddy and full of herself with your pure and exalted

worship of her during foreplay that she won't mind when you degrade her by jamming your dick in and out of her for however long it takes you to pop your rocks.

To maximize the effectiveness of foreplay, try this tactic: determine the physical flaw that causes her the most heartache, and worship the flawed area. If she is insecure about the thick hair that blankets her back and shoulders or the gloppy wads of cellulite that comprise her upper thighs, fawn over them like crazy. Make her think they're incredibly sexy! It won't kill you to do this and it'll have an effect on her crotch similar to the effect a kiln has on a tuna melt.

Likewise, if you're a guy with a bent for butts and you find a girl with basketballs for buttocks, don't just spend the evening talking about dumpers-dumpers-dumpers and then, come foreplay, rip her pants off and start coating her kicker with hickeys. She wants to be a person too, not just a clearinghouse for a fetishist. Foreplay for a woman is as emotional as it is physical, and so, while you rip off her pants and lick the delicate, butter-rack-filtered sweat from beneath the nether-parapet crease which is the delightful product of the provocative heft of those apple-plump ass-cheeks that you're now stuffing the flesh of into your mouth like a chipmunk getting a cheekful of hazelnuts, mention how perceptive her interpretation of *Jane Eyre* is.

THE PROCESS OF INTERCOURSE

THE PROCESS OF INTERCOURSE IS MARKED BY THE male putting his sex organ inside the sex organ of the female. It's a beautiful feeling. Two items of protocol, however. 1) Always wear a condom. Seriously. Call it a raincoat, a rubber, a bag, or a latex leisure suit, it could save your life. And it could save you from getting a girl pregnant and having people think you're shitty for not marrying her and having her bleed you for so much child support that you can't buy the Corvette that was the reason you wanted to go to college in the first place. 2) Never inquire about your lover's roommate's cup size or move your bowels during intercourse. While these are acceptable practices at the dinner table in some Third World nations, they are not appropriate during sex with American women.

I'm not saying this'll all work for you overnight—it takes practice, practice, practice. Be prepared to have your face slapped 100–125 times a night until you really get your moves down. And by the end of the night, you might find a gal who's attracted to your red rosy cheeks.

If you're shy with women, do a dry run of your Approach & Ingratiation techniques at a homo bar. That will at least familiarize you with seduction palaver. For God's sake, just don't forget to crap out.

If you still can't get a woman, try this: many women believe that if a guy is a real asshole, it's because he's so good in bed he can afford to be. So try being incredibly obnoxious and offensive. She may tell you to get lost, but then... she may fancy you a mattress-master, and take it upon herself to quench every last one of your hideous, goat-like cravings.

And that'll wipe that furtive crinkle off your scrotum.

Enjoy,
SterlingPassaic

Girls hate kissing a man with a tongue that hangs out of his mouth like a Baggie full of chicken skin; they do love men with long, athletic tongues. Not to mention a nimble, conditioned tongue: buy one of those little things they put on the inside of playpens to teach motor skills to babies and use your tongue to play with it. Your tongue is a muscle—and flexing's sexy!

THE JOY OF NOSTALGIA

EVERY TIME YOU GET YOUR STRING CHEESE SQUEEZED is a potentially joyful memory, to enjoy alone or share with friends. For this reason, if at all possible, always choose girls with memorable qualities. Even if you just shtup in the missionary position, do it with an amputee if she's available. Long after you've forgotten what she looked like or what you did in bed, you'll be impressed when you recall your own crotchmanship. "Yeah, I remember the time I was fucking this one-legged girl..." Similarly, if there's a choice between an ugly girl who's a cheerleader and a pretty girl who's not, go with the cheerleader. Long after you would have forgotten about the exactitudes of the other girl, you'll be getting mileage out of musing, "Yeah, I remember the time I was dicking this cheerleader..."

Likewise, if you have a chance to fuck a girl somewhere unusual—a lab table, the girl's locker room, or the dean's birdbath—seize the opportunity. And jump on it if she offers to do something kinky, provided it doesn't involve a stun gun, Vietnamese hamsters, or an Edward Asner look-alike.

For quick flings, give the girl a nickname. They make for a vivid memory aid, and everyone'll be impressed when, at a party, a friend of yours begs you, "Oh! You gotta tell the story about Souvlaki Nipples!"



—GRUNDY TOWN—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58)

the ROM disc that contained the data on Methuselah M. Pelham, knocking the laser ever so slightly off its track.

JelJam heard the familiar squinch-squinch-skeech of Mr. Goldfarb's Hush Puppies outside the door. Where do a man find shoes that ugly?

"Ahh yes, Methuselah. . . ." the cheerful social worker bubbled as he walked into the office.

"The name be JelJam," the surly delinquent spat. "I don't play that Methuselah shit no more."

Mr. Goldfarb smirked his "Well, aren't we butch today" smile and looked up from his folder.

"I'm glad to see that you're on time today, Mr. Pelham," he said.

"JelJam! I say the name be JelJam, motherfucker!" Methuselah Pelham belted, cupping his crotch in his most beligerent manner.

"Well. . . would you mind telling me where this new name comes from?" Goldfarb gently asked.

"It represent things in my life, see?" JelJam searched the ceiling overhead for the right words, but found only dozens of pencils flung into the acoustic paneling by other bored manchild thugs. "Uh umm, like. . . like I sho' do like jelly, see? An', an' I always be jammin', y'understand! Heh heh, so me and the fellas come up with this little JelJam thang, it's my name now, right? And you know somethin', chief? On a fresh summer day like this when you got all day long an' you as free as a motherfuckin' bird, right, an' you just havin' this deep feelin' that—"

"That's very nice, uh, JelJam, and I'm very pleased to see you finally opening up to me after seventeen months of personal counseling," Mr. Goldfarb interrupted. "But I'm afraid we don't have time to chat today. According to the file in front of me, you're on your way to college, young man. Congratulations!"

"But I didn't get through tenth grade, Mr. G. . . ." an amazed and frightened JelJam stammered. The thought of learning had always given him the same scared feeling he saw in old women's eyes after he had taken their purses and dangled them off fire escapes by their brittle ankles.

"Given your record of convictions and the projected cost of your life-rehabilitation, the state of New York is willing to overlook that fact."

"What college be wantin' my ass?"
"Let's see here. . . . Hmmm, Sugarloaf Bible College in Grundy Town, Alabama."

"Ala. . . Alabbbbbbbama!?!? Fuck that shit, man, I ain't goin' to no Alabama get my ass lynched!"

"Son," the social worker said, truly smil-

ing for the first time in their seventeen-month association, "as I said before, with a record like yours you don't have a choice in the matter."

And so it was that JelJam found himself on a plane for the first time in his twenty-one years, speeding down his collision course with the New South.

It didn't take him long to decide that he preferred the smooth glide of a hot BMW to this amusement-park ride. JelJam couldn't look out the window for fear that he would throw up his breakfast of Hostess fruit pies chased with an Olde English 800 tall boy. In fact, the only fun he had on the trip was irritating the woman next to him by making a sucking noise with his teeth and fingering his crotch. And wouldn't you know that came to an end mid-flight when her son, a three-hundred-pound sow farmer, lumbered back to their row, leaned over JelJam, and said "Momma, if this nigger's buggin' you, jes' holler an' I'll drown him in the toilet."

The welcoming committee in Grundy Town wasn't much better. Having received the blessed news their school had been saved, the Sugarloaf Bible College community quickly turned its attention back to the

way of Jesus. Soon the halls were alive with the familiar smell of fattening foods and the noble babble of those speaking in tongues. JelJam was picked up at the station by the local police chief, cuffed about the ears, and dumped from the speeding patrol car in front of the toolshed behind the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf's lush hacienda.

The toolshed may have been a humble dormitory, but it was free and it kept him away from the coeds after dark.

"*Mr. Reverend, I do believe somebody else* be witchin' these children!" JelJam mumbled, hitching his rehearsal skirt to keep from falling off the stage and breaking his neck.

"NO, NO, NO!" Worthing Earnest screamed, twisting his copy of *The Crucible* in his fists. "Tituba is terrified in this scene! She should be weeping and wailing. You keep mumbling the words. I can't even hear you. . . I'm sorry, Methuselah, but I simply must have you cry real tears in this moment." As he spoke, Worthing put his hand on JelJam's costume blouse in a gesture of Christian fellowship he hoped would diffuse the boy's deadly glare.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 87)



Celebrity Term



J. Danforth Quayle
Southeast Asian History

Vietnam--The Indiana Theater

Few Americans realize the tremendously important part Indiana and her National Guard play in this nation's current involvement against Communist North Vietnam, and what an even greater part they, or it, might play in the future.

Much of Indiana's historic and interesting Mound Country has been carefully strip-mined and is remarkably similar to landscapes in Southeast Asia after saturation bombing by Orange Agents and other defoliants. This enables men to train in darn-near exact combat conditions in areas in which all forms of hostile life have been eradicated from.

On the ominous side, the CIA has long been aware of Hanoi's plans to disrupt the Indy 500, a symbol around the globe and the world, of America's technologically advanced leisure activities. It is our job to remain here, ever vigilant and alert as we can be. Perhaps we will never be decorated, but we can find satisfaction

Oliver North
10th Grade
Current Affairs, Miss Gwump

CIA
FILE:
NORTH, LIEUTENANT
COLONEL OLIVER

*Destroy immediately
and thoroughly*
- O.N.

*Oliver North
10th Grade
Current Affairs, Miss Gwump*

Communism: Why All the Hub-bub?

*I cannot understand all the
hysteria and hatred of Communism
After all, isn't we embrace and
learn from our Soviet neighbors
on the fragile point of view of*

Papers

WITH IMPROVEMENT, THIS MIGHT BECOME A BAD POSTCARD...

WHAT IS THIS, GRAVY?



Watercolor for Professor Max Blumenthal

PROPORTION INFANTILE, SUBJECT MATTER DULL! UNACCEPTABLE!



Watercolor for Professor Moses Adler

Adolf Hitler-
Entrance Exam to
Vienna Academy
of Fine Arts.
1907-08

THIS DETAIL HERE FROM HUNGER!



Watercolor for Professor Abraham Stein

AARGH! YOU AGAIN? COMPARED WITH THIS DRECK, THE JANITOR HERE IS TITIAN, ALREADY!

BY THE WAY, MY CLOSET NEEDS PAINTING, 1/2 KRONEN. YOU INTERESTED, MAYBE?

SOME IMPROVEMENT, STILL AWFUL! UNACCEPTABLE!

Politicians vs. Democracy

Too often, politicians take the easy route by appealing to voters' emotions and baser instincts, rather than carefully examining and dissecting the issues and offering a concise, point-by-point analysis. Those office seekers cynically ~~xxxx~~ assume that the voters have no intellect at all, but are instead a mob to be swayed by hysterical ranting, easy slogans, and rhetoric. Hopefully, with the development of TV, such "Elmer Gantry" types will become transparent and obsolete, replaced ~~xx~~ by advocates who favor calm, in-depth analysis of the myriad complications of modern

Morton Downey Jr.
Political Science Class

Photographed by Mark Hill
Photo-montage by Tom Kowal

~~Harry Truman~~
~~10th Grade~~

T. Boone Pickens, 8th Grade

Integrity in Everyday Life

Integrity is essential to the American way of life. No decent society can function without this virtue being practiced at all levels. From the very start, from childhood on, the goodness and straightness that are inherent in human beings must be cultivated in the children, perhaps their most important lessons of all.

Yet how are we to deal with those who are foolish enough to think that there is an easier path to a happy and productive life than through one's own honest efforts? Perhaps it is better to concentrate on one's own development and character, resting assured that those who neglect these

T. Boone Pickens
8th Grade

**TITLE DEED
PARK PLACE**
RENT \$35. \$ 175.
With 1 House \$70.
With 2 Houses
With 3 Houses
With 4 Houses
With HOTEL \$15
Mortgage Value
Houses cost \$20
Hotels, \$200. pl


**TITLE DEED
BOARDWALK**
RENT \$50
With 1 House \$200.
With 2 Houses \$ 600.
With 3 Houses 1400.
With 4 Houses 1700.
With HOTEL \$2000.
Mortgage Value \$200.
Houses cost \$200. each
Hotels, \$200. plus 4 houses




Labor Pains: Samuel Gompers and the Birth of American Labor

Samuel Gompers (1850-1924) was a man of farsighted brilliance. Anticipating, perhaps before anyone, the inevitability of the rise of the American labor movement, he steered that movement through a treacherous course set by the heartless robber barons of the nineteenth century.

At first glance, Gompers's task would have appeared impossible and heartbreaking. But Gompers was no ordinary man. The selfish bullies and evil geniuses of capitalism's horrific early period gave little thought to the millions who toiled under them, and would have scoffed at the very idea of this fellow Gompers


Frank Lorenzo
U.S. History


My Future: The Dance

I know without any doubt that I will someday be a prima ballerina. I have loved ballet ever since my very first class at the beginning of this year.

There will be lots of discipline and sacrifice, but I am determined to reach my goal, so these things won't hold me back. My body must be a sacred temple, a moving piece of art. I know someday people will marvel at my movements and wonder how I could ever have reached that

Roseanne Barr

Dazed by his violent orientation into the Sugarloaf way of life, JelJam had weakly agreed to wear women's clothing and perform the role of Tituba, the slave woman. He had even tried to bring some dignity to the role, but this Worthing Earnest faggot kept on riding him. Wasn't that always the way when you trotted true vision in front of the uninspired?

As JelJam and Earnest stood downstage, Bethel June Spivey caught herself staring at the new student's pert, sculpted buttocks for the fifth time that evening. Something strange and powerful was stirring in her virgin plumbing... something that she was trying desperately to fight... something she hadn't felt since the Sugarloaf student body had been shown a documentary film about the Reverend Bob's outreach program in Haiti. During a scene in which the Reverend Bob had stopped a ritual dance display, calling it "the devil's bossa nova." Beth had been forced to leave the auditorium before the lights came back on, terrified that someone would see the pungent wet mark soaking through her simple white skirt. Always a trouper, Bethel fought with all her might, but the devil's vortex had her legs crossed and her front foot jiggling like an Amvet on greenies.

"Get up! That didn't hurt, now get up!"

Things hadn't improved for JelJam on the football field either.

"What happened to that speed, son? Where's the speed? I brought you here to run the ball, not to run away!"

Having been driven deep into the turf for the forty-seventh time that afternoon, he decided it was time to lie back in the groove the field had formed around his body and take a break. Refusing to get up, he tilted his face mask up, lit a cigarette, and watched Coach Pugh's red, screaming face blur, and eventually disappear.

That night as he adjusted the hoes and shovels, creating a small space in which to sleep in the toolshed, JelJam's rest was delayed by thoughts of how badly this college shit was going.

It hadn't taken long for people to realize he had the reading ability of a third-grader. He could hear the snickering when he was asked to read aloud from the Bible in "Introduction to Martyrs 11-12," his 9:00 A.M. class. If the security motherfuckers hadn't taken away his AK-47 at the airport, JelJam would have done a drive-by on the main dormitories weeks ago.

The simple fact was that JelJam was not accustomed to running alone. Back in Fun City the idea was to run in packs. There was safety in a pack, and they were easy to find. A man alone was a sitting duck. In this jive-assed Mayberry R.F.D., the only one to

pack with was that Shahikorma dude. JelJam had tried to get Shahikorma to ride shotgun while he hit on the local 7-Eleven, but he couldn't communicate his plan. The Indian's English wasn't too good, and as soon as they got in the store Shahikorma tried to save the soul of a pimply teenager working behind the counter.

It definitely cramped JelJam's style. He hadn't committed an act of violence for weeks now, and to top off that humiliating tidbit, he had been asked to report to the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf's office tomorrow morning.

As sleep finally descended on his troubled brow, JelJam did his best to ignore the Garden Weasel rake attachment that was stabbing him in his lower abdomen.

"Methuselah." The Reverend Bob Sugarloaf tilted back in his office chair. "Just who in the hell are you?"

"What you be meaning, Mr. Reverend Bob?" JelJam asked, familiar with the good cop/bad cop number Sugarloaf and Coach Pugh had been playing with him. Just play dumb and the situation will become clear.

"He's a lying little turd, Bob!" the coach barked. "He can't catch, he can't deke, Lord knows he isn't fast!... I have white boys can do all those things! I say we give him over to the Klan boys—"

"Whoaaa, now just take it easy, coach." The Reverend Bob smiled at JelJam, smoothing the hair on the back of his head. "I think we can reason with the boy before things get that desperate. Now, son, I think it's time to call an end to this little game. Try and see it from our point of view. We brought you on down here expecting a God-fearing, junior college all-American tailback who wouldn't undress our women with his eyes, and what do we get?" The Reverend Bob smiled at JelJam with a gentle wink. "A shiftless idiot who can't play football, can't read, has a nasty scar over his right eye, and smokes cigarettes in my office."

"Just read the file!" Coach Pugh fumed, throwing the documents down on the desk. "Methuselah McKinley Pelham, 4.6/40, Jesus College, Kansas, personal savior: Jes—"

"Say what?" JelJam said in a low voice and sat up straight in his chair. All those years spent in questioning had paid off. The peckerwoods had fucked up. "Run that name by me again, motherfucker..."

Coach Pugh, who considered his departed mother second only to Bear Bryant and Jesus in his heart, had to be restrained by the Reverend Bob before he ripped JelJam's head off.

"Stop it! Stop it right now, coach!" the Reverend Bob intoned in his most resonant pulpit voice. The coach broke off and retreated to the corner, sulking. "The name on the file is Methuselah McKinley Pelham, and don't you ever swear in this office again."

JelJam savored the moment before he let the hammer fall. He made a sucking noise with his teeth as he eyed the two pigeons. After lighting his third cigarette of the morning, JelJam put his feet up on the Reverend Bob's desk, next to the autographed picture of Jesus, and tilted his head back.

"That ain't me," he said.

"Excuse me?" the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf asked JelJam.

"I said," JelJam rumbled, making his scary eyes, "y'all got the wrong nigger."

JelJam watched patiently as the coach's mouth slowly flopped open and a long connected string of drool fell from his bottom lip to the floor. As this happened, the Reverend Bob's face drained of all color until it was the hue of the film that forms over vanilla pudding.

"Y'see, my name is Mcthuselah T. Pelham, y'understan'... The T stand for TAFT. Ain't no Mac DLT framass in the middle o' my name. Shit, I ain't even made it through the tenth grade! You ofays got me enrolled in your college!

"Y'all fucked up," JelJam said, "and there's gonna be some changes 'round here."

Luscious. That was the word for it. Luscious.

As JelJam Pelham surveyed the toolshed, he almost peed his satin robe out of sheer glee. But that would not be too cool, and if the streets had taught JelJam one thing, a man with a gleeful attitude might as well hand out engraved invitations asking the world to walk right up and fuck with him.

So it was with an icy-cold eye that JelJam scanned his new "lifestyle." Everywhere he looked the toolshed smiled back with African art, skin rugs, teakwood, all awash with the sunlight that poured in from the greenhouse/porch addition. The joint looked as if a Trader Vic's had rear-ended a Hugh Masekela album cover at ninety miles an hour. *Soul Makossa!*

As a reminder of his salad days, JelJam had mounted the Garden Weasel rake attachment on the wall over his circular waterbed.

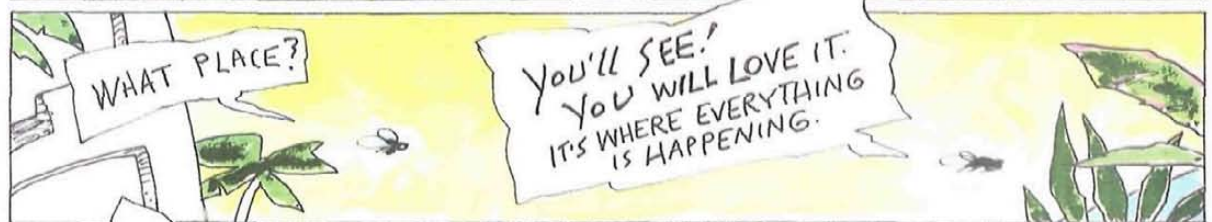
After JelJam had threatened to tell his story to "the brother who be on 60 Minutes," it hadn't taken the Reverend Bob long to find a slush fund he could funnel into JelJam's work-study grant. Subsequently, with lots of cash and a fine crib, it didn't make much sense for JelJam to go to class. Thus it came to be that his days were spent in the pursuit of leisure, occasionally interrupted by violent sex acts enjoyed with a changing cast of townie soul sisters.

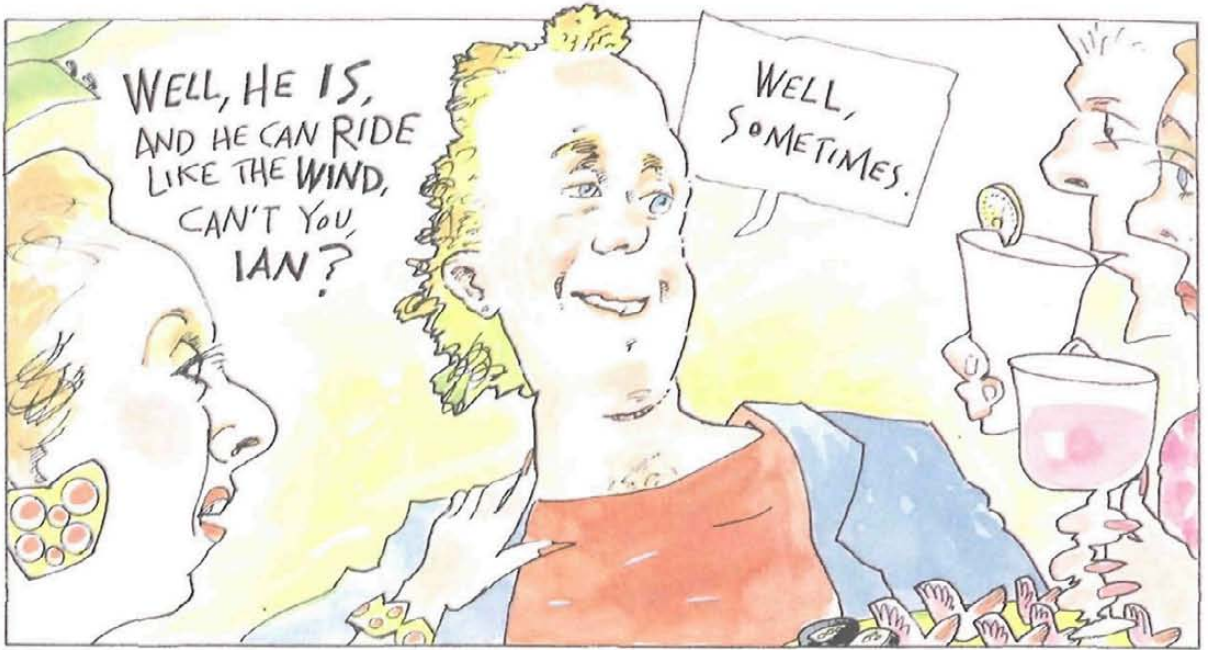
JelJam smiled, remembering how it had pleased him when Coach Pugh, having led the Sugarloaf Inquisition to a 2-11 season, got the chop and now worked nights at the 7-Eleven. On random evenings JelJam would sit out in the parking lot for hours

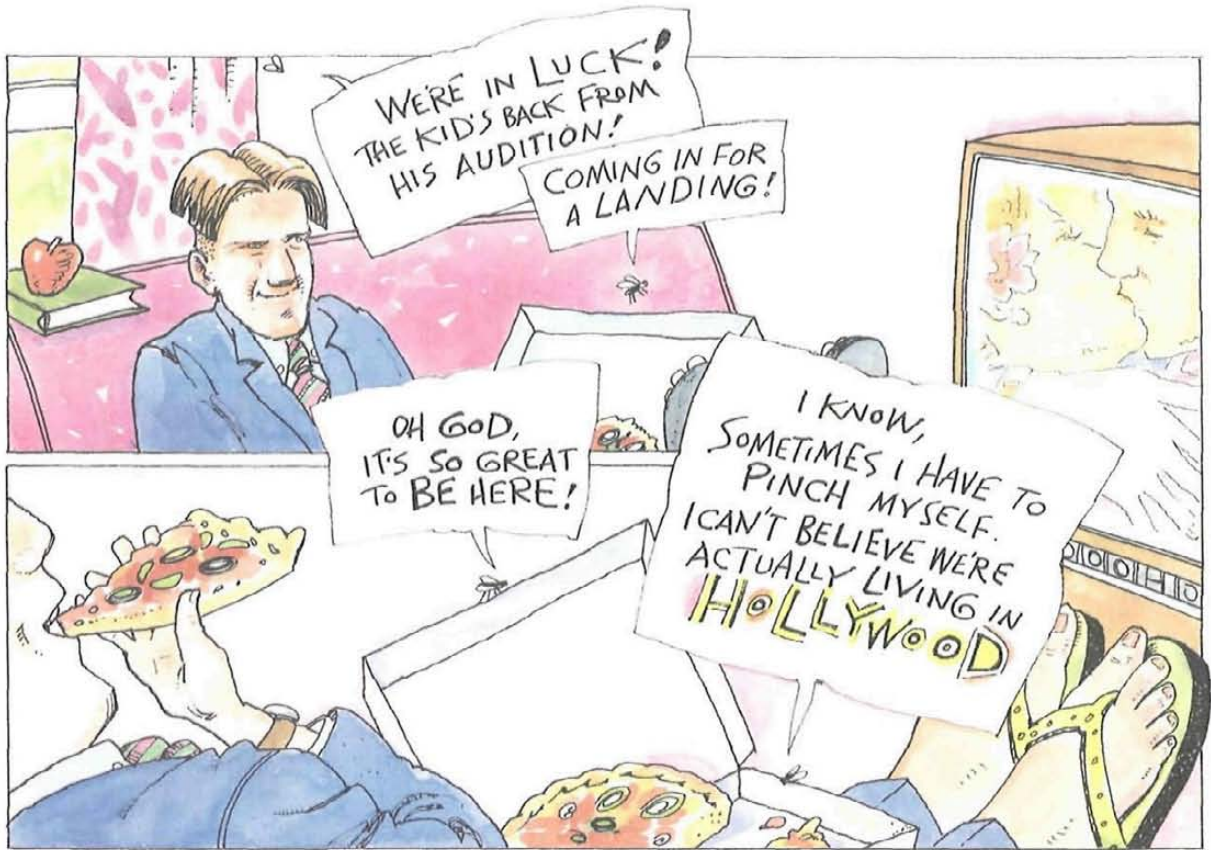
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 93)

THE FLY BROTHERS IN HOLLYWOOD











GRUNDY TOWN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87)

jamming on the stereo in his Jaguar sedan, the high beams trained on the coach as he wiped down the coffee area and cursed his fate.

JelJam's reverie then abruptly shifted ahead, for tonight held the special promise of his theatrical debut.

The auditorium was packed. As the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf had promised, the performance was made mandatory for the student body, and he himself sat in the center of the fourth row with his wife, Latrina. The crowd buzzed with anticipation fueled by the announcement that *The Crucible* had been canceled and a new play had been chosen to replace it.

As the lights dimmed, the Reverend Bob bit down hard on his bridgework and felt his pulse rate triple. Methuselah had him by the balls, but this time the stupid monkey had gone too far. He sent a little prayer heavenward that the good people of Grundy Town would respond to the show with an old-fashioned lynching party.

You see, the Reverend Bob knew that JelJam had commissioned a stage version of his favorite film—*Mandingo*. He had paid some blood who wrote for Arsenio Hall to cut most of the good scenes involving the brutality of slave owners and focus on the interracial love scenes.

Coach Pugh was more than happy to be working and unable to attend the play at the auditorium. For one night he could rest easy knowing that Porch Monkey wouldn't be out front with the brights on.

As he stirred the vat of nacho cheese-foam, he noticed that the store's barometer was going haywire. The dial trembled and leaped from one reading to another with a violent urgency.

As strange as it looked, the coach assumed it was just on the fritz like everything else in this shithole off the interstate.

Just then the lid exploded off the Slurpee machine, and the coach was forced to dive for cover.

Perhaps it was the sight of JelJam lowering his large, black frame down upon small, porcelain Bethel June Spivey. Perhaps it was the fact that Bethel was bound and trussed to an oak-tree stump downstage left. Or perhaps it was the undeniable pleasure Bethel was taking in the naughty spectacle and JelJam's biceps.

Whatever the reason, the crowd answered the Reverend Bob's prayer. As if controlled by a single group mind, the audience was instantly whipped into a frenzy and started ripping up their chairs and hurling them onto the stage.

A jagged, flying metal leg pierced JelJam's huge thigh, pinning him to the stage

floor.

"Hey, man! Hey, man! Hey, ma—" was all the shocked delinquent could say as a dozen good Christians descended upon him and proceeded to beat him to a dusky marmalade with their seat cushions.

The whole theater was in full-scale riot. Hundreds of red-faced, wild-eyed people were screaming and fighting to get at the stage. There the set was being ripped to shreds.

Standing tall in the middle of the throng, the Reverend Bob could be seen clutching a half-naked Bethel June Spivey close to his chest and shouting, "Thank you, Jesus!" in a voice so powerful it could be heard over the din.

With all this rabble-rousing, down-home hootenanny going down, it was natural that no one inside the auditorium would notice the howling winds outside.

In a matter of seconds the sky had turned black, leaves swirled, and the trees bent in the rush of a cold northern wind. The ground trembled, the clouds opened above, and a twisting, jerking spiral of Energy returned to the source.

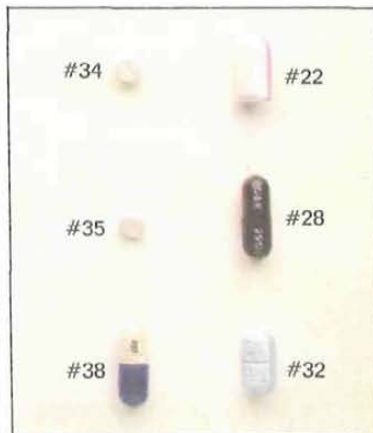
The swirling tendril seemed to cock itself at an angle and crack down on the auditorium like a whip. With a thunderclap the roof caved in. The walls followed suit, and in a matter of thirty seconds the entire building was reduced to rubble and swirling dust. The cacophony within gave way to the silence of eternity.

The only witness to this tragedy, the only person in a position to report the strange details of the Energy's return to Sugarloaf Bible College, was Mr. Shahikorma.

Having been replaced in the role of Tituba by JelJam, the gentle Indian fell prey to the demons of envy. He knew it was a sin, and he fought his feelings of bitterness over losing the one claim he had to "belonging" with the student body. Envy won out, and the night of the show he disobeyed the Reverend Bob's mandatory assembly call, rebelliously choosing to spend the evening reading the Bhagavad-Gita in the quadrangle.

He would later speak of an eerie vision that met his eyes as he approached the imploding auditorium. As a cloud of dust engulfed the sky above him, Shahikorma claimed that the energy strands had bonded and formed a translucent, ephemeral double-decker bus. Inside this astral wagon the entire college population sat in pairs, smiling like children on a zoo excursion. Up front the Reverend Bob Sugarloaf seemed to be talking into a microphone, describing the sights as the bus hovered skyward. The rows were full, the bus chugged toward heaven, and as it passed out of sight, the Indian claimed to have seen JelJam Pelham sitting in the back of the bus, sucking on a toothpick and fondling his crotch. ■

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Zig-Zag smiles beatifically. "It was beautiful, man. Saw God."

"How's he doing?" Honeybunch asks.

"He's in good shape. He says 'Hi!'" Zig-Zag gets up. "Well, I will just have to get us another brick from my..." He freezes. His face goes ashen.

"What is it, man?" I say.

He turns to us. "I can't remember where it is!"

"Where what is?" asks Astarte.

"My stash! I can't remember where I keep it!"

Zig-Zag pounds his head, and scrunches up his face, and shifts his eyes back and forth, but nothing helps—he simply cannot remember. We gradually realize that, perhaps due to the previous evening's indulgences, Zig-Zag is suffering from selective memory loss: all adjectives starting with the letters L through P, names of vegetables, how to light charcoal, Lou Reed lyrics, anything to do with cars... There are quite a few drawers missing from Zig-Zag's filing cabinets, all in all, but most of them do not bother him that much. "Who gives a shit about 'cars,' whatever they are?" he says. "I want my fucking weed, man!"

We begin an exhaustive search of the house. In me, Honeybunch, and Astarte, Zig-Zag has three more-than-willing helpers, and together we turn the place upside down. We find rolling papers, a hash pipe, Zap Comix, three ballpoint pens, Honeybunch's old diaphragm case, and \$1.39 in loose change beneath the sofa cushions. We do not find Zig-Zag's stash.

"What will I do?" Zig-Zag cries, wide-eyed. "I haven't been straight since Eisenhower was president!"

We can see that our old friend is close to hysteria. "I must have something to smoke!" he screams. He rushes over to the bong and pries out the screen that keeps the ashes from falling down the stem. The screen is caked with old pot shit, and, by bending and flexing it, Zig is able to make a little pile of yucky-looking black stuff fall out. He pours this into the bowl of the ivory pipe and is lighting it with his butane lighter when, remembering his manners, he hesitantly offers the pipe to us.

I share a look with Honeybunch. "No, that's cool, Zig-Zag. You go ahead."

He smiles gratefully and lights up.

Honeybunch pulls me aside. "Can that stuff get him high?"

"I don't know, but if it makes him *think* he is, then we are probably better off."

Zig-Zag smokes the black gook until it is white ash. A bit of color returns to his face, but he still does not look too great. "We are faced with a crisis situation," he declares. "We must convene the Emergency Council."

"Okay," I say. "Who is that?"



Cosmic Ray says meditation gets you higher than drugs.

"That is us," he says. "What are we going to do, man?"

The Emergency Council ponders the question for quite a while, but after much head-scratching, pacing, and gazing into the middle distance, nobody has the slightest idea what to do. It is grab-at-straws time, and Zig-Zag says hopefully, "Maybe they are holding at the Drug Store."

I think this is highly unlikely. The Drug Store is a dealer house over in Ocean Ridge. Why would they be holding when nobody else is? Besides, I am not too crazy about these folks, and don't care much for their product line, either. However, and more because I think it is good for Zig-Zag to stay busy than out of any real hope of finding smoke, I agree to join him on an expedition there. Who knows, maybe they *are* holding, maybe God, after the many sadistic plot complications he has thrown into my recent life, is about to come through with a happy ending.

Of course, God has no such intention: at the Drug Store they have practically forgotten what pot is. Indeed, they laugh at our quaint lameness for wanting that old-fashioned marijuana stuff. Man, I do not like this bunch. They're at the beach, these yo-yos, but the windows are always closed and the shades drawn and it's *hot* in there. And it smells—cigarettes, fried food, and *ether* or something. Then there's the people. Electric Sue with her rodney face and hair all standing out like somebody just scared the shit out of her. Cocaine Charlie—asshole wears his shades in the house and unbuttons his shirt; that's his idea of cool. And then there's The Claw—bony, skinny chick with this huge, curving, yellowed nail on her little finger that she snorts out of. I don't know, being with this crew falls short of uplifting, somehow.

Anyway, they sit the four of us down on this greasy sofa and say, in essence, "No, ha-ha, we do not have pot. We also do not

have hash, or mushrooms, or any of those other amusing little drugs you people in Strawberry Dunes seem to like. But can we interest you in *these*?" And they proceed to show us the damndest selection of pills and powders I have ever seen. White pharmaceutical coke, from the Merck factory in Germany. Pink Peruvian flake cocaine. Crystal Meth. Reds. White crosses, black beauties, and all these other kinds of speed. Shit, just *looking* at all the speed makes me tired.

See, these ding-dongs are typical of the new dealers you have coming up. They sell anything; they don't give a shit. The kind of stuff I deal—and McHashoil and Dope David and Sweet Nina and the rest of us—opens you *up*, man. A little smoke, a little magic mushroom, the occasional peyote button—God gives us these things as teaching machines. They're fun, but they can also get you beyond your ego, plug you into the all-one, and other neat stuff like that. But these Drug Store yo-yos don't understand any of this. They just want to *feel* certain ways. Up, down, sideways—they don't care. It is a garbage-head mentality.

I mean, what kind of airhead does downers? Fighting off sleep—that's laugh-a-minute stuff, man. And speed? You're a superman for a few hours, then crash like the fucking *Hindenburg*. I cannot dignify such states of consciousness with the word "high." As for coke, I never even try the stuff. Any drug that costs so much for so little I am against on principle.

Well, I do not mean to pontificate. So there the four of us are at Bad Karma Central, and people are chopping shit on mirrors, and counting out pills, and coughing up lungers, and blowing bloody discharges into Kleenexes, and all I want to be is the fuck out of there.

"What do you say, man?" I ask Zig-Zag.

"I have no interest in this stuff," Zig-Zag

says glumly. "My commitment to herb is absolute."

Astarte is also ready to split. Checking out the Bunch, I seem to detect her staring at some of the Drug Store's wares with a touch of wistfulness. Seeing me watching her, however, she blushes and says she is ready to leave.

It is wonderful to be outside again, and smell the air and hear the surf. We walk slowly down the beach, back toward the Dunes. Children play in the waves, young couples lie together on blankets, somebody's Dalmatian romps about, lunging after a blue Frisbee. It's a real *Saturday Evening Post* cover out there.

"So," I say, "it would appear we face a straight weekend."

"That's cool," says Astarte. "I was straight a whole week last year sometime — it was sort of fun."

Honeybunch smiles, but I can see she is not deeply thrilled at the prospect. As for Zig-Zag, his hands are shoved in his pockets and his shoulders are hunched and he looks like a little kid whose frog just died. "If only I could remember where I put it," he mutters miserably. "If only I could remember. . . ."

"Suppose you *don't* remember, Zig," I say. "What are you going to do?"

Zig-Zag is grim. "I have been giving that question much thought. There *is* something I could try. I do not know whether it would work or not, but Cosmic Ray is always trying to sell me on meditation. He says it gets you higher than drugs."

"You mean, *you* are going to meditate?"

"Yes, and I will thank you to keep the sarcasm that trembles on your lip from dropping; this will be hard enough as it is."

Honeybunch, Astarte, and I exchange looks, and assure poor Zig-Zag we will do anything we can to help. It is too bad the Cosmic One isn't *here* this weekend, since he could give Zig some pointers, but Ray is off with his swamis, achieving the perfect bliss of the lotus, or something, and Zig-Zag is on his own.

Well, we get back to our place in the Dunes and Zig-Zag immediately repairs to a bedroom, wrenches himself into a lotus position, and closes his eyes. Then he opens them and asks, "Please do not play any Hendrix or anything for a while, until I get into it, okay?"

We nod and tiptoe out. "Is this going to work?" Honeybunch asks me dubiously. I can only shrug.

So Honeybunch and Astarte and I proceed to spend the day unstoned. For Astarte, it is no problem—the big babe adapts to straightness without a ripple. For me it is. . . well, you know, straightness is not so fine a form of consciousness I wish to embrace it to the exclusion of all others, but it will do. I mean, the sun still shines, the birds still tweet, the flowers are pretty. . . . It's just that when you look at them, you're less likely to notice or care about the little

hairs on the pistils, and the golden puffs of pollen that cling to the petals, or that their smell reminds you of mint and bells and a certain day in your childhood. But I'm cool; I've been straight a lot lately, this is nothing new to me.

Honeybunch, however, seems sad and forlorn. After a while I realize that she is sort of *enjoying* her little frowns and long, languorous sighs, and so I signal Astarte and we chase Honeybunch down the beach and tickle her feet and call her a sourpuss and make *dopey* faces at her, and pretty soon she starts laughing in spite of herself. The day, as days will, moves along, and we find we are having a pretty good time after all.

Around six, we go back to the house with the clams we dug up out of the bay. I have bought a little wine as a treat for us, and the girls have picked up groceries at the Harbor Store, and we go in all loaded down thusly, and stop in our tracks. There is this loud "Ommmmmmmmmm" coming from the bedroom. Full of curiosity, we put our things down and tiptoe to the door and peek in. To our astonishment, we see that Zig-Zag has stripped to his ratty white underpants and is still in a lotus on one of the mattresses. His eyes are closed, his arms hang by his side with palms turned upward—I mean, he looks like the real thing in there.

"Zig-Zag," I say, pushing the door open a little. "How is it going?"

He opens one eye. "Good, man. This meditation stuff is far out. My whole, like, *being* feels lighter. But, you know, I think it would be good to shift my location now; I want to be out there with the wind and shit."

So saying, he pries his legs apart, stands up. . . and immediately falls on his face. It seems the lotus position can do quite a number on you when you are not used to it, and poor Zig-Zag can hardly walk. But I give him a hand, and we go upstairs, and then I'm sort of pushing him up the ladder to the roof when suddenly he slips and falls on top of me, and I become aware of something moderately weird.

He hardly weighs anything. I mean, Zig-Zag is not huge or anything, maybe a hundred forty, a hundred fifty pounds, but now when he falls on me, instead of getting knocked to the floor, I simply catch him. He weighs about as much as one of those big teddy bears you win at the fair!

Well, I help him up to the roof, trying to figure out what to say. The sun is low in the west, and all the world's colors are deep and vivid. . . and I look at Zig-Zag and he is smiling at the sky in a certain blissed-out way I remember from acid trips we took together and I decide that now is maybe not the time to get into it with him.

"Are you going to be warm enough up here?" I ask.

"I will be fine, man. Go down and have your dinner."

All in all, it seems to be a fairly strange day we are having, but, I don't know, maybe it is just because we're straight. Anyway, I leave Zig-Zag facing east, so he can watch the moon come up, and go down and join the ladies. Honeybunch and Astarte have steamed the clams, and boiled the corn, and heated the crusty bread, and, man, we're *hungry*, we have the natural munchies. I put on a Django Reinhardt tape and light the candles and splash each of us a glass of the Mondavi white and, what do you know, it's another fine food fest out at the old summer house, and, straight or not, we are all having a great time.

When dinner's over, we go upstairs to see how Zig-Zag is making out. Night has fallen and the moon has yet to make its appearance, so it is fairly dark out there. . . and Zig-Zag is *glowing*! I'm not shitting you, man. I mean, you couldn't *read* by him or anything, but there is a definite golden glow coming off his body, stopping only at his underpants.

"My God, it's his aura!" Astarte whispers. "I didn't even know he had one."

Hearing us, Zig-Zag looks over excitedly. "Man, this meditation is great! I am seeing the white light."

"Uh, that's fine, man." I exchange a worried look with the women, then turn back to Zig. "Look, aren't you *hungry*?"

"I am beyond food," Zig-Zag says. "The starlight nourishes me."

Well, I don't know about Honeybunch and Astarte, but this has gone far enough for me. I am about to say as much when a little breeze springs up, and *floats Zig-Zag gently off the edge of the roof*. Horrified, I dive and catch him by the ankles and pull him back. He weighs *virtually nothing* at all. "Zig-Zag," I say. "I think you should come inside now and do some more meditating tomorrow. . . ."

But Zig-Zag will not be moved. We plead, we cajole, we swear at him—nothing gets through. "This is the sixties, man," he says indignantly. "Are you going to let me do my own thing or not?"

Well, maybe he has a point there. "But at least let us moor you to the roof so you don't float off to Timbuktu or somewhere."

Honeybunch runs downstairs and cuts a length of clothesline. We tie one end to the chimney and the other to Zig-Zag's ankle. Once I'm sure everything is secure, I stand up and look at him uncertainly.

"Go ahead, man. I'm fine."

So we leave him up there, beaming happily, eyes on the eastern horizon, where a tip of yellow moon is just pushing into sight. Downstairs, we sit around the dinner table and stare at each other.

"Should we call a doctor or something?" Honeybunch asks.

"I don't know. What diagnosis do you make from glowing and floating? If this were Italy, we'd have a mob here claiming he's the Virgin Mary!"

"I wouldn't call no doctor," Astarte says.

"They might put him in a zoo or something."

We don't know what to do, so we have a glass of wine. And then another, and then a little more, and, what do you know, pretty soon we are laughing and goofing on each other and have forgotten all about our friend, the weightless lightbulb. And then Honeybunch looks at us with a twinkle in her eye, and I know she is up to something.

"You guys read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*?"

Astarte and I look at her blankly.

"Well, I did. And do you know what Malcolm X used to do?"

I look at Astarte. "I don't know. Call white people motherfuckers?"

"He used to do cocaine. And he says it's great for sex...." Honeybunch eyes us appraisingly.

Maybe it is the wine, I'm not sure. But suddenly this cocaine thing sounds like a great idea. I mean, shit, if it's good for sex....

So we decide a little trip back to the Drug Store is in order. But when we pool our funds we find that we are ten bucks short. Then Honeybunch remembers Zig-Zag and goes upstairs to hit him up for a loan... and comes back with a wondering expression.

"He says, 'Take my money. Take my clothes. Everything I have is yours.'"

Astarte and I look at each other.

"And that's not all, man. He's floating six feet in the air. He looks like a Zig-Zag balloon!"

I suppose some other time we might have been more, what should I say, *attentive* to the guy, but at the moment we have just killed a gallon of wine and are eyeing one another lustfully and the way we feel about it, Zig-Zag is doing his thing and we are doing ours. So we wander down the beach to Ocean Ridge, pay a call on Cocaine Charlie—he's wearing a gold fucking chain around his neck, for chrissake—and go home with our purchase.

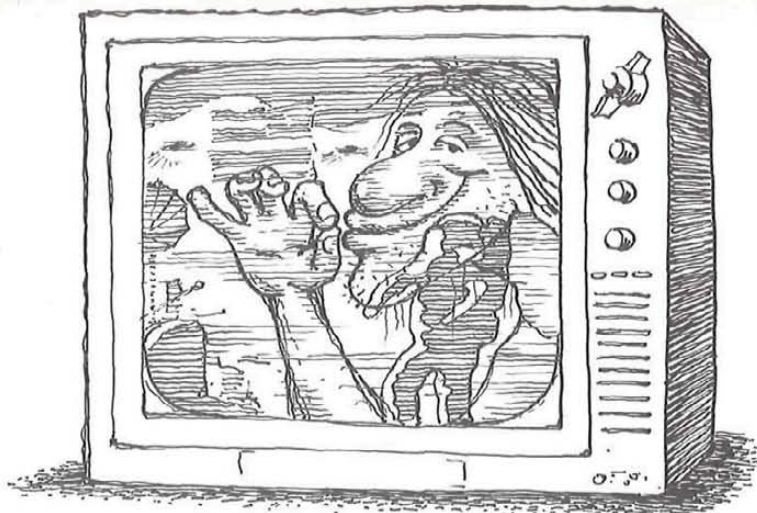
What we have bought for our fifty bucks is this little folded-up piece of paper containing a gram of white, crystalline powder that is supposed to be really great shit, coke-wise. "Let's see here...." Honeybunch mutters, fishing in her purse. She comes up with a little makeup mirror, and I get one of my razor blades, and we set about to chopping this stuff. You have to understand, we are complete novices at this. Maybe we don't chop it fine enough, I don't know. At any rate, it slams into my nostril with slightly less pain than a pile of ground glass.

"Gee, this is really great," I say, blinking away tears.

"The coke'll probably numb it out in a second," Honeybunch says.

"Swell," I say.

Once we've all done some, we look around suspiciously, waiting for something to happen. Then, hey, we're all talking at once! Wow, everyone feels great! Blather,



Lig-Zag is playing charades with us from the moon!

blather, blather! It takes me ten minutes to realize no one is *listening* to anyone else, but, boy, do we feel great! And then we give each other lewd looks, and we're ready, man. So I grab more wine, and we run into the big bedroom, and then we're ripping each other's clothes off, and my cock's so big and hard you could skate on it, and I've got a boob in one hand and a bun in the other and a bush in my face and someone's giving me head, and all of a sudden....

...All of a sudden I don't feel *quite* so great anymore. I mean, I still feel pretty good, but some...element of elation has subtly moved on. I'm not quite *there* anymore. So I disengage my face from its musky encampment and say, "Uh, hello...."

"Mmmp?" says whoever is giving me head.

"Would anyone like another line?"

Two happy faces swim up. "Yes!" Turns out they're feeling the same way.

So we snort some more, and jump back in bed. I am starting to feel cold. We pull some blankets on. I've lost my hard-on during the chopping and shit, so Astarte says she'll see about *that*, and goes down on me, and pretty soon I've got another good one up, so big we can hardly see each other around it, and then Honeybunch wants a glass of water.

So she goes away, and Astarte says wouldn't a joint be nice right now, and I know what she means because I am feeling a little...*nudgy* myself, and then Honeybunch comes back and I have lost my hard-on again, so first Honeybunch and then Astarte go to work on me and, instead of feeling turned on beyond belief as any red-blooded young man should under the circumstances, I'm thinking how cold my feet are and maybe if we do another hit we can get back to where we were, so I suggest

such a course and we adjourn to the living room and snort more lines, bigger ones this time that I can feel tearing into my mucous membranes like little piranhas, and no way could you say my consciousness is being raised by this stuff. In fact, I feel like a *spider* or *praying mantis* or something.

Honeybunch slams her fist down on the counter. "Dammit, sex is supposed to be great on this stuff! I want my money's worth!"

So we march back to the bedroom, jump in bed, and start all over again. But, as has become abundantly clear by now, the more coke you use, the harder it is to get a hard-on. The women really have to work on me this time. I mean, they are doing anything you ever imagined, they're licking my balls, they're holding their boobs in my face, they're rubbing my joint with baby oil.... Sloooooowly, it begins to stir. Like a balloon being blown up by an emphysema patient, its expansion proceeds by almost imperceptible degrees. And they're licking and sucking and rubbing, and I'm getting harder, and then they figure out this thing where they actually get my dick between all four of their tits at once, douse the area with baby oil, and start an up-and-down movement, and *wham*, I've got it up, Daddy-Oh.

And then Honeybunch gets a cramp in her arm.

And I lose my hard-on.

Shit! we say. Grimly, we march back to the mirror and snort the rest of the stuff. Wham! It's like my head explodes. My gas pedal has been jammed to the floor, and everything in me is racing like crazy. People pay fifty a gram for *this*?

"Uh, Honeybunch?" I ask. "Are you enjoying this stuff?"

"No!" she cries. "I hate it! It's making me paranoid as shit!"

"Me, too," says Astarte, peering over her

shoulder. "I keep thinking something's about to jump out and get me."

"Why did we have to do cocaine?" Honeybunch wails. "We were having so much fun!"

It is at this moment that we hear the great, godlike voice. "I'M COMING, MANNNN! WAIT FOR MEEEEEE..."

"Omgod!" cries Honeybunch. "Zig-Zag!"

We rush upstairs to the roof. The clothesline is lying there—Zig-Zag is gone! We look up, searching the sky. At first, nothing; then Astarte gives us a nudge and points... and there, drifting across the face of the moon, is Zig-Zag, so small he's no bigger than a fingernail. And then we can't see him at all anymore. He's gone.

We look at each other. No one can think of a thing to say.

Downstairs, we sit glumly around the coffee table. After a while, Astarte gets up and brews some chamomile tea. I bestir myself to build a fire, and we pull the sofa up close to it and sit there, sipping mechanically. But chamomile tea just doesn't hack it against cocaine crashes. In fact, there *is* no way to combat cocaine crashes, except maybe by slamming yourself repeatedly on the head with a shovel until you are unconscious. Or the pharmaceutical equivalent of same, and I don't know about the girls, but I myself have had enough drugs for a while. Unless, of course, there is some weed around, but there is no weed, and now we will *never* find the Big Bopper because Zig-Zag is gone and...

We all seem to start crying at once. Maybe the coke is finally wearing off enough so we can feel something other than wired. I don't know, but suddenly we are all holding each other and *wailing*, man. Zig-Zag has always been a key component of our family, and so, for the Bunch and me, it's like losing a brother, albeit a brain-damaged one...

"You know, I think he did what he wanted to do," Astarte says. "I mean, I hope you're not blaming yourselves for not staying up there with him when he got this way..."

"Wahhhhhhhhh..." Honeybunch and I cry, throwing our arms around each other in misery and guilt.

Astarte implacably goes on. "... Because he would have done it anyway. I've seen that burning look in the eyes before, in pictures of holy men just before they vibrate onto higher planes. You should feel good for your friend; he has gone to a better place."

These spiritual people can be a real pain sometimes. "Yeah, sure, man. He is on a cloud with a harp."

Astarte considers it. "You never know."

Well, we finally run out of ways to feel bad and manage, around four, to doze off and sleep fitfully until noon. We feel a little better then, physically anyway. At least we are no longer in that cold, paranoid, insect-feeling place coke puts you into. Man, there

oughta be a law against that stuff!

But we are still deeply depressed about the loss of our friend. Numbly, we eat something. It is clear that none of us want much to be here anymore, so we clean the place up and pack our stuff and by that time it's late enough that we can head for Ocean Ridge and the ferry dock. So we leave the house and start down the walkway... and suddenly Honeybunch shrieks. "Wait a minute! I've got it! I know where he hid the dope!"

"Where? Where?" we ask her excitedly.

"In the speaker, man. Right? The one that sounds funny...?"

Of course; it makes total sense! No wonder he never got around to fixing it! We rush inside, tear the speaker off the wall, unscrew the back and pull it off. Inside is... nothing. The speaker sounds funny because it's broken, not because pot's in there.

It's a long, hot walk to Ocean Ridge, and no one has much to say. These returns to the city are depressing at the best of times, but today... And here I am, going back to nothing but shit, man—I'm going to lose my apartment, I'll probably wind up having to sleep on the subways. I might even have to get a *job*... Lost in woe, I do not feel Honeybunch poke me until she has done it twice. She points to the Casino, which we have just drawn abreast of, and I can see that the place is packed with cheering, whistling people.

"It's the moon!" Honeybunch says. "They must have landed."

I give her a sour expression and whirl my index finger around in the air.

"Now, none of that." Honeybunch says firmly. "You told me you looked forward to this all your life, and I will not let you miss it merely because you are miserable."

So they drag me inside the cool, beery-smelling room, and here's all these people glued to the set and, yes, the astronauts have just touched down; it is Armstrong's announcement that "the *Eagle* has landed" that prompts the cheering. I know I should feel thrilled by this, but I just can't feel much of anything. My emotions are all wrapped up in cotton.

And then, the coolest thing of all time happens. Armstrong comes out of the module, climbs down the ladder, and steps on the moon. "That's one small step for man..." he says, and then I do not hear the rest as I see that someone else has *beat* him there.

"Zig-Zag!" cries Honeybunch, and, yes, there is Zig-Zag, stepping from behind a sharp rock escarpment. And he waves! Throws us a fucking peace sign! Honeybunch, Astarte, and me exchange this exultant, thrilled look, and whoop and hug the shit out of each other. Then I look around to see what the other people in the room are making of this guy in his underpants who has just upstaged Neil Armstrong... and nobody's reacting!

Somehow, Zig-Zag has got it fixed so that only *we* can see him!

Honeybunch nudges me, nods at the TV. Zig has his face right up to the screen now. You can sort of see Armstrong *through* him, moving around in his clumsy, low-gravity way, but, of course, I'm not paying much attention to that. Zig-Zag is grinning at us, wagging his eyebrows, and pretending to tap a cigar, as if he's Groucho Marx. It feels so good to know that, whatever weird trip Zig-Zag is going through, he is obviously enjoying himself, and there is no reason at all for us to feel tragic or sad.

Zig-Zag holds up an index finger to get our attention. Then he puts his thumb and forefinger to his lips as if he is toking on a joint.

"What's he doing that for?" I ask the girls.

Honeybunch shakes her head. "Beats the shit out of me."

"Now what's he doing?" says Astarte.

What he is doing is spreading his arms wide, and then bringing a fist down on his head, as if knocking himself out.

"I get it!" cries Honeybunch. "He means 'Big Bopper!'"

I cannot believe this. Zig-Zag is playing charades with us from the moon! In fact, he begins acting out a new word now—he puts his left hand in his right armpit and rapidly flaps his bent right arm, as if it is a wing.

"Hah?" says Honeybunch.

But I understand. In fact, I suddenly get *exactly* what Zig-Zag is telling us. "It's a boys' thing and you would not understand," I tell Honeybunch. "Look." I put my left hand in my right armpit and flap my arm rapidly, and loud fart noises blast forth. Several people standing nearby turn and look at me strangely. I nod and smile at them, and when they've gone back to the TV, Honeybunch hisses to me, "I *still* don't get it."

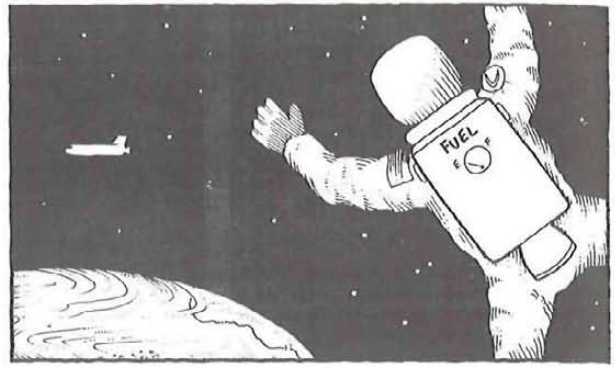
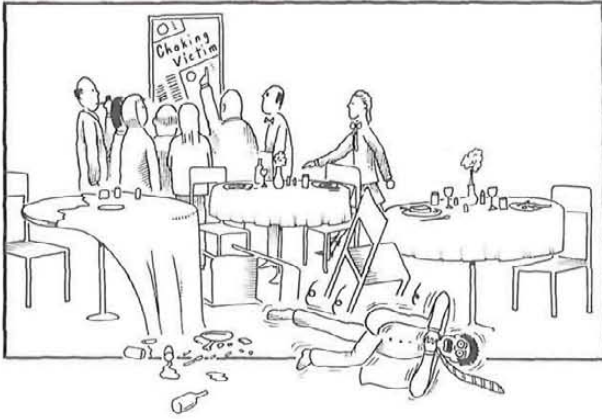
"Gas!" I say.

The girls exchange incomprehending looks.

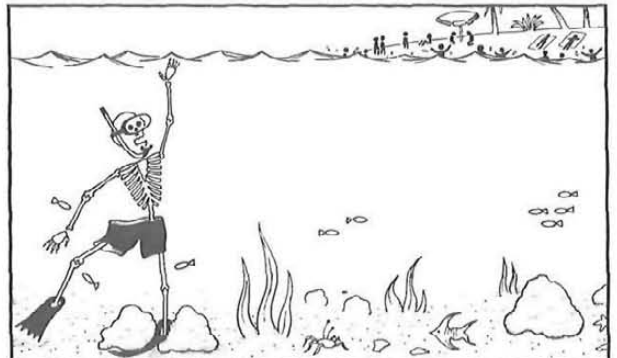
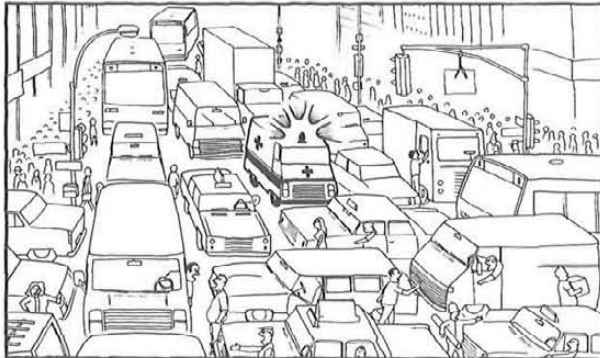
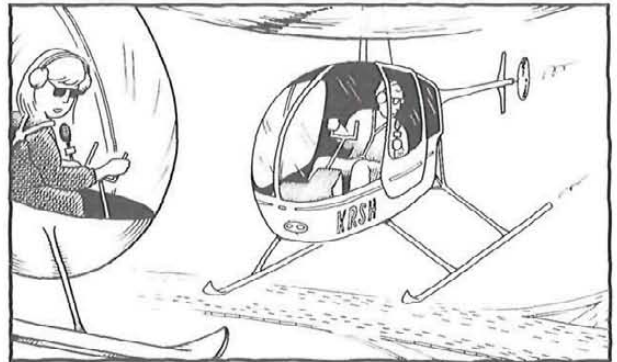
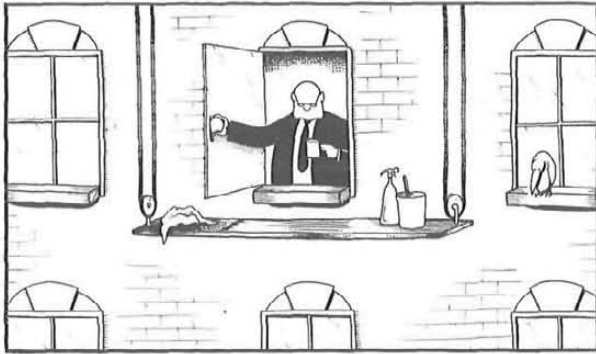
I look back at the TV screen. Zig-Zag is waving at us again, and then he is rising until he has moved out of frame and is gone. "Come on," I say to the girls.

We push our way out of the bar and then I am practically running across the sand, back to the Dunes, Astarte hustling to keep up, and I am laughing, man. Thank you, pal, I think, you totally cool guy! We get back to the house and I go straight through, out to the back where the tanks are that hold the natural gas that heats our water and shit. Sure enough, one of the spare tanks has a hairline crack around the top. I heave it upright, and grunt and groan, and finally get the top to unscrew, and it comes off... and this *perfume* rushes out—the scent of fine, high-resin Colombian tops—and inside are ten bricks of the most beautiful pot anyone's ever seen. It's Zig-Zag's primo, sometimes known as Big Bopper.

We each take three and smoke the rest. ■



UNPLEASANT WAYS TO DIE



by elan fleisher

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COLLEGE GUIDE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Oberlin has a lot of great qualities as long as you can live with one annoying one—most of the students have very poor personal hygiene.

Everyone lives close together, so expect to catch any or all of the following: athlete's foot, hair lice, herpes, pinkeye, mononucleosis, trench mouth, rabies, and bedbugs. There's always a flu epidemic going around, a few esoteric diseases always pop up, and even the nearly extinct ones show up here, such as typhoid, ricketts, diphtheria, and beriberi.

If none of this fazes you then Oberlin may be your kind of place. You get plenty of freedom to develop your own course of study and your own projects. One student made a study of slogans on pizza delivery boxes. Another translated the lyrics of the wazzazza, songs of the black South African homosexuals.

A fiercely independent, freethinking school, Oberlin will always live on the cutting edge, and most often over it.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Shepherding, Dermatology, Probability Theory, Banking, Spanish Love Comics.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: Automotive Repair, Clog Dancing.

BEST TEACHERS: Jackson Ryan (Fractions), Michael Taylor (Spot-welding). "He really communicates the mystique of his subject."

BEST PARTIES: Rat-Hunting Night, Gay and Straight Switching Partners Night.

SPORTS: Poorly equipped gymnasium offers few outlets but students like tumbling and weightlifting (the "weights" are very small, light students).

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Free beer on Sunday.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Dan Rather, Alice Walker, Natalie Wood, Woodrow Wilson, Arnold Palmer, Pee-wee Herman.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Princeton is what real college tradition is all about. The moment you walk onto this picture-book ivy-covered campus you are in another world. Traditions abound here and never seem to end.

All incoming freshmen must be thrown into the Shark Pit, a large body of water filled with small sharks. They're harmless but they like to poke you with their snouts. Everyone who wants to eat has to join a club, and the method of choosing members is usually based on how thin the applicant is. Fatties are never tapped—or, as they do it here, pricked in the buttocks with a barbecue fork. In order to get into the right eating clubs the Princeton student fasts for weeks, until he is nothing but skin and bones. By that time he is thrilled to belong to anything that will give him a soft-boiled

egg and a slice of toast. Every Princetonian must keep a trained songbird, and the various clubs have their own bird choirs, which compete every Wednesday evening on the quad.

Someone started the practice of shoe stealing many years ago, and Princetonians have made it an art. Don't expect to see your shoes under your bed in the morning. Don't worry—steal someone else's. It's a grand Princeton tradition.

All freshmen and sophomores, including women, are supposed to wear orange and black underwear (the school colors). Upperclassmen are allowed to ask the underclassmen and women to strip and show their True Colors. If they are not wearing their TCs the upperclassman can give them ten lashes with his Tiger Whip.

But it's not all whipping and shark pits. After every major exam there's a formal dance for those who passed. Those who failed must work as waiters.

Frogs play a major role in Princeton life and often accompany the student to classes. It's rumored that alumnus F. Scott Fitzgerald started the practice. They take their frogs seriously here. The Spring Frog Race and Sex Frolic culminates months of preparation, and the winning frog trainer is crowned and offered a "virgin" as his prize. In between traditions there are classes, athletics, and other forms of academic life.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: The History of Princeton, Princeton Fashions, The Princeton Triangle Club in Song and Story.

BEST TEACHERS: Carl Barnes (Social Interaction), Leonora Tubbs (Gambling).

BEST CAMPUS SPEAKERS: Claus von Bülow, Michael Spinks, Jeremy Irons, Herman Badillo.

BEST PARTIES: The "social" and gambling party given by Professors Barnes and Tubbs.

GAY SITUATION: A dangerous scene. Gays have been known to molest and rape straights. "They're like vampires. They come out at night and bite you on the neck and try to sodomize you," said a frightened freshman. "We travel in packs and carry baseball bats to fight them off."

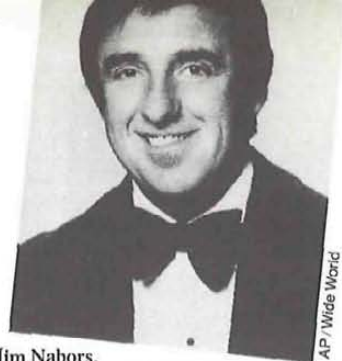
BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: A good place to make friends, if you can keep away from the gays.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Abraham Lincoln, Johnny Carson, Phil Spector, Frank Lloyd Wright, Sandra Bernhard.

SMITH COLLEGE

The premier women's college of America and a school with a well-deserved academic reputation. Not only are they smart, but Smith girls are considered the sexiest in the country. Weekend socials are hot at Smith, when the men from Amherst, Harvard, and Dartmouth are allowed to visit and cohabit.

A growing number of Smithies are hardcore nymphomaniacs who will not let their



Jim Nabors, class of '42, attended Smith in drag for his entire four years and was never discovered. "It was the most educational period of my life," he said.

boyfriends go back to their schools, keeping them prisoners in their residences. Some of the guys never go back, and instead stay at Smith disguised in drag so they can move around the campus easily. At night they whip off their dresses and become real men again. It's a bit kinky but it's fun for a while.

As you might expect, Smith is a difficult school to get into. "It's like living in the world's most luxurious, erotic girls' reform school without ever getting punished," said a recent graduate.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Backgammon, Cabinetmaking, Car Audio.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: Intermediate Algebra, Trigonometry, Library Science.

BEST PLACE TO STUDY: Boiler room of the chemistry lab.

BEST THINGS ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Lots of free stationery, cheap underground parking lots.

FAMOUS ALUMNAE: Karen Carpenter, Leontyne Price, Debra Winger, Whitney Houston, Jim Nabors (in drag).

TEXAS, UNIVERSITY OF

The U. of Texas isn't exactly a college, it's more like a city. Many students wander around for weeks, looking for their classrooms or their labs. The average lecture class houses 1,800 students. Texas offers you a full curriculum in anything, and it's all well-endowed. You just have to find it.

One of the best ways to beat the Texas mega-system is to "crash." A lot of people simply hang out and wander into any class that looks interesting. They stay as long as they like and pick up a good, free education. The place is just too big to notice them or care.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: History and Techniques of Shaving, Cheese Sculpture, African Puppet Theater.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: English 1.1 (Remedial Reading), ROTC.

FAVORITE DRINK: Robitussin decongestant and Southern Comfort with a beer chaser.

FAVORITE DRUG: Opium, with a beer chaser.

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: None.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

Founded by Booker T. Washington and made famous by the scientist George Washington Carver, Tuskegee is one of the most popular all-black schools.

Science is the big subject here, and the overachieving students are following in the footsteps of the immortal Carver with new discoveries of their own. Rather than the peanut, which was Carver's preoccupation, today's Tuskegecites are obsessed with finding new uses for the yam. Yam studies are hot, and you'll find the labs overflowing with experiments and projects.

"The oil of the yam is incredibly rich in nutrients, can be used as a substitute for electricity, and can power a BMW and give it 98 miles to a gallon," said a senior yam researcher. Yams are featured on the school menu in 47 different ways, including yam ice cream, yam pasta, blackened yam, and yam sushi.

Black students are happy at Tuskegee and often sing and skip on their way to classes. Some even break out into dance. They're not ashamed of "doing their thang." Mixing with whites is rare and considered unnecessary in this warm, communal environment, although white visitors are not discouraged or harassed.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Yam Studies, Cosmetic Science.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: African Studies.

FAVORITE DRINKS: Château Lafite-Rothschild (women), Château Mouton-Rothschild (men).

BEST PARTY: Rosh Hashanah Picnic and Parade (in honor of the Jewish New Year).

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Martin Luther King, Lou Rawls, Nat "King" Cole, Lena Horne, Percy Sutton, Darryl Strawberry.

VASSAR COLLEGE

When Vassar turned coed in 1969 it soon became a paradise for men. The ratio was two or three women for every guy. But the



Tuskegee students are unashamed to sing and dance right on the campus if the mood seizes them. They know they have a natural and superior sense of rhythm and they enjoy using it.

good old days are over. The ratio is still heavier on the female side but more than two-thirds of those females are daughters of Lesbos. Lesbians flaunt their love on the campus in full view of the men. "And lots of them are damned attractive," moans a horny junior. The women are getting even for years of sexual domination. Nude sunbathing, necking, and more intense forms of lovemaking are practiced everywhere by the lesbians.

In turn, over half of the men are now confirmed homosexuals. About 30 percent of the student body is either bi or semi-straight. In five years Vassar could become the first all-gay college. It already has a department of gay studies, three sex boutiques on campus, a gay movie theater, and of course, gay bars and restaurants.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Homosexuals in American History, Dressing Up/Dressing Down.

LEAST POPULAR COURSES: Pollution Control, Gravy Making.

BEST TEACHER: Martin Krell (Communication). "He does more than teach. He communicates."

FAVORITE DRUG: Amazonian mushrooms ("They make you laugh and cry at the same time").

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: Kim Basinger, Tiffany, Yves St. Laurent.

YALE UNIVERSITY

Last but not least is everyone's favorite college and arguably the finest school in the country. But a warning is in order: the housing is getting worse. Yale spends so much time emphasizing its academic program, its travel and exchange program, its social activities and traditions that it tends to ignore how students actually live.

The fact is, a lot of Yale housing is nothing more than ivy-covered slums. The separate residential colleges are immune from inspection by the New Haven building department, so there are flagrant abuses. Roaches and rodents abound. The most decorative object in a room is the flypaper.

Heating in the winter is almost nonexistent. Most of the rooms haven't been painted in over 50 years.

But this is Yale. And the students tend to overlook the shabbiness, the exposed light bulbs dangling from the ceiling, the cracks in the walls, and the brazen, hungry rats in the kitchen.

Some of the newer students who are not smitten with Yale's prestige and reputation have taken to keeping wolverines, raccoons, and other predatory mammals in their rooms as pets and rodent killers. Others have resorted to poison gas. The grumbling and dissatisfaction are growing. Don't be surprised if these students take a torch to their college and make the authorities build them a new one.

MOST POPULAR COURSES: Oriental Love, Public Relations, Union Busting.

BEST TEACHERS: Paul Dubin (Nintendo), John Fortinberry (Inventions Patents), George T. Kinsella (Remote Control Units).

BEST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: Social life is warm and wonderful. Everyone engages in heavy petting and frottage (rubbing each other until orgasm occurs).

WORST THING ABOUT THE SCHOOL: No facilities for water sports.

BEST PARTY: Guy Fawkes Night (the last night of the spring semester when everybody "fawkes" his or her brains out).

FAMOUS ALUMNI/AE: No one especially famous, but lots of competent people in many fields. ■

A typical dorm building at Yale. Students will put up with anything to get this school's superb teaching and heady intellectual atmosphere.





Latest RELEASES

by buday hickerson

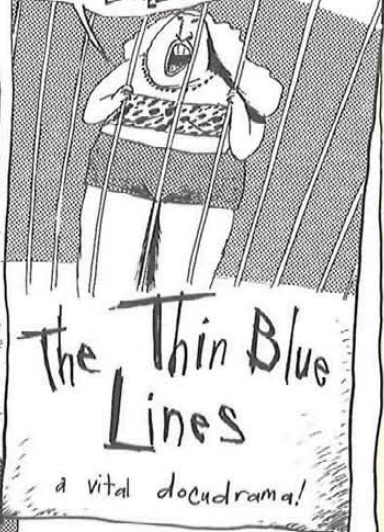
Rob Lowe IS MEATBALLS 2!!



BATMAN and Robin Givevs!



Whaddya MEAN varicose VEINS are Illegal in Dallas?



The Thin Blue Lines

a vital docudrama!

From the darkest CORNER of Matamoros, Mexico, COMES...



Satanic Colt!!

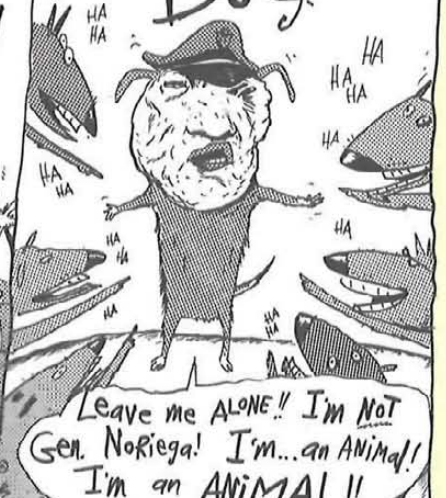
He'll break YOU!!

JAMES BOND gets his legs blown off and is forced to be...

LOOT-RAKER!!



the Elephant Dog!



Leave me ALONE!! I'm NOT Gen. Noriega! I'm...an ANIMAL! I'm an ANIMAL!!

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** The first edition of funnies told through fotos, published in 1980. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** All-new, all-brilliant Foto Funnies. If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972-1973. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Conical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see. \$3.95
- National Lampoon Comics** Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Dirty Dirty Joke Book** Collection of ribald stories, limericks, one-liners, cartoons, and other off-color works. \$2.95
- Encyclopedia of Humor** Everything funny from A to Z. Hardcover. \$4.95
- National Lampoon's Cartoon Book** Our all-time best cartoons at an all-time great price. \$3.95

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976** / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976** / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976** / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976** / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976** / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976** / The Latest Issue

- OCTOBER 1976** / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976** / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Careers
- JULY 1977** / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977** / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977** / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977** / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

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- MAY 1979** / International Terrorist
- AUGUST 1979** / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979** / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979** / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980** / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980** / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980** / Vengeance
- MAY 1980** / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980** / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980** / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980** / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980** / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980** / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980** / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981** / Chaos
- MAY 1981** / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981** / Romance
- JULY 1981** / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981** / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982** / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983** / The Top Stories of 1982
- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983** / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983** / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983** / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983** / Adults Only!
- JULY 1983** / Vacation!

- AUGUST 1983** / Science and Bad Matters
- SEPTEMBER 1983** / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984** / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984** / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984** / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984** / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984** / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984** / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984** / The Last of the old N.L.
- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985** / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985** / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985** / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986** / Money
- MARCH 1986** / All About Women
- APRIL 1986** / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986** / Sports
- JUNE 1986** / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986** / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986** / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986** / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986** / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986** / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987** / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987** / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987** / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987** / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987** / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987** / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988** / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988** / Television
- JUNE 1988** / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988** / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988** / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988** / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989** / Tyson
- APRIL 1989** / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989** / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989** / Music

- National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$7.50 each, \$11.00 for two, \$15.00 for three. _____ Quantity
- National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$9.95 each. _____ Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$24.00 each

— 1975 — 1979 — 1983 — 1987
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It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.50 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____
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 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Total amount enclosed _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:
NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NR 10/89 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

Credit card orders: Only on orders of \$20.00 or more.
 MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____
 Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

SAM de GROOT
 ONE & ONLY
 IS PARALYZED
 PRIVATE
 DETECTIVES
 IN THE FREE
 WORLD
 WHILE ON THE
 TRAIL OF THE
 MASTER CRIMINAL
 BARON DOMINUS,
 SAM IS STRUCK
 FROM BEHIND AND
 NOW LIES PARALYZED AT CITY
 HOSPITAL, UNABLE
 TO SPEAK...

...SAM CAN
 COMMUNICATE
 BY BLINKING
 HIS EYES IN
 MORSE CODE
 YES, SAM, IT'S
 ME, BARON
 DOMINUS, AND
 THIS TIME I'M
 FINISHING YOU
 OFF!



BEFORE I SMASH THAT MISERABLE
 SKULL OF YOURS, de GROOT, I'D LIKE
 TO KNOW WHY YOU INTRUDED UPON
 MY AFFAIRS...



GO AHEAD AND
 BLINK, I HAPPEN
 TO KNOW
 MORSE
 CODE.

SPARE MY LIFE,
 BARON, I DON'T
 WANT TO DIE!

So-o-o-o-o-o,
 de GROOT,
 BLINKING
 FOR MERCY,
 EH?



WHY DID YOU
 INTRUDE UPON
 MY AFFAIRS,
 de GROOT?!!



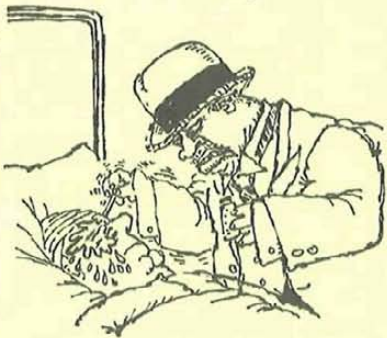
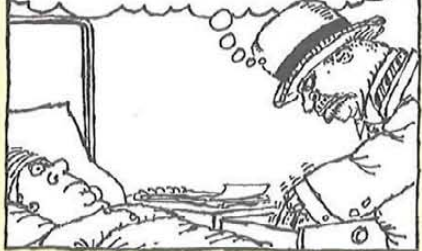
WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS:
 ABOUT TEN YEARS
 AGO, I WAS SITTING
 IN MY OFFICE WHEN
 THE PHONE RANG...



BEFORE I CONTINUE,
 MY EYES ARE BURNING
 A LITTLE—WOULD YOU
 PUT SOME MURINE IN
 MY EYES? THE BOTTLE
 IS IN THAT DRAWER...



...THIS IS INSANE—IN A MINUTE I'M GOING
 TO SMASH THIS GUY'S SKULL, BUT FIRST
 I PUT MURINE IN HIS EYES...



OKAY, de GROOT,
 LET'S HEAR IT,
 WHY DID YOU
 INTRUDE UPON
 MY AFFAIRS?!!



...WHERE WAS I? OH, YES: THE PHONE IN MY OFFICE RANG—BUT WHY
 DON'T I BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING. YOU SEE, I WAS ONE OF TWELVE
 CHILDREN. MY FATHER CAME TO THIS COUNTRY FROM THE NETHERLANDS
 IN 1932—ACTUALLY, HE WAS A SEAMAN ON A DUTCH FREIGHTER. ONE DAY
 WHEN IT DOCKED IN PHILADELPHIA, HE JUST WALKED AWAY FROM THE SHIP
 AND MELTED INTO THE CITY. HAVING NO REAL TRADE, THE BEST JOB HE
 COULD FIND WAS THAT OF A HOD CARRIER. IT WAS HARD WORK, THE PAY
 WAS MEAGER, BUT HE SURVIVED AND EVEN SAVED A LITTLE MONEY,
 WHICH HE USED TO PURCHASE A SMALL AUTOMOBILE REPAIR SHOP
 THAT WAS FAILING. IT SEEMED THE OWNER HAD DEVELOPED
 TUBERCULOSIS AND, IN DESPAIR OVER HIS ILL HEALTH, THE
 POOR MAN TURNED TO DRINK. IN FACT, TWO DAYS AFTER MY
 FATHER BOUGHT THE BUSINESS THE POOR SOUL DIED. THEN
 ONE DAY WHILE MY FATHER WAS AT THE FORGE HEATING.....

SHIT! I PUT TOO MUCH
 MURINE IN HIS EYES!



INTRODUCING THE PHOTOTRON III

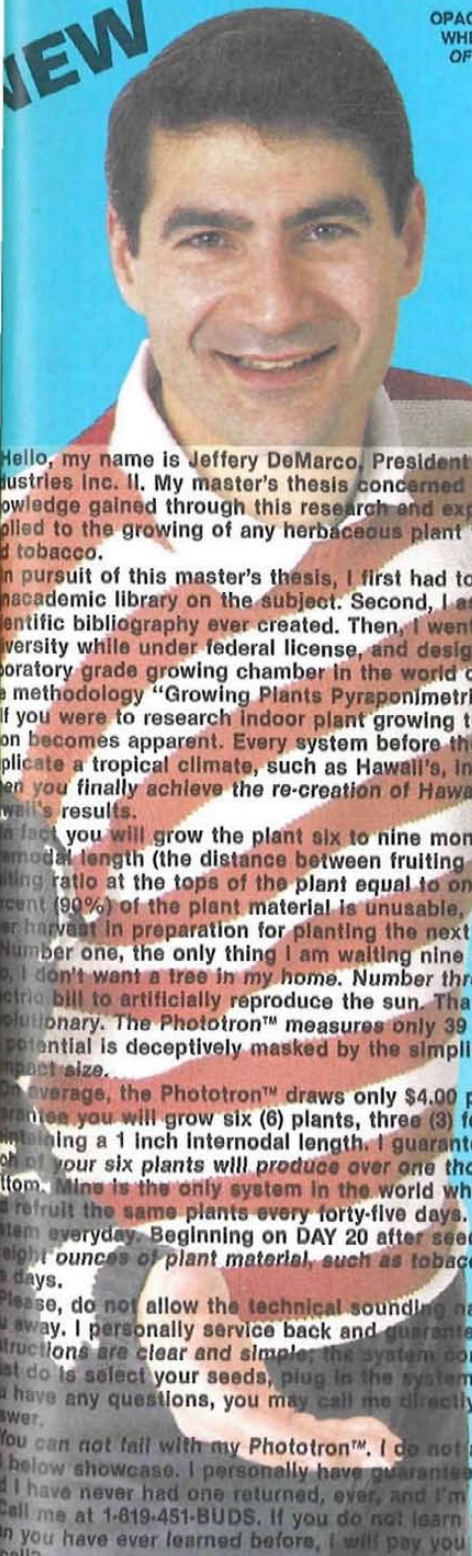
PHOTOTRON

OVER 80,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

NEW

OPAQUE WHEN OFF

CLEAR WHEN ON



Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries Inc. II. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoid profile. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.

In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the most extensive academic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON™ and a methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically."©

If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron™ has attempted to replicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.

In fact you will grow the plant six to nine months, with an average six (6) inch internodal length (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable, and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.

Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree in my home. Number three, I am not going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron™ measures only 39 inches tall by 20 1/2 inches wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.

On average, the Phototron™ draws only \$4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five days, while maintaining a 1 inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron™ each of your six plants will produce over one thousand fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to reflower and refruit the same plants every forty-five days. You will remove from the stem everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination, an average of six to eight ounces of plant material, such as tobacco, can be harvested every forty-five days.

Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron™ to scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you need to do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.

You can not fail with my Phototron™. I do not allow any of my Phototrons™ to be below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron™ ever sold, and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.

Call me at 1-819-451-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

Jeffery Julian DeMarco.

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	-	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	DEAF SWARMING CLEAR PEEL OF LIGHT PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES LTD PRECISION DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM COMPUTER CONTROLLED DISCRETE FEMALE SPS INTERLOCKS TO THE PLANT OPERATIONAL IN 15 SECONDS WE GUARANTEE AND WE BUD THE SAME PLANTS AS WE BUD UP TO 8 PLANTS PER YEAR									
NUTRIENTS	ORDER YOUR "GROWING PLANTS" PYRAPONOMETRICALLY. BROCHURE TODAY. SEND \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO: EUROPEAN CUSTOMERS: PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES INTERNATIONAL LTD. P.O. BOX 231, WEMBLEY MIDDLESEX HA9 6EL, UK.									
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SERVICE	P.O. BOX 27809, SAN DIEGO, CA 92128-0982 USA. ATTN: DEPT. NL 10A									

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 DISCOVER AND MONEY ORDERS

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE AND HIS PAL, FRANK SINATRA

BY DREW FRIEDMAN ©89

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE AND SINGER FRANK SINATRA HAVE ENJOYED A DAZZLING FRIENDSHIP THAT HAS SPANNED NEARLY FOUR DECADES.



SING FOR ME, FRANKIE.

MEETING RECENTLY AT JILLY'S IN N.Y.C., THE TWO LEGENDS REFLECT ON THEIR VERY GOOD YEARS TOGETHER.

THEY RECALL THEIR LEGENDARY ALL-NIGHT GAMBLING SESSIONS AT THE SANDS, WHEN THE TWO WERE HEADLINING...

...THE FAMED NIGHTS ON THE STRIP, THE GENESIS OF THE LORD'S RAT PACK...



INDEED, OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN LIKE VINTAGE WINE FROM FINE OLD KEGS.

YOU'RE ONE HELL OF A GUY.



WE ALWAYS WIN BECAUSE WE LEAD CHARMED LIVES.



ONLY GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA CAN SATISFY MY CARNAL DESIRES.

YEAH, BUT DIG THE TABLE OF BIMBOS.

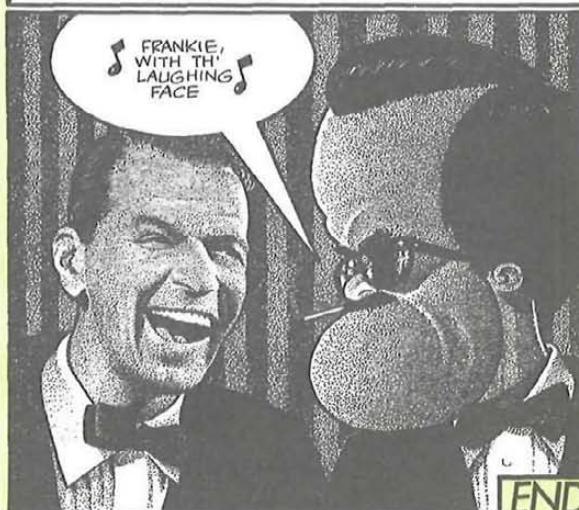
...THEIR WILD, RECKLESS, SWINGIN' ALL-NIGHT ORGIES HIGH ABOVE THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS.

YES, TRULY A FANTASTIC FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN TWO OF THE GREATS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.



SWEETHEART, YOU ARE MY ONE DESIRE, AN' I MEAN THAT SINCERELY.

DARLING, IN TH' WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORN-ING, DELIGHT ME WITH SOME FELLATIO.



FRANKIE, WITH TH' LAUGHING FACE

END

PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

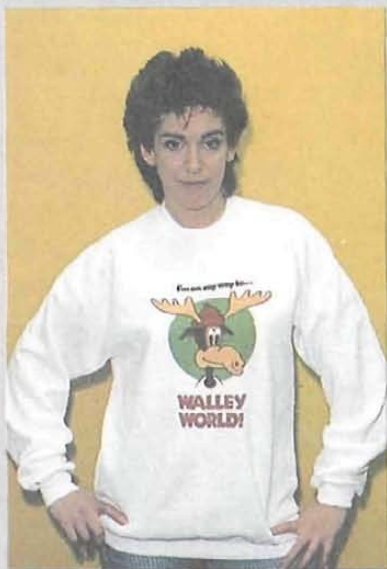
Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

NATIONAL LAMPOON

authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics



TS 1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket. Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95



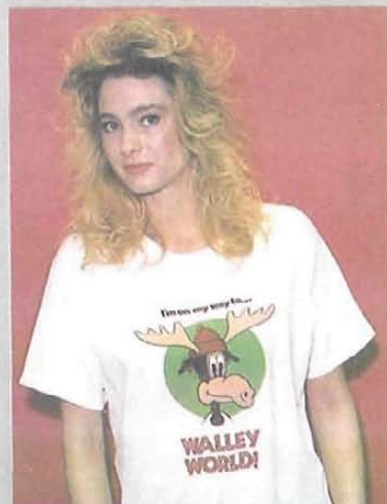
TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt. Sam Gross's double-amputee frog is featured above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1059—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With the Walley World logo. \$7.95



TS 1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



TS 1044—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$16.95



TS 1057—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Politessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton. \$11.95



TS 1052—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Mona Gorilla with her college and graduation date. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



TS 1064—National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt. With our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. \$22.95



TS 1061—National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt. For the slob in the family it already comes with stains, footprints, you name it. White. \$7.95



TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat. Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$7.95



TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00



TS 1041—"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt. And you can buy this shirt through the *National Lampoon* as well. \$6.95



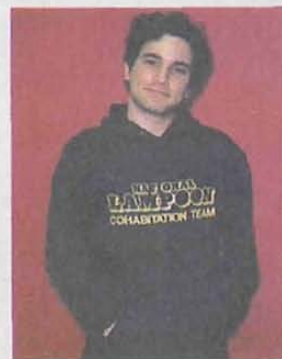
TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$26.95



TS 1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt. Ah, yes. The divine Miss Mona. \$4.95



TS 1053—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$11.95



TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$3.95
TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running shorts with inside key pocket. \$9.50



TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



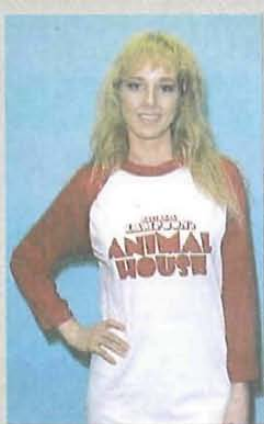
TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton. \$20.95



TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey. With the famed V neck coveted by persons with triangular heads everywhere. \$13.95



TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt. With 3/4-length sleeves at a 3/4-length price. \$8.00



TS 1058—National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt. No T-shirt collection would be complete without a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95



TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater. There's that damn double-amputee frog again. This time on a handsome sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95



TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt. Features Marty Moose above the left nipple. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt. With pictures of Bluio, Otter, and the rest of the boys on the front. \$6.95



TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. Boy, does that double-amputee frog get around. Here he is again. \$6.95



TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater. Same as the Frog Sweater, only with our moose. In gray or black. \$20.95



TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt. With George Washington on the front, an authentic "True Fact" on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



TS 1065—Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95

- (A)** WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B)** MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C)** After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*
- (D)** A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

TS1019 \$4.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1038 \$20.95 _S_M_L	TS1053 \$10.95 _S_M_L_
TS1026 \$6.95 _S_M_L_	COLOR _____	TS1057 \$11.95 _S_M_L_XL
TS1027 \$8.00 _S_M_L_	TS1039 \$10.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1058 \$6.95 _S_M_L_
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OH, HURRAY! IT'S GRANDMA AND GRANDPA!

NORM, WHO'S HERE?

COME IN! MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU?

WHEW! THE OLD HARLEY GIVES YOU A ROUGH RIDE!

WE WERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD SO I TOLD YOUR FATHER I NEEDED TO MAKE A PIT STOP!



Hi, GRANDMA!

I LEFT GRAMPS OUTSIDE - MIND IF I BORROW THE BATHROOM?

SURE, BUT BE SURE TO RETURN IT WHEN YOU'RE DONE!



Hi, GRANDMA!

HA! RETURN IT! GOOD ONE, NORMY. WHEN GRANDMA'S DONE YOU MAY NOT WANT IT BACK! HUK-



SLAM!

NORM, REALLY I WISH SHE'D PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE CHILDREN.



I HEARD THAT! KIDS! SLIP ME A BOOK UNDER THE DOOR AND I'LL READ YOU A STORY.

HECK! ISN'T THAT WHAT GRANDMAS ARE FOR?

GREAT!

OH, BOY!



MOMENTS LATER

... THEN THE EVIL PRINCE SAID... HAAUUAAAAAG!

WHAT?

... THE PRINCE SAID...

NINNNNNN...

GRANDMA?



STILL LATER...

... AND THE PRINCESS LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

LIKE IT?!

WE COULDN'T HEAR IT TOO WELL.



TIME PASSES BUT GRANDMA FINALLY EMERGES.

GANGWAY! WHOA! NO MORE MEXICAN BEER FOR ME! - I NEARLY MELTED MY HELMET!

OH, MOMMY!

HELP!

KIDS, GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!



MOM, I CAN'T BREATHE!

STAY LOW!

WHAT THE HECK! ARE YOU PRAYING, OR DID YOU LOSE A CONTACT?!



WELL, GOT TO GO. I'LL LEAVE THE DOOR OPEN FOR YOU SISSIES! ADIOS!



NORM, YOU MUST HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR MOTHER!

BYE, GUYS! SEE YOU IN HELL!

ABOUT WHAT?

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- E — ELASTIC GIZZARD THAT'S A REAL WORKHORSE
- B — BLANKETED IN FIBROUS, ACRID CELLULITE
- N — NIPPLES LIKE BLOOD BLISTERS
- B&D — BLACK & DECKER MISHAP RESPONSIBLE FOR LACK OF GENITALIA
- L — LOOK LIKE THAT KID IN MASK
- T — TWAT LIKE A CHIPMUNK'S PUCKERED FANNY-GASKET
- S&M — SALAMI AND MORTADELLA CONSUMPTION RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FACT THAT I'M GROSSLY OVERWEIGHT
- C — CONTINUE TO THINK LONGINGLY ABOUT THE GUY ON STARSKY and HUTCH WITH THE SANDPAPERED BULGE EVEN THOUGH BY NOW HE'S PROBABLY DOING EITHER SUMMER STOCK OR COCAINE REHAB
- I — IMPOTENT, WHICH IS A SHAME BECAUSE YOU COULD USE MY CODPIECE AS A BONNET
- P — PREEMINENT FEATURE IS LARGE CLUSTER OF FOAMY SORES WHERE NOSE SHOULD BE
- B — BREATH LIKE A CAMEL'S HIGH-COLONIC SNEEZES
- W — WITHERED, TIGHTLY SHRIVELED SCROTUM IS CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANGUISH TO BLOATED, OVERSENSITIVE TESTICLES

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GWM SEEKS SAME with hard prominent twitching shoulder blades and spastic colon. Face tic preferred. Will travel. Box 438B.

SWM seeks wife who'll take care of all the household chores and yardwork while I go out and play golf, softball, volleyball, racquetball, tennis, and tequila poker all weekend with my buddies. Also, it would be helpful if you had a driver's license since I lost mine, and if you didn't mind giving b.j.'s since I'm usually too sapped by the end of the day to shtup. Box 110H.

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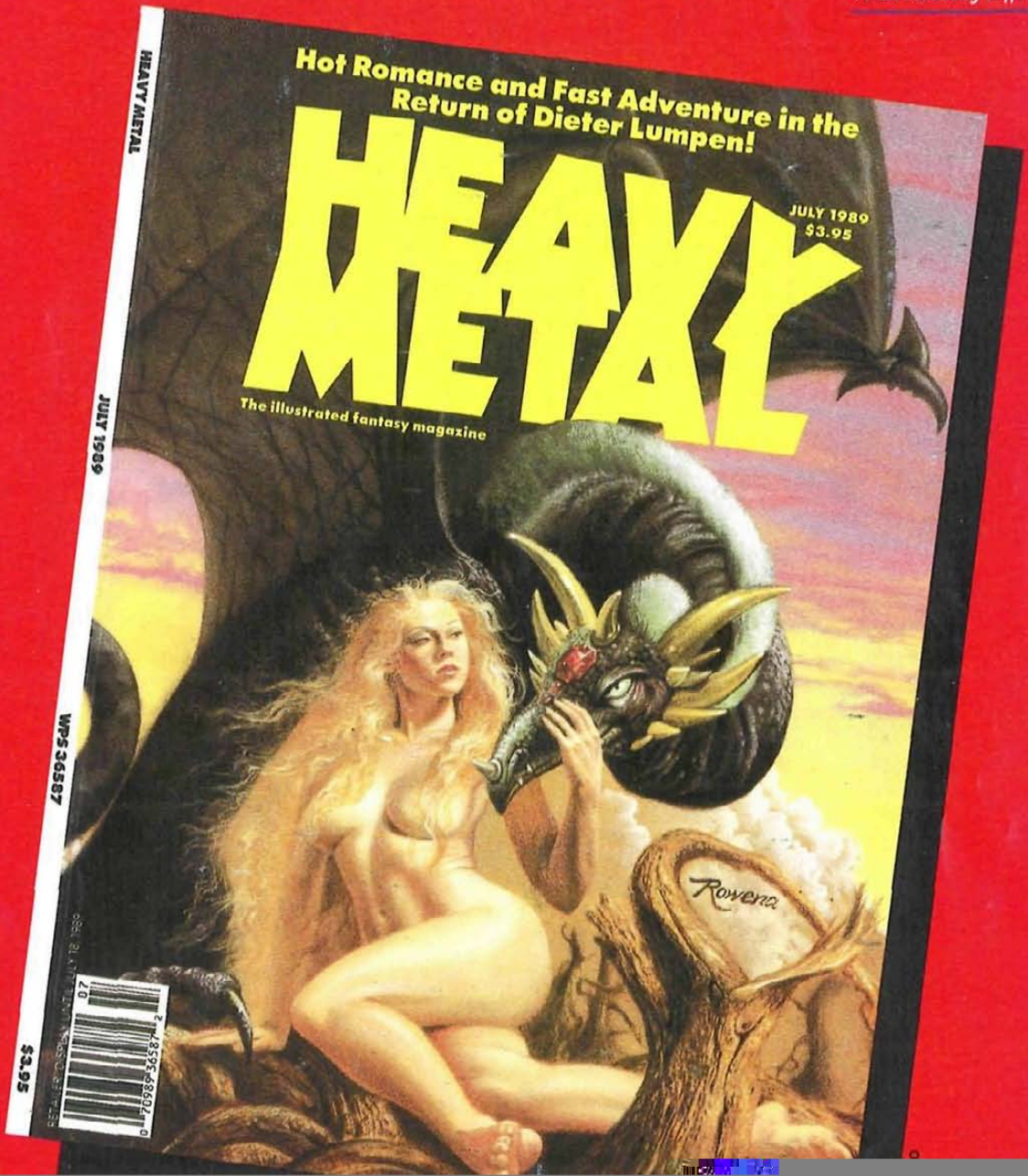
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